LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

continuing

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JANUARY

EDITORIAL

1945

I WROTE LAST month that instead of stating New Year resolutions myself I would outline some which it might be useful for others to make. A few of these may be lumped together. We would all be glad if some of us did not mistake minor successes for major victories or genuine gains for the final battle. Equally, it would help if others did not seek to enshroud us in gloom at a temporary set-back. These are permanent manifestations of human nature, apt to be induced as much by weather as war (which is, indeed, a weather of the soul, man's self-created winter).

Alongside these may be added the boredom of public statements of short duration, designed to "brace" us, coupled with the perverse delight of other equally public statements that we may expect to be on the rack till the end of this century or next.

As irritating as either of these I find the attitude with which they are received. Incredulousness would not be the word, since in that there is always contained an element of surprise. Now there is no surprise at what we are told. Whether that be nothing, little, or quite a lot, it is tempting to dismiss it as only what is thought good for us. So much has the handling of censorship and propaganda achieved in this war. Yet parallel with this feeling goes a curious gullibility—not so much among the public, which at large is more politically conscious than before, but among those whose pretension it is to direct or form that consciousness.

I would like a more general admission that the new

world, so loudly heralded, will be made from the salvaged items of the old, and can therefore scarcely be better unless we have ourselves made ourselves better. And I would like to see more signs that this is taking place. Instead I see in all fields, from international relationships to literary politics, the familiar jockeying into position whose selfishness results in dissipation of energy and halted achievement.

I would like events in all fields to be seen as what they are, not only in themselves, but as part of the will to live or the will to die. These are the actuating forces behind human endeavour, and too often the two are mistaken. In peoples as in persons the will to die causes collapse, unrest, commotion. When these conditions are created dying becomes as it were legitimized. There are plenty of signs of this will to death abroad to-day. France was the most striking instance. Death, or collapse, may be followed by resurgence. But unless the processes are understood and unless what is really wished for is admitted, resurgence, like some reconciliations, can be incomplete.

It would help if all of us took stock of where we stand, that our energies might be canalized and our efforts not mistaken. So might we make both a year and world that are truly new, instead of drearily the same again. We have by now had enough of that, surely, to begin to know what it is worth.

THE PRICE OF BOOKS

By SEÁN JENNETT

I MIGHT HAVE entitled this article, not "The Price of Books", but "The Expensiveness of Books", because I hope to put forward some evidence to show that books are, and long have been, too dear; and I want to do this now because there is nothing to suggest that books will be cheaper after the war—rather the reverse.

The price of a book, like that of any other commodity, is or should be based on the cost of its manufacture. That cost is not a stable quantity, because it varies inversely with the number of copies produced, but under pre-war conditions, when editions of two to five thousand were the general rule, it was from a quarter to a third of the selling price. This, of course, was not the only cost, for to it there had to be added the expenses of publishing, the author's royalty, and the bookseller's margin. Theoretically the retail price could be divided as follows:

25–33⅓ per cent cost of printing, binding, and material, including profits of printers, binders, etc.;

25–40 per cent publishing expenses, including advertising, storage, distribution, etc., and including publisher's profit;

10–15 per cent author's royalty;

25–33⅓ per cent bookseller's margin, out of which he must pay wages, rent, etc., the remainder being his profit.

These figures are intended to show the scheme only, and none of them is necessarily correct for any particular book.

The first thing that is obvious is that the price of a book includes more profits than one might have expected; and this little table does not show all of them by any means. This, however, happens with any manufactured article, and if the various profits made are reasonable there can be no complaint against them under our present system of economics.

The publisher takes the lion's share of the price, and the author the mouse's. The publisher, of course, undertakes the greatest financial risk, for he must pay perhaps a great

deal of money to have the book produced, and he does not necessarily make a profit from every book. If a book is not a success, he cannot claim assistance from the author or refuse to pay the printer. There should also be considered the fact that a publisher on occasion publishes books from which he does not expect to make any profit, on which indeed he is certain to lose. These are books that should be published but for which there can be only a small market. They increase the publisher's prestige, but at a price, and that price must be paid from somewhere; it is paid from the profits of the firm, in other words from the profits made on other books—thus the successful author of tripe may do some good without knowing it.

The author, one would imagine, is the most important person connected with the book; certainly he is indispensable; but he receives less even than the man whose only business is to sell the book over the counter. His royalty is apt to be looked upon by the public as so much easy money, and by the publisher as clear profit. It is nothing of the kind. The author, too, poor fellow, has his expenses. He must pay his rent and he must pay for his dinner; and at some time during his life he has paid, perhaps dearly and bitterly, for the ability and experience he has put into his work. He risks upon it the many hours of labour he has spent in writing it, with no assurance at the time, perhaps, that it will ever be published at all. If it does not find a publisher, all his expense and his labour are utter loss—that is his risk, and it can be a frightful one. If the book is published, his recompense may be out of all proportion small. A book may take a year, or even several years, to write, and when it is published it brings its author less than a hundred pounds, perhaps less than fifty, and that in driblets over a period of years; even as a lump sum that is very little for so much work.

I said above that the cost of a book varies in relation to

the number of copies produced. This is so because in the production of books there are a number of charges that are incurred quite independently of the number of copies produced. These charges include those for setting the type, for blocks or plates to print illustrations or diagrams, and the preparation of the printing machine and of the various machines in the bindery. All these charges must be undertaken before a single copy of the book can be produced, and if only one copy were produced its price would have to include them all. For all the preparation is done simply to enable sheets of paper to pass through printing and binding machines, to emerge as a finished book. Once done, the preparatory work will hold good for many thousands of copies, even hundreds of thousands. Mr. Stanley Unwin pointed this out in an article in *Life and Letters* recently. If, then, the charges for preparatory work amount to £300, let us say, as they very well may, if we print only one copy it will cost £300 plus the cost of the passage of the sheets through the machines, which might be somewhere in the region of sixpence (it is impossible to reckon it in the abstract, so we might as well have a convenient coin). If, however, we produce a hundred thousand copies, the £300 is shared between them, and represents for each copy approximately three farthings, to which we add the sixpence aforesaid. The cost of the materials of which the book is made must be added to either the £300 0*s.* 6*d.* or the $6\frac{3}{4}d.$

Illustrated books are notoriously expensive in this country, particularly those with illustrations in colour. This is due in a considerable degree to the high prices charged by process engravers for blocks, prices fixed and maintained by a powerful and ruthless masters' federation. Blocks for a coloured reproduction of a painting, for example, may easily amount to thirty pounds, and if there are ten such reproductions in a book the initial cost is swelled by £300, plus the cost of very skilled and elaborate

make-ready on the printing machine, of printing, and of inserting the plates in the book. Under the system that makes the retail price of a book three to four times its cost price, this means an *addition* to the retail price of twelve to fifteen shillings for each copy of an edition of two thousand copies. Here again, however, multiplication of copies means division of the cost.

But English publishers do not think in terms of hundreds of thousands; they hardly ever think in hundreds of hundreds; their minds are attuned to thousands, and even the thought of ten thousand may produce a dithering of the strings. Two to five thousand is their common chord.

Now the population of this country is something over forty millions, and to that figure may be added some millions more to represent the English-speaking peoples abroad to whom books are exported. Not all of them, of course, yearn for books. Besides babies, imbeciles, and the blind, there are many who have no notion of books and never can have; and there are some, no doubt, who believe that books are of the devil, baiting the book of their particular creed. But the remainder, of people who do buy books, of those who would like to buy books if they could afford them, and of those who would become buyers if they could be conditioned to reading, is still a vast number. Among these millions of people, the publisher casts his little edition of two thousand copies, and sometimes, indeed quite often before the war, the response was disappointing, and the edition remained in some part in the publisher's warehouse or on the shelves of the bookshop, from which, under the on sale or return system, they would return at last, dilapidated and forlorn, to the publisher who sent them out.

What was the reason for the low sales of books in those distant times that we now like to call "normal"? I do not suppose that anyone knows all the causes, but among them

was poor education among the masses, restricted publicity, and high prices.

Now price in itself means nothing ; it can only be studied in relation to the amount of money available to the purchaser, for ten shillings is not at all the same thing to the man with ten thousand a year and the man with only three pounds a week. Before the war the price of an ordinary novel was 7*s.* 6*d.*, or 8*s.* 6*d.* if it exceeded a certain number of words ; at the other end of the scale a book on the fine arts might cost three, four, or five guineas, or even more than that. A working man, an artisan or a craftsman, could consider himself well paid in those days if he earned four pounds a week—over the greater part of the country, for example, printers received less than this. Out of this wage he had to pay his rent and provide for his family, to pay his fares to work, and a good many other things ; he achieved miracles with his money, and he even bought his house with it—in time—but he did not often buy a book. Even a printer, who at least got a trade discount of some kind, could seldom afford to buy books. His taste might be limited to detective stories, but if it was it had to be a very special occasion on which he paid 7*s.* 6*d.* for one ; for there was always something else that money might be spent on, something more utilitarian and more urgently needed than a novel. He had to consider the expense of filling his leisure and he was always aware that if he needed entertainment he could get better value, measured in time and of the same kind, from the cinema for 2*s.* 6*d.*, or if he lived in the north for a shilling, than he could from a novel at 7*s.* 6*d.* The result was that he did not become a buyer of books. The price denied him the pleasure of possession, and if he wanted to read books he had to borrow them from the municipal library or the twopenny circulating library or from the local branch of Boots'. If his taste was more catholic than that of the detective-story fan, as it very often was, he was in a

still more unfortunate position, for he found that books of a more serious turn were almost invariably dearer than the ephemeral novel, and if he was interested in the fine arts the price of a book on them might easily be more than he earned in a week, or even in a fortnight. Was it worth that to him, was this or any sheaf of printed leaves worth a week's or a whole fortnight's labour? Its message might be—but its message could not be measured in money; what could be measured in that way, the physical book, must seem an inadequate reward for so much sacrifice. Nor was the library always of use to him, for libraries, and particularly country libraries, were limited by their funds and were apt to be slow in buying new books—and when they did arrive there was usually a frenzied scramble for them. And it must be remembered that it is new books we are concerned with here, not reprints or series editions of the classics.

Students form a section of the population to whom books are essential, and students of the fine arts particularly have need of books, not only on their subject, but for the general advance of their education. Few of us were so fortunate as to be flush with money in our student days, for at that time we were still parasitical on the community, and money, when we fell upon it, was apt to be valuable and to have many uses. But how many of us would have bought more books than we did if only we could have afforded them, if only they had been cheaper? The question is rhetorical and needs no answer.

The student is a special class, but the working man is the staple of the population. There are many of him for every member of the upper classes, many, even, for every worker on the higher income levels who can afford to buy books; and nevertheless he is invisible in the publisher's sight. His kind form a potential market, and I believe that it is a highly potential one, that publishers have persistently ignored perhaps because they do not care to take the financial risk

involved in catering for it, or because they have an interest in keeping prices where they are. It was, it seems, impracticable that the prices of books should be reduced until they were within the reach of the ordinary man, for, so I was told, it had been tried on more than one occasion and the response was negligible. It is not true; for what had been tried, I found, was a cheaply made book, bound in paper or thin card, like a grandiose Penguin. People bought Penguins at sixpence and they buy them at ninepence, but any bookseller will tell you that they will not buy paper-bound books at four shillings. In this country we scarcely regard a paper-bound book as a book at all. When I speak of cheap books I do not mean cheaply made books or shoddy books, but books that are made in every way as we are accustomed to make first editions now or used to make them before the war. I advocate no worsening of the quality of book production, but only a reduction in the price of books to be made possible by larger editions and wider sales.

There are publishers who argue that it is possible to underprice books, and that if you do this they will not sell. That is a convenient argument if you are against reducing prices, and the experience of a publisher might be taken as sufficient authority for it; but it seems to me that, like many expert opinions on projects that have never been tried, it has no more value than any wild guess coloured by a predetermined policy. This argument must mean that a would-be purchaser of a book must say to himself: "I would buy this book if its price were fifteen shillings, but as it is only five shillings I won't." That is patently absurd.

The test of the case arrived with the war. Book prices rose comparatively little, a condition due partly to the restraint of publishers, who might have charged famine prices and did not, but mostly due to the blessed exemption from purchase tax. Wages and salaries, on the other hand, rose a good deal, and in spite of the increase of taxation and

the high prices that followed, there began to be more money about than there had ever been in the good old days of peace. The result was that the value of money was reduced for everyone, and book prices, though nominally unchanged, were in fact reduced in the same proportion. Many people who once could not afford to buy books now could afford to do so, or they could buy two where before they could buy only one, and publishers found that where in the days of unlimited labour and material they had experienced difficulty in selling two thousand copies, they now received ten thousand pre-publication subscriptions for books of which the paper ration allowed them to print only two thousand. It was not a little inconvenient ! Some attempt was made to explain this phenomenal demand by reference to war-time conditions, particularly the black-out and disinclination to venture abroad in the evening when raids were expected. It was not a satisfactory explanation, because the demand began and reached its height during the lull after 1940, and was indeed reduced, if anything, during the spasmodic recurrence of attacks ; and an increased demand was noticeable also in districts that have never had air raids of any kind.

This boom noticeably fails to affect books published before the war ; the demand is for *new* books, and many books that do not date, and that would have been sold out within a few days if they had appeared now, remain in stock with the publisher only, it seems because they were published before the war. For example, you may now find it difficult to buy a copy of a collection of poems by a famous poet which was published a few weeks ago, but you can easily buy his previous collection, because it was published in the nineteen thirties and the first edition has not yet been exhausted. This suggests that there is a charm in the mere quality of newness, of up-to-dateness, of topicality if you like (and can avoid thinking that topicality has necessarily

something to do with the war). The public wants books at the time they are issued, and when people talk about them, not five years later, when, though they may have become part of the body of modern English literature, they do not excite quite the same interest.

There is only one way in which the price of books can be reduced, and that is by estimating for and risking from the first a much larger edition—not two thousand, but twenty thousand at least. I believe that in this country alone a public of twenty thousand people can be found for most books, other than the most difficult or specialized, if the price is within their reach. I would be even more daring, and suggest that in a population of more than forty million there are two hundred thousand potential buyers for any book other than the most abstruse. At present, however, a book that reaches the two hundred thousand mark is regarded as a thundering success, as indeed, under present conditions, it must be. Alan Lane and his perpetually pregnant Penguins and Pelicans have shown that there is a demand for even difficult and abstruse reading if it can be placed within the reach of the working man. Penguins are so well within everybody's reach that people buy them and lose them, or give them to salvage, or send them to the nearest hospital or other charity, like magazines. They scarcely treat them as books and keep them, and no book can be made to last at that price. For the publisher a reduced price and a large edition mean greater risk and a larger warehouse and some additional staff, and until now he has preferred to maintain his prices and to appeal mainly to the higher income levels of the population. That phase, I believe, has passed. The result of hugely increased taxation bearing most heavily on the higher incomes, and the rise in the earnings of the working man have brought us all within a narrower range of income than we formerly experienced. When the war ends taxes will not fall to pre-war levels, or perhaps fall at

all; but wages are likely to be reduced, for it seems to me that employment may be by no means as easy to obtain as the various planners hope, and if this happens many people who have learned to buy books now will no longer be able to do so then if present prices are maintained. (On the other hand, if more books were printed, there would at least be more employment for printers and binders and others concerned in the manufacture of books.) Some publishers have warned us that if the demand falls off the prices of books will be seriously increased—Mr. Wren Howard, in a lecture some months ago, suggested that they would "skyrocket". It may appear absurd to increase the prices of goods when they do not sell, but that is the way of modern trade.

The publishing trade is looking in the wrong direction: it is the common man on whom they should focus now. Their present policy is the withered fruit of former times; those "good" old days are gone for good, and we are now in a very bad modern time, out of which, none the less, we hope to build in the future a finer world than there has been before. In that world books must play a very great part, but they cannot play it if they are not made more widely available than they were. If they are not, the loss will not be the public's only, for the trade too will feel a disadvantage. It must make itself of greater value in the fabric of our society than it has been, and no philanthropy, but an awareness of its own interest, is required from it to achieve this result.

ON MICHELANGELO'S FRAGMENTARISM

By JOHN URZIDIL

MANY OF MICHELANGELO'S contemporaries and, of course, almost all his later reviewers tried to explain why most of his sculptures, paintings, and works of architecture remained unfinished. It has been stated that neither the time available nor his physical strength, nor the technical means sufficed for carrying out his gigantic plans; that, besides, political events and the personal fate of the artist interfered; others pointed out the multitude of Michelangelo's interests. To quote Vasari: "Michelangelo's imagination was so stupendous that his hands were unable to shape the immense and terrible figures the ideas of which he had conceived in his mind, and that, therefore, he often relinquished his works or rather spoiled many of them; thus, I know that, just before he died, he burned many of his completed drawings, sketches, and cartoons in order that nobody might notice to what effort he had gone and how much he had tested his mind to produce accomplished works only." Elsewhere Vasari remarks that Michelangelo was, in riper years, so little satisfied with himself that he finished only very few statues. The finished ones were made in his youth. As soon as he detected a shortcoming, even though it were immaterial, he abandoned the work and hurried to a new block. Vasari merely describes an obvious attitude without inquiring into its deeper emotional roots. He seems to know only one reason for the fact that the bulk of Michelangelo's works remained unfinished: all too high-flown conception which was beyond his strength, perseverance, and determination as well as his technical possibilities. Nevertheless, Vasari at least does tell of Michelangelo's painful struggles with his ideas and of the presence of conflicts within his artistic conscience.

A certain incompatibility between the magnitude of a

project such as the Tomb of Pope Julius and the possibilities of a genius, even one like Michelangelo's, may be admitted. This, however, would not account for the unfinished state of so many individual works which did not make unanswerable demands upon the bodily and technical abilities of the artist. It would even not do to hold responsible Michelangelo's unsteadiness, which has often been quoted. That word does not explain anything; the task is to descend to the deep roots of his aberrations which grew to be his second nature, and to ask for the reasons for his planning works of unattainable immensity.

Goethe who called Beethoven's music "terrifying", had a similar impression of Michelangelo. The artist's contemporaries had the same feeling, and so have we. Julius II called Michelangelo "terribile"; Sebastiano del Piombo wrote him (on 27th October, 1520), "Everybody is frightened at you, even Popes." It is always the unexplained and the inexplicable in a phenomenon that causes terror. That which is explained and explicable does not induce awe. It is the inaccessible isolation that makes Michelangelo "*terribile*". It is his being separated from us by unbridgable abysses, by mystic empty spaces, his not condescending to an intimate dialogue with us. Inexplicability of a phenomenon, however, is merely one's ignorance of its reasons and origin. "The beginning of all knowledge is wonder (*Thauma*)," said Aristotle. We may add that the substance of all wonder is fear. It is recognition that eliminates fear. Furthermore, it may be stated that every terrifying creation of human origin confers upon us only the terror with or through which it was produced by its author. It is Michelangelo's own creative awe and terror that makes us tremble.

Michelangelo was not a handsome man; he was even ugly. He had a certain inclination to abnormalities which

expressed itself in his type of sexuality and, of course, in the bodily character of his most significant works. His father suffered from internal unrest and from persecution mania. As a child, Michelangelo was very often brutally beaten by his father and his brothers. According to authentic reports (Vasari, Condivi, Paolo Giovio, Benvenuto Cellini, Benedetto Varchi, Sebastiano del Piombo) one can establish the following characteristics of him: panic-stricken fear reaching occasionally the state of cowardice; hypochrondria; pessimism; distrust; quarrelsomeness, especially with artists; nagging at domestics; parsimony and fear of pecuniary losses notwithstanding, however, a kind of generous charity; masochistic self-vexation; religious mysticism without real piety; attacks of a cynical and burlesque humour; tragical self-irony.

His soul was pre-eminently bent upon thoughts of death and immortality, the latter being but a secondary form of the fear of death. His poems are highly illuminating in this respect. Some lines he wrote about his father are significant:—

> "'Twas death alone to you did death impart
> But in this world of grief I'm kept alive
> And stay I must though death dwell in my heart."

This is the overpowering *Tædium Vitæ* of the creative mind which is conscious of the great death everybody carries in him (Rilke: "Der grosse Tod, den jeder in sich trägt"), it is the intensified world-weariness of the eternal adolescent, the sources of which undoubtedly flow from certain unfulfilled propensities. No artist's works were ever born from pain as much as those of Michelangelo, master of the Pietas and tombs, whose statues and paintings do not know any smile, neither Leonardo's transcendental and enchanted, nor, still less, the frank and unchecked of Raphael's figures. Furthermore, Michelangelo's purely anthropocentric world appears so much concerned with its own grievances and

problems that it lacks even the slightest hint of scenery. Scenery is generalization. Man amidst scenery makes for equalization of the two values or, at least, for balance, or assimilation and counterpoise. Michelangelo, however, does not know anything but Man, and of man he prefers to shape the superhuman type which, being transferred to this earth, necessarily has to remain a torso in order to exist at all. Jakob Burckhardt used the formula: "Not raised humanity but quenched monstrosity." Thus Michelangelo expresses his own real character in complying with Socrates' famous precept for the sculptor to show "the deeds of the soul".

His sculptures are neither creations of his own mere imagination nor are they determined by myths, although the latter seems to be the case as far as the subject is concerned. In reality they are solely symbols, similes of his sweeping melancholy, of his isolation from the world or, to be exact, of his isolaphobia, his morbid dread of being alone. In this connection his nude figures might have a particular meaning. The passionate exhibition of the body constitutes a vehement breaking through the unbearable isolation, an excessive yielding of himself to the public. Nudity, rules his work. Because of this nudity Michelangelo was reproached with being a pagan. He certainly was, and he harboured no hypocrisy. Even the sacred subject of his four Pietas incited him to play voluptuously with the motif of dramatic nudity. You look in vain for Christian reverence of God in those dead and tortured bodies. To the great indignation of all bigoted and prejudiced people and, of course, no less to the vexation of all the really pious, he also showed the Saviour naked elsewhere: as a marble statue in striking similarity to his Baechus; as a threatening pagan demon in the Last Judgment of the Sixtina. Buckhardt remarked once of Michelangelo: "With such an attitude one should not paint Holy Families." And he was right. Nor should one

try to paint entombments like the unfinished one in the National Gallery, where the whole scene reminds one of a joyous ballet performed around a graceful naked corpse.

No symbol can be presented by using merely the costumary yardstick. Thus, not only in the Sixtina where the conditions of space and of the fresco-style afforded some reason for exaggerated proportions and deformations, but elsewhere, too, Michelangelo overstretches the dimensions. Usually the sculptures of "Day" and "Night" are interpreted as "Life" and "Death", those of "Dawn" and "Dusk" as "Welcome" and "Farewell". Nevertheless, whatever they may symbolize, precisely because of their symbolic intention, Michelangelo had to transgress the conventional bodily proportions. He did so furiously by transporting the whole muscular system into a violent symphonic rage. The first biological stages of sensual emotion are rendered in the oversized David as well as in the sleeping Slave who seems to dream of stripping his ties, and in the limp attitude of the drunken androgynous Bacchus which is similar to that of the Slave. The various unfinished marbles of Slaves represent not only a revolt against overpowering tyrannical matter, but also a certain gloomy pleasure in showing twisted and strained corpses. It is obvious how remote all this is from the art of ancient Greece. As to the "Last Judgment", one has to agree with Mackowsky's statement that Michelangelo "attempted to purge himself of his own experience of horror and to submit himself to punishment". The same applies to most of his other works. This desire for self-punishment obviously arose from his feeling that he himself was a kind of culprit because of his vehement inversion.

The element of the perforating intellect is one of the chief reasons of fragmentarism. Michelangelo's unconscious

emotionality was allowed to develop fully in the Sixtina frescoes because of the fact that painting was not his main artistic intention. In sculpture, architecture, and in poetry, however, intellectual elements exercised their disturbative control. It must be said that this symptom is found not only in Michelangelo. It was one of the signs of disintegration to which the whole European mind had been surrendering by degrees since the decline of the gothic spiritual unity. In the case of Michelangelo, moreover, the fight of contending Hebrew, Christian, and Greco-Roman elements reached the climax. Formally, his struggle for three-dimensionality, and against the imperious claims of frontality in sculpture, signifies the fight for the gaining of a new unity and totality of mind. In some of his remarkable verses he calls wisdom and intellect bluntly the formative powers of art, but at the same time he strikingly demonstrates that intellectual interpolations, by being restrictive and cumbersome, are dangerous.

> "To doubtful searching many years are lent:
> The wise man's life is filled with hard
> Pursuance of pure art
> To shape the living marble; but the course
> Of life is almost spent
> When he attains to undreamt noble force."

There was no wavering and searching when he created the Sixtina frescoes.

No unfinished works of fine art are known from classical antiquity. Antique torsi came into existence by mutilations caused by later catastrophies. No Greek sculptor, however, as far as we know, created a fragmentary piece. In classical antiquity the artist's mind was focused on the present. Intellectual interpolations, perforating the creative process, are primarily concerned with the past. If such an interpolation occurs, if the present is pierced by the past, the result must be fragmentarism. In creating the form, the un-

conscious dynamics produce their appropriate artistic symbols. Form, in other words, constitutes the primary publicity of amorphous emotions. In this way it establishes the first step towards the ethicizing of dark feelings and indefinite sentiments. The synthesis of those feelings and sentiments may be called faith, and it is faith from which alone the finished work of art can ever result. Intellect and recognition, on the other hand, cause scepticism and atomization of faith, thus, disintegrating the form, even whilst it is being created, they bring about fragmentarism. Where versatility and universalism are at work, it is not the multitude of the endeavours but the multitude of recognitions that endangers completion.

Although we stated that Michelangelo's Sixtina frescoes were completed we have to use a psychological corrective in order to be exact. True, they are technically finished, but they are, at the same time, overperfected; they transgress, in fact, the limits of painting and, thus, they belong psychologically to the same category as do his unfinished works. He broke through the bounds of painting because of his sculptural and architectural recognitions and, *vice versa*, the same holds true of both his other arts because of recognitions acquired in another artistic sphere. In fresco painting Michelangelo quickened his tempo, the space offered him free opportunity of an excessive scope which he used without hesitating, whereas the subjects of sculpture are bound by certain material restrictions and laws which no one can disobey without risking fragmentarism. Burckhardt is undoubtedly mistaken in attributing Michelangelo's fragmentarism to the fact that " the internal struggle came to an end and the artist's interest in the work was lost ", or to the fact that the later development of Michelangelo's work disagreed with the original ideas of his first artistic impetus. In addition to the biological reasons set forth above the formative power of faith was frustrated by the intrusion

of the intellect. Therefore, although Michelangelo was already in his lifetime considered as the greatest artist, it is readily understandable that he later became a source of disorientation to all other artists. For none of them could reproduce in himself Michelangelo's specific emotional subjectivism which only a titanic formative language was able to sublimate into an effective symbol. None of them suffered the complicated internal struggles between faith and scepticism, between the unconscious and recognition.

For a better understanding of Michelangelo's fragmentarism it is advisable to inquire a little into the case of Leonardo. Leonardo, as far as we know, conceived his ideas first from a thorough observation of natural phenomena, then he formed his theory on a certain subject, then, in order to examine its correctness and usefulness, he transposed that theory into practical experiment; thereafter, however, he always re-entered the sphere of abstraction and, later, of observation, only to reapply himself after a time to reality again. This oscillation is typical not only of the way in which he made his great scientific inventions, but also of the way in which he created the wonderworks of his art which likewise depended on the alternating current of theory and empiricism. (Vasari tells us that Pope Leo X was annoyed because Leonardo started his portrait by preparing the varnish which actually is applied to a picture only after it has been finished.)

Some of Leonardo's contemporaries tried to explain his fragmentarism solely by the simple fact of the multiplicity of his undertakings, his delight in experiments, his universalism. But the " Anonimo Fiorentino " stresses that Leonardo never felt that he lived up to his standard and that his great knowledge of errors impeded him. A conspicuous statement by Vasari reads that " only grudge could suppose Leonardo to have planned works of an excessive size

purposely, in order to make their completion impossible ". It would seem that this grudge was not entirely blind. Furthermore, Leonardo himself points out occasionally the restrictive influence of recognition upon the creating of works of art. " O painter-anatomist, beware of being turned into a wooden painter by too much knowledge about bones, sinews, and muscles." To the art of painting which he placed " amidst the philosophy of nature " he assigns, on the other hand, philosophical and subtle contemplation.

Vasari reports that young Leonardo was a fickle problem child, interested in many things simultaneously which he abandoned having scarcely started them. Leonardo's own notations prove that behind this unsteadiness there was hidden some prime panic which throughout his life he attempted to overcome by doing his utmost to master the whole universe in all its appearances. " I am busy for a lifetime," he wrote to the architects of the Piacenca cathedral. " I have so much, so much to do that I shall never be able to finish it all." His notebooks contain many descriptions of horror, visions of formidable battles, of deluges, terrifying last judgments, of the frightfulness of the sea, and the appalling catastrophies of volcanic eruptions. Again and again in his essays and letters he indulges in apocalyptic daydreams. His predilection resulted in his searching eagerly for human grimaces ; in this respect his sketches of grotesque caricatures are significant. This entire attitude reveals his tendency to control the despotism of fear, to conquer those horrible abnormalities, to master the panic or chaos by killing it through cognition and by rendering the secure lawfulness of Nature. That which is frightful is to be comprehended and organized as parts of the grandiose world order.

Leonardo's efforts to convert chaos into equilibrium saved him from the abyss of depression whereas Michel-

angelo remained a tragic character, always on the verge of implacable melancholy. Leonardo, at least, allows his creations to smile at him. He was a master portraitist. And, as every portrait, more than any other work of art, is only a self-likeness and, therefore, a mitigating and relaxing confession, it is at the same time the wishful dream which furnishes the artist's *Ego*, with some desired attributes. Michelangelo, in contrast, in spite of being purely anthropocentric, lacked this kind of liberating emotion. His "portraits" are not portraits but indistinctive symbols (Brutus, Lorenco, and Giuliano Medici) like most of the portraits of classical antiquity. Leonardo had a deep relationship to the scenery of Nature. As a scientist he studied landscape and as an artist he discovered in it an immutable balance established from above. Michelangelo lacked this comfort absolutely. The agonies which he suffered from his own fragmentarism caused him to deride Leonardo, curiously enough, for leaving his Sforza Monument unfinished, thus rebuking merely himself. On the other hand, to Michelangelo's great vexation, Leonardo expressed the opinion that the spiritual value of painting was superior to that of sculpture and poetry. Thus Leonardo vindicated his own particular endowments. To Michelangelo sculpture meant his specific creative struggle with matter as opposed to spirit. Hidden in the amorphous material was the predetermined work of art, the substantiation of which the artist had to enforce. He avoided forming bronze figures, which are essentially related to painting. Bronzes, preceded by their clay models, originate by the artist's adding something, similarly to paintings; whereas sculptures originate by taking away; the art of sculpture is, thus, a struggle with the given matter and its performance an exceptionally moral though, indeed, a painful action. Michelangelo's fragmentarism was caused by "taking away" either too much or not enough. Why

did this happen? Because of fear, which always is only fear of death. Because of recognition that always breaks the unaffected flow of the creative process.

Leonardo's effort to attain to universality and in this manner to fight the spiritual chaos leads to fragmentarism, too. However, it also sets up a synthetic principle, the belief in transcendental unity and equilibrium. Leonardo, therefore, in spite of conspicuous early mental inconsistencies (analysed by Sigmund Freud), is less depressive than Michelangelo. No radiation to all fields of humane research, science, and technique dispersed the tremendous tension of Michelangelo's mind. No relationship to Nature and landscape offered him the desired counterpoise. No centre of gravity unified his inherent psychophysical anarchy. He was bound to escape into stupendous one-sided conceptions. Thus he grew to be the genius of unfinished masterworks.

POETRY

MEMORIES

(*Translated from Hoelderlin*)

THE NORTH-EAST BLOWS,
The dearest among the winds
To me, because of the fiery spirit
It promises, bearing good voyage to the sailors.
But go now and greet
The beautiful Garonne
And the gardens of Bordeaux
There where along the precipitous bank
The pathway runs, and into the river
The brook plunges; but over against it
Watches forever a noble pair
Of oaks and silver-poplars;
Still it comes back to me well, and how
The elm-forest, inclining, sways
The widespread summits above the mill;
In the courtyard, meanwhile, a fig-tree grows.
There it is that on feast-days go
The swarthy women
Upon silken ground,
At the time of March
When night is equal with day,
And over slow passes,
Heavy with golden dreams,
Drift wild airs bringing sleep.

But let one hand me,
Full of the dark light,
The fragrant cup,
That I might rest; for sweet
Sleep would be, under shadows.

It is not good
Soulless to be, with mortal
Thoughts. Yet good
Is converse, and to say
The heart's meaning, to hear much
Of days of love,
And events, the doing of deeds.

But where are the friends? Bellarmin
With the companion? Many a one
Bears shyness, timid to go to the source;
The beginning of riches is truly
In the sea. They, the seafarers,
Like painters, assemble
The beautiful of the Earth, and do not disdain
Winged war, and suffer
To live alone, year-long, under
The leafless mast, where the night is not lit up
With the glow-lamps of the town's feast-days,
Nor the playing of strings nor innate dancing.

But now to Indians
The men are gone;
Deserted is the airy peak
On mountains of vines from which the descending
Dordogne comes,
And together with the magnificent
Garonne, great as a sea,
The river goes out. The sea, though,
Takes and gives recollection,
And love, too, fixes the eyes intently.
What endures, however, poets create.

VERNON WATKINS

MR. SUCQUIN IN CAESAREA

(for Priscilla)

The tallness of the larches strikes my heart
With sudden fear. What am I doing here
Among these pointed tops and ragged cones?
It seems indecent that the spring should start
And find these trees already clothed, the lines
Of needle-leaves sharp in the atmosphere.

But some have always had their weapons ready.
I wander at a loss among these spears,
My heart unsteady. Why should it be so?
Some seem to have command of every body;
The girls go down before them soft as snow;
All is as easy as the drifting years.

These ones seem elemental. They are winners
Of wars and women, and their triumphs mean
But little to them. When they have a thing,
They soon forget it; and they show beginners
Of similar character how to be strong
In the same corrupt and aimless discipline.

While I, no less an elemental man,
Progress with difficulty, and prefer
More permanent emotions: if I teach
Others my way of life, it is no plan
I put before them. I can hope to preach
No easy panacea, no quick war.

No fear is settled by such victories.
The enemy is subtler. All these arms
So bravely worn, so easily acquired,

Are enviable: yet one rarely sees
Permanent happiness accrue—desired
Perhaps, but lost in all the war's alarms.

I would prefer to note the winter and
Expose my naked heart against its hurt.
Better to face the fear than try to kill
An enemy one does not understand.
Such easy strife evades the quickening will
And finally destroys the neglected heart.

For, surely, the heart must know itself or die?
There is no other way. The clothed-in-pride
Are gay of feature, yet are terribly
Empty of purpose: they must always try
To seek new victories, since memory
Alone remains, the never-satisfied.

O I would have a permanent land in view
And always work to make my life complete
With permanent satisfactions! There is no
Particular virtue in craving for the new
And unknown always. There is nothing so
Impenetrable as honesty of heart.

Difficult, yes, to remain an honest man,
But why should I be frightened? Better to be
Honest and suffer than to live a life
Of gay deception; for the world they win
Is not enough, never will be enough.
My world, once won, would be enough for me.

NICHOLAS MOORE

May, 1944.

FOR JACQUES ALBALA, KILLED IN FRANCE, JUNE, 1944

To DIE TOO early has been love's device
from the beginning;
and many of the young have made themselves heroic
by a sudden exit,
using no other means than quickness or left-handed joke.

That was the trick: to throw
a light so briefly, straight into the eye,
it dazzled.
Or to hoist, above the shoulders of the crowd,
murdered significance, its head upon a pike;
and so to have the curtain tumble,
leaving us in the dark
to wring our hands and to believe
it could have gone like that for ever.

Or so we were supposed to think;
perhaps we've also had our telling lines
and know what they are worth.
Anyway the bold survivors gradually lose
their trickiness, their heat, that crop of light
that was hair rising from their scalp, the jumping flames
that ringed their scribbled gestures with loose gold.
The thundery pressure is withdrawn.
They cease to care.

But there are others, look, a few hundreds in this damaged
room
that we still occupy, between the candle's brown flame and
the rusted grate,
unmindful of the earthworm and the dandelion's advance.
These are men who lock themselves at home,

who sit at nightfall, here,
their hands between their knees,
big shadows standing one behind each chair,
while all their darkening love spreads out like blood upon
the floor.
They do not need to keep the bargain with
their bodies' non-committal act,
since they are growing in stature equal to their shadows
and no longer feel the cold.

Larger than life, in every century, there are such,
their faces withering off their bones,
their eyes a splash of rain, a pool in haggard roads.

EITHNE WILKINS

THE LITTLE ROOM

By WILLIAM SANSOM

THE NUN MARGHERITA was escorted with ceremony to the threshold of her new little room without windows; but there the Mother Superior and her sisters excused themselves and left Margherita alone with the five appointed artisans, who then immediately proceeded with their duties.

While three of these women artisans busied themselves with lengths of plastic boarding—these looked almost like boards of asbestos into which hairs and husk had been mixed—the other two artisans erected a firm brass guard over the manometer already cemented into one of the inner walls. Thus the three women occupied with the boarding acted as an impromptu guard over the threshold, while those within were able at any moment to glance up from their work and observe at close range any dilatory move on Margherita's part.

But Margherita had removed herself quietly to the side of the bed and seemed simply content to sit there and view at her leisure the equipment of her new room, which, of course, she had never seen before.

However, it differed little from all the other rooms in the convent. The walls were distempered a pale green, the polished linoleum reflected the same colour. There was little furniture; only her bed, a simple affair of polished walnut with a green silk coverlet, a small prie-dieu upholstered in similar materials, and a table; a miniature electric fire stood in one corner; but otherwise the room was bare, appearing thus with its shining surfaces immaculately clean, orderly, but unvisited. There hung about it an air of melancholy, the same that breeds in the deadly clean gleam of all those small suburban parlours, touched but unvisited, that day after day wait, dying of the afternoon light, for the good rustle of dust, or for a book to be

thrown across their immaculate monotony. But of course no such afternoon light ever penetrated into Margherita's room, for there were no windows through which it might enter. Only in this way did the room differ from all other rooms; but that is enough, for the character of a room is conditioned as much by the angles of light diffused upon it as by any other decoration. Margherita's new room had no windows, then—but it was illuminated by concealed bars of bluish white electric light that cast upon the room what approximated an afternoon light, colourless, and originating from no definite source, perhaps thus even the more monotonous, for its very essence was artificial. This light illuminated with unwavering severity a bowl of large white daisies that the Mother Superior had placed by the prie-dieu as a gesture of her personal impartiality.

Up to this time Margherita had comported herself with commendably calm reserve. Such very placid behaviour might have been mistaken for complacency—but Margherita was in no way indifferent, she knew her position, and now she regarded the busy movements of the artisans with interest. Perhaps it was the very presence of these other women that enabled her to maintain a tranquil attitude towards such fatal proceedings.

Margherita was in process of being walled up. In a very few minutes the final boards would be nailed into place, and she would then be abandoned forever to herself and her little airless cell. Then there would be many hours in which she could repent her sin. She had been sentenced for " the usual "—of which in fact she had been guilty on more than one occasion—and now it only remained for her to undergo the " prescribed treatment ". For the moment, though, these artisans supplied her with feelings of company, it was difficult indeed to imagine life without people when these artisans were working around. Otherwise Margherita accepted as inevitable the process of

her sentence—it was traditional and usual, she would never have dreamed of criticizing so venerable and deeply rooted a custom. If unpleasant things are expected, they are easier to accept—the more so if they are not to be accepted in the very next instant.

The three women on the threshold had almost completed the fourth wall. They handled the light partitioning material with fluent ease, wielding their hammers and needles without effort, with the careless surety of workers skilled with their tools. They hammered the partitions together, sealing each socket with a nail, while along the floor they stitched deep into the carpet and on the ceiling deep into the tapestried frieze to ensure absolutely the exclusion from the room of all air. And at last, when only a narrow slit remained, they paused leaning against the new partition and chatting, for it was impossible to affix the final board until the other artisans inside had finished work on the manometer.

This instrument, of which only the dial showed, was already inset firmly into the wall. But since its function was to register the decline of oxygen in the atmosphere and since thus its slow needle would demonstrate to Margherita the speed of the approach of her suffocation, tempting her at some critical moment to injure the instrument in the belief, perhaps, that it was the agent of death rather than its mentor —for such reasons it was the custom to affix over the dial an outer trellice of brass wire as a shield against interfering hands. At all costs the manometer must be preserved—it was a refinement that was traditionally indispensable. How other wisecould the confined person be assured of a proper appreciation of the truth of her death? How could she grasp the full significances of her declining hours? For instance, without the exact message of the manometer, she might swoon prematurely, thus dying unnaturally early; or an optimism inherent in her character might decry the possibility of death, postponing in the strength of that

belief even physical atrophies and thus protracting death artificially. In either case the dying would have been robbed of its natural proportion, and this was opposed to the convent's philosophy. At all costs matters must take their allotted course. There must be no artificial stimulation, no short cuts, no illusions whatsoever—real experience according to the laws of nature afforded the prime base upon which all matters, including the suffocation-confinement, must be ordered.

Of course, it had been argued that illusions were illusions according to natural laws—after all as themselves the illusions they occurred within the machinery of natural minds, they did not occur anywhere else—but nevertheless the highest intendants clung to the conception of an arbitrary norm which they styled as the real experience of a majority. Yet—came the constant complaint—now could any majority be proved more real than its minority? People on the sliding scale between the flesh and the spirit were difficult units with which to deal—there might be more of one sort but was it the right sort? What was the evaluation of a " real " person. There might, for instance, be a majority of units far too fleshy—but this majority though convincingly numerous might also be convincingly sub-real? In a ceaselessly changing world among ceaselessly changing inhabitants, who was real, at what stage, now? Glib answerers maintained easily that there was no change, that the old world was the same and that human nature never, never changed. And that was the kind of answer given by the intendants, who, at this stage of their doctrine, smiled with pitying distaste at their interlocuters, raised their white eyebrows and sucked at their hollowed cheeks, invoking then such ready panaceas as " common sense " or even—could this veil a conspiratorial return to the flesh?—" horse " sense.

However, such problems did not concern Margherita as

she watched the artisans finally stand away from their task and then survey the fitment with satisfaction. They turned to Margherita with smiles, as though wishing to be congratulated on their skill, and for her part Margherita thanked them, nodding her approval and smiling into their faces. For some minutes the three of them chatted about the manometer; then the artisans began to wander about the room, fingering the bed and the walls awkwardly, now quite plainly worried as to how they might take their leave. Margherita, too, found their company increasingly irksome —there was an emptiness now in their relations with her, almost as though they had left her already. No longer had the three of them a mutual interest. The only subject of meaning to all of them, the manometer, had been exhausted. The atmosphere became really embarrassing, so that Margherita felt almost glad when the three artisans in the corridor began to yawn very loudly, and finally to summon the two inside, complaining that there were many other duties to perform, that valuable working hours were being lost.

The two inside leapt at this chance, they jostled each other in their haste to bid Margherita farewell. In a few seconds they had disappeared through the remaining slit in the wall. Margherita was relieved to see them go. Only when the final board was being nailed into place did she raise one hand towards them in a slight gesture of restraint. Then she wanted the two artisans back. But then it was too late. She was alone.

For some minutes she stood in the centre of the room, slowly tasting the new silence, the breathless silence, and the first sensations of being quite alone. The four walls, the floor, the ceiling—in fact six walls and their eight immaculate corners. Her eyes slowly roved these surfaces, one by one, and then suddenly she realized their similarity —there was no opening whatsoever, no familiar shut door,

no window frame, only the plain unrelieved walls. It seemed impossible, no place could be like this. Perhaps there was a door behind her ? Her senses told her there must be a door. She spun round—to face a wall. The door was eluding her, it contrived to exist behind her all the time ! But spin as she might the door was too clever—it disappeared every time, just in time ! Once she thought she had caught it in the corner of her eye, a misted rectangle just fading, like a shadow left on the eyes by a strong light. Several times she pretended to turn one way, then suddenly spun round in exactly the opposite direction. She tried even to disguise her thoughts, as if the omniscient door could read her mind. But every tactic proved useless—the door was too clever by half !

Then she looked up at the concealed channels from which the light came—it seemed to her that the fanning of this light might be heard. She strained her ears. Yes—a buzzing, a slight continuous whirring ! For a moment her striving senses brought this companionable sound, but as her hearing relaxed so the noise faded, there had been no noise after all, nothing there but silence, a silent light, motionless, painted.

She shrugged her shoulders. The room was impassive. Nothing moved, it projected no character whatsoever. It was bare, yet compact. It gave no sign of warmth, but was not cold. It echoed no sounds, nor did it consume sound. Whatever happened in that room happened by itself without the aid of the room, against a neutral background that neither projected nor absorbed. Margherita walked over to the bed and sat down. Her footsteps clattered on the linoleum an exact sound, unechoed, unmuffled. She rested her head on her hands and stared at the floor. What was there to do ?

Yet the room without character seemed nevertheless to be alive, to contain invisible and inaudible motions, as if

its function were to hide things going on just outside its walls. It radiated the impassive energy of a surgeon's waiting room with its connecting door shut and watchful; it was like the interior of a large refrigerator, where there was no actual movement but the sensation, almost perceptible, of ice forming somewhere behind the walls, perhaps within the walls themselves. Of course, there lay also about this room a strong foretaste of doom—that was only natural, and Margherita felt it herself, though as yet she had not been moved by any deep apprehensions, remaining so far resigned beneath the weight of inevitable traditions. For all their massive ponderance, traditions such as these impose themselves gracefully, their approach is foreseen, they come slowly, with no sudden shock, with the footless tread of encroaching lava.

She rose from the bed and went over to the manometer. Through its brass screen the dial could be seen distinctly, its needle steadily pointing to a number, never quavering, encircled steadily by imperturbable spikes of enumeration that, of course, never moved. This girdle of numbers, some red, some black, lay engraved and meaningless. The units rose in hundreds, their many " 0's " and the enormous aggregate signified nothing to an imagination accustomed to count in simple threes and fours. These figures were vacuous, inestimable. If they expressed anything to Margherita, they expressed only an infinite plenty—thousands of " 0's " to go before anything could happen, thousands of pounds of oxygen to eat, hundreds of cubic hours to pass. Margherita turned away from this impossible instrument, walked over to the electric fire, switched it on, careless that the ravenous little filament would squander her oxygen, careless with her wealth of hours.

Many years had passed since Margherita's novitiate, she was quite accustomed to solitary confinement. The idea of loneliness held no terrors for her. She went to the prie-dieu

and on her knees addressed a prayer to the organization in which she believed. Presently she rose and went again to the bed. There she sat in contemplation. The glowing filament burnt at her air, a quiet and hungry bar of vermilion silently murdering her. But Margherita hardly thought of this acceleration; really she had not yet appreciated that she was about to die. She had often considered death, but never her own. She could never imagine her own death, in fact she had never tried—the idea was inconceivable. Even now there was no startling evidence to direct her thoughts. She was whole, healthy, fed, warm, breathing. Her hands were still hands, they told her beads, each finger was as sensitive as ever; her body filled the inside of her, she felt the usual pains in her left shoulder and a cramping discomfort down on the left of her back; her mouth felt pleasantly fresh, her eyes a little tired; this was her body as she had known and felt it inside her every day. The idea of its disintegration simply could not occur to her. Despite the disciplines of humility, an animal self-confidence assured her of life; her entity lived; and since its function was to live it could not consider itself dead, nor would it be capable of beginning to think in so negative a direction. Certainly these present surroundings implied death to her thinking brain. But here also she was deluded, for the tradition and its ceremonial had outpaced its truth, so that now only the idea was true.

Nevertheless after some hours Margherita became restless. She had meditated but had not been able to lose herself in meditation. This was ordinarily a difficult exercise, but to-day the power eluded her altogether. Something distracted her. Perhaps something in the room? But why, she thought, should this pleasant little room prove so distracting—it was like all the other little rooms in the building? Yet unlike the others this room disturbed her. Then she realized—it was of course the absence of windows.

She thought: "Alone in my ordinary cell, however absorbed I become in my meditations, I am always accompanied in some measure by the presence of the window. A little square of sky, a little square of the infinite." (But there was more to it than that. There were the small shadows, for instance, that surround all windows—the shadow just above the top frame, where in all the room the shade seems deepest, and again beneath the sill where it is really deeper, for the floor reflects no light. Windows and doors are deeply impressed in the child's first consciousness; they are the exits to mysterious regions, the entrances through which the first shapes of terror may approach, the first images of love. They are more than doors and windows, they are rectangles of infinite drama, mystery, and hope. They remain forever so. Like all the first familiarities of the lair, they remain forever a mental comfort; one should never move far away from these facts perceived in the first moments.)

Margherita stared with greater curiosity at the green distemper surrounding her. She saw this closed expanse for the first time windowless. The first feelings of uneasiness disturbed her, so that still seated in an attitude of meditation her eyes glanced quickly from one side to the other, urgently revealing their whites, her eyes moved but her head remained still. Deprived of meditation, the full vacuum of these enclosed hours revealed itself to her. This artifice for solace had crumbled, she did not know how else to occupy herself, she had no further means. Loneliness descended and, thrown open against herself, she looked down at her monotonous empty hands and at her feet without direction. She could see, as if they were plainly laid out in layers, the hours that remained for her in the little room—an endless staircase of hours, not descending, as in reality they must, but instead ascending. She could see the stretch of these hours but never the limit. Because they had really to be

experienced now, minute by minute, they appeared endless; outside the room, thinking of another in her position, she would plainly have seen the limit, she could have contracted the period into a reasonable perspective for criticism. But now she was the subject, the hours had no clear ending, indeed life itself seemed monotonously long.

Then, strangely, this very idea that life was endless provided it with an ending. By " endless " she had really meant " of immeasurable length ". But by virtue of not being able to measure the tedium, and thus endowing it with a proportion, though of a length unendurable, she had really now envisaged an absolute length—and a length must have an end. So for the first time she saw the possibility of an end to life. Perhaps, appalled by the great staircase of hours, she began to hope for an end, and her wish enabled her to feel it quite clearly—so clearly that, if those misted hours had really formed a staircase, she might have seen the fringe of the topmost carpet, the brass rods, the level space of the landing. But the hours were not of carpet; they were a misted succession of grey apprehensions formed sometimes into the letters of the word " hours ", sometimes with no form but only weight, and so the final hour could never be seen but only perhaps felt; she was still defeated by the appearance of the final hour, death was still inconceivable.

Yet . . . she had felt the idea of death, if not of her own death. She could think of death on the one hand and of herself on the other, and know that these two ideas were related, although perhaps she could see no form to the link. And so, sitting on the green bed, her hands still clasped, in the lonely room where nothing moved, not even the heat, not even the light, where everything was quite still, where she alone could be heard to move and the rustle of her gown sounded deadly exact and solitary—there Margherita began to pity herself. She could say to herself: " I am to

die." And now, in a remote way, to feel this, to regret it as the first unshed tears began to swell below her throat. She felt suddenly small, neglected, abandoned by those she had known and the environment that had nourished her. She had been left alone ! Not one of her sisters cared, perhaps they had even ceased to think of her. She crossed the linoleum to the prie-dieu and tried again to pray. But " I am to die ", she thought.

All through her prayers she felt the weight of death. " This person, this ' me ' that I am, this familiarity of hands and memories and close wishes and dry disgusts, this well-shaped shadow lying about my inner thoughts—all this is going to die. It will cease to be. There will be nothing more of it. Then she thought through the words and the half removal of herself in prayer : " It cannot be ? " And then : " But what of God ? Where will God be if this ' me ' ceased to pray here beneath him ? I feel Him in my prayer, it is in my thoughts that He takes a shape. If, then, there is no me to feel Him . . . ? "

Many hours later she crossed herself and rose. Her mind had grown drowsy, the air before her eyes had become confused and thick. Perhaps a glass of water ? She went to the bed and looked for the jug. There was bread laid out—but where . . . ? They had forgotten to leave her a jug. That was too bad! To think that they had forgotten such a vital detail of ceremony ! Such casual behaviour belittled the ceremony. Could the ceremony have been as important as she had imagined ? Perhaps they had not thought it worth while to devote their energies to the ceremony, perhaps they considered other matters of greater importance, perhaps they were impatient for other things. It might be that even now one of them—perhaps the Mother Superior herself—had remembered the jug and had personally questioned one of the artisans ; yet even if the artisan had answered truthfully, which was to be doubted

under the circumstances, then it was probable that the Mother Superior had nevertheless dismissed the question of the jug from her mind at the first opportunity. It was plain that her old companions had no further interest in her, their thoughts had skipped easily away to other matters. She, Margherita, was finished with. They had even hurried the ceremony of finishing her, so that an important detail had been neglected, and this showed that Margherita had been forgotten even before they had gone. How thoughtless these people were, how treacherous their affections!

Margherita felt this neglect deeply. Now that the ceremony had been exposed as unimportant, it seemed equally unimportant that she should die. It seemed now to be a mistake, and without point. All her efforts were to be of no purpose, she would die unseen, unheard, unfelt for, even unremembered. Hopelessly she took up the bowlful of daisies and drank the bitter yellow water from among the stalks, several of which fell untidily across her face as she drank.

She replaced the bowl and her eyes remembered the manometer. She hurried quickly clicking over the linoleum and peered through the brass shield.

She gasped—with surprise, with shock, with fear, and then for the first time for breath itself. The manometer needle had advanced to within only ten units of the blue-starred danger mark! Soundlessly, with no show, no hesitant jerk, slowly it had revolved on its inexorable sweep, sweeping down the units with its remorseless steel stick. ' If it would quiver!" Margherita thought. " But it's steady, steady as the hand on one of those electric clocks. You can't see it move," she whispered, the words chasing themselves fearfully, " yet it moves; you can feel the time shortening; but from minute to minute you can't see how short it is; for as soon as you fix on a minute it has gone; the hand has already approached some seconds further on."

She put her fingers to her face, scrambling at her features, as if she needed in some way the reassurance of their shape. "And what happens? Does the speed increase? Still imperceptibly, but nevertheless increase? Does the pressure rise at a compound speed?"

Her hand on her face came away wet, as streaming wet as if she had stroked a rain-spotted windowpane. She gasped for breath. Then, trying to concentrate, she took carefully exercised long breaths and paused in between these with her lungs empty. She seemed to be breathing not air but weight. It was so heavy to breathe, it took a pull—she perspired with lack of breath. Then, suddenly agile, like a cat wide-awakedly springing from half-sleep, she whisked her arms at the cord of the electric fire—the plug snapped out and rolled on the linoleum with an empty clatter. To have left on that bar biting through the precious minutes of her oxygen! She stared down at the plug, panting, her hands with their white scrubbed knuckles clenching and unclenching.

Why had she attacked the cord so savagely? Because the air in the little room had grown hot, uncomfortably hot? Because the needle's advance had thrust her suddenly far up her staircase of hours, so that this sudden proximity with the end had flooded her with an equally abrupt desire to live? She had not felt this desire before. In the endless hours death had seemed remote, inevitable, but remote. Now it was dangerously close. She looked in all directions, moving her head slowly in the heat, but with thoughts that raced, to find at all costs a way of spinning longer the hours she had wished to compress. But these hours were now remorselessly compressed about her ears, they weighed above her eyes in the blanketing air, air that was thinning yet thus grew thicker, and her eyes finally returned to the needle, which even in that short time had encroached upon two further units.

Desiring life, her regrets took form. She no longer pitied herself as one neglected. She strove now strongly to recapture what might have been. Her regret now consumed the past: "What I could have done—in that long time!" The sensation of growing physically smaller which had distinguished her mood of self-pity now reversed itself in these positive regrets; she felt herself grow larger with the striving of thought, her mind attacked, she summoned at each possible resource, she seemed to grow large with the strength to attack. The time that had been wasted, the opportunities missed, the effort unpractised! Now in the shortening moments she thought back upon her past as a compartment of time whose every minute should have been utilized with faultless efficiency. She imagined only an inexhaustible energy that had been voluntarily let to waste; she forgot the necessities of rest, of disorder, of lethargy, of melancholy, of digression—all the negative inclinations through which in complementary struggle the positive energies exist. No, in Margherita's sweating, panting, leadening brain there thrummed only the one-faced regret that the minutes should have been more used. She could have done this, she could have done that; she could have planted this avenue of limes, she could have blessed that maritime charity; she could have proceeded with her journal, she could have seen to the re-equipping of the dairy; she could, standing on a hill once at dawn, have appreciated more fully the message of the iridescent skies, she should then have exerted her senses so that forever after she could have recreated that dawn; she should have multiplied her lover by many lovers; or she should have disdained him incarcerating herself within a shell of virtue shaped by tireless impeccable effort. Whatever it was, she had left it undone. However much she might have done, she could have done more. However much she had seen, she had not felt deeply enough. However much

she had felt, she had not stored those feelings deeply enough.

As again she rose the bed groaned—the sockets of its wooden frame seemed to complain beneath an invisible pressure. She dragged over the short linoleum journey to the manometer. Her feet lifted heavily, every such effort was made beneath a great weight. Her head nodded. She had made the journey from bed to manometer many times. Each time, even as her steps grew slower, as the needle swept closer, even within an ever-increasing desire to lie down and sleep—her desire for life mounted. As she looked through the engineer's brass at the dial she saw the needle encroaching, as steadily as the sun's shadow, upon the second unit beneath the blue danger stars.

Gasping, with slack shoulders, she dragged the prie-dieu from its place and set it by the manometer. She knelt beneath this dial and stared, not for a moment longer daring to leave it. Who knew whether the needle might not suddenly spring forward? If she stared, she could superintend its motion and know intimately the speed of her decline.

And as the oxygen thinned and the pressure weighed more heavily, as the time shortened and the blue stars approached, as the units increased their pace and her grasp for life fought at their speed to slow it—sorrow for the past changed to a more virile regret for the future. The vague images of matters in which she was not ordinarily interested suddenly enthused her—the building of the new wing at the southerly aspect of the old convent fortress; how appalling that she would never, never see this! The installation of an electric laundry—this would occur, many other changes would occur, but she, dead Margherita, would never, never see them . . . Gripping the sides of the prie-dieu and staring through the brass shield she thought then of the problems of doctrine, of behaviour, of prayer

that would now never be solved. She thought with growing envy of the great goodness of life, the browning bloom of autumn fruit, the ice-slush on the February roads, the draughts of winter, the huge dusty leaves shading their green midsummer trees—and above all the skies that went with the seasons, the skies to which she had looked for consolation . . . a thousand good things she would never feel nor see again. She would never see them. There was no hope left. Yet—it was still inconceivable that there should be no hope! Hope was bred in her living veins. But a new weight of reason was cruelly forcing at her senses, crushing out hope. With her pale scrubbed nails she began picking at the little brass wires of the shield. One finger-nail weaved like a worm through the square and thrust itself straight at the needle, smelling at it, but yet inches away. Her mouth began to mumble, sagging, letting water.

How many hours had she endured in that room? A hundred? Days perhaps? There had been no measurement. The last hour of all dropped its lead on her nodding neck, she slipped from the prie-dieu on to the floor. Her finger pointed still at the manometer, but weakly. Her veil fell aside, revealing the nunnish pate bald as an ant's egg. An intolerable weight of sleep pulled her down, pulled at her eyelids, her puffed breathless lips, the muscles in her bluing cheeks. She forgot about the future.

Her eyes craved only for some taste of the present, the sight of birdflight, the colour of a flower, the pressure of her man's arms, the lick of fruit. How strong these could have tasted! Her lips opened and her tongue came swelling out, everfattening, gently to lick the air.

The vision of the taste of fruit faded, as in their order the wish for the future had faded, the regret for the past, her first incapacity to believe in death; and now lastly as a swimmer out of her depth she began to struggle, her fore-brain gone, only now like an animal, thoughtless but to

move, the instincts alone in charge. The naked head lurched from side to side, her arms weaved slow frog movements, weakening at each thrust. Before long they stopped moving altogether.

POEM

THEY HAVE SO feared to be free
Who have enslaved.
Who have shred hunger over the earth
Have so thirsted for chains.

They have so clung to their burden
Who have claimed obedience.
Who have set war and exalted death
Have so feared to be.

They have so trembled in the wilderness
Who have imprisoned,
Who have so feared to be free
With terror of loneliness.

R. S. SILVER

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

GERRARD WINSTANLEY: SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS. Edited by LEONARD HAMILTON. With an Introduction by CHRISTOPHER HILL. Cresset Press. 7*s*. 6*d*.

MR. HILL'S INFORMATIVE introduction to this interesting volume relieves the reviewer of an otherwise numbing sense of ignorance. Save when he was leader of the Diggers in 1649–50, little is known of Winstanley's life. His fame, like his experiment, was brief; he made the idle attempt to introduce "practical" Christianity (i.e. a Christian communism) among a Christian community, and it is worth noting that when he and his "poor" collected together in April, 1649, to dig and plant the waste land on St. George's Hill, near Cobham, the parson joined with the justices of the peace and the lord of the manor to invite the protection of the military arm. Probably the parson was right. There is the scriptural admonition to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and we most of us subscribe (and rightly, I am sure) to the later argument of Burke that in politics what in theory is most proper and just may in practice be found impossible or harmful.

Winstanley believed in the natural goodness of man. It is therefore saddening to read his pages, knowing that he must deal with men declined from a state of nature. He was so utterly right in much of his preaching, but his faith in reason was childlike and unjustifiable. One can think of no political system (Communism included) which would not find itself compelled to bruise him under its heel, and on the whole he was fortunate to live under the Commonwealth which at least allowed him to live his life out. This selection from his writings is likely to give him a much increased reputation. He is of value as a recorder of past time from an unusual point of view, he was part of the historical process

from Anabaptism to Marxism, and he was an excellent and pithy writer.

GWYN JONES

PER ARDUA. HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS. Oxford University Press; illustrated. 15*s*.

FROM ITS FIRST uncertain beginning Hilary Saunders' lively pen records the development of the R.A.F. up to the outbreak of the present war. Although unofficial this, the first volume of a complete illustrated history, is authoritative, backed by the author's ripe judgment and intimate experience as Air Ministry's best-selling pamphleteer.

As one would expect, *Per Ardua* does fine justice to the tradition and achievements in action of the R.A.F. and its forbears, the R.F.C. and R.N.A.S. In the spirit of Jones and Raleigh, to whose monumental history of the last war in the air he is avowedly indebted, Mr. Saunders pays tribute to the qualities of pilots on both sides—for "the engine is the heart of an aeroplane, but the pilot is its soul." There are, moreover, numerous illuminating parallels to be drawn between that struggle and the present one, as, for example, in the value of leaflet raiding, air attacks upon London, the use of the fighter-bomber, and in measures employed to defeat the U-boat. But, although war survey occupies three parts of the book, it is the fourth part which will provoke most interest and discussion.

In his first chapters Mr. Saunders describes the birth-pangs of the R.F.C. The struggle was largely one of individual enthusiasts—"Audacious men, they clothed their vibrant vision with wood and linen" is the phrase of Cecil Day Lewis' dedicatory poem—against official obstruction. Not only had the claims and prejudices of the two older services to be overcome, but almost farcical conditions of experimentation were imposed. Through the ironic restraint of its telling one feels the author's charac-

teristic impatience with such unimaginative state policy. At a time when the War Office decided to cease making experiments with aeroplanes as the cost (£2,500) had proved too great, Germany was already spending about £400,000 on military aeronautics.

When an air force was established its troubles had only just begun. A new and persistent source of controversy was the question of control. Independence—or subservience to War Office and Admiralty? The formation of the R.A.F. did not solve the problem, since the Admiralty remained inplacable in its demand for a separate Fleet Air Arm. The resultant manœuvring, between 1919 and 1938, Mr. Saunders presents with the lease possible bias, as also the wider issues of the Geneva Disarmament Conference, on whose secretariat he himself served. Naturally he cannot resist an occasional tilt against the "Whitehall warriors" of the day. Where credit lies, however, for safeguarding the Service structure in years of drastic reduction and for rebuilding it just in time to meet the gravest hazard of all, full credit is given. Only in the section devoted to peacetime operational activities of the R.A.F. is one conscious of omissions, but a chronology and bibliography either supply or suggest sources for the data. Otherwise, in the mingled unorthodoxy, humour, and professional seriousness of this compact history, there is much cause for satisfaction and for anticipation of the second volume.

ALAN WALBANK

HOME TOWN ELEGY. G. S. FRASER. Nicholson and Watson, P.L. Books. 6*s*.

SEA TALK. GEORGE BRUCE. William MacLellan, Poetry Scotland Series. 6*s*.

THE EXPECTANT SILENCE. WILLIAM SOUTAR. Andrew Dakers. 5*s*.

Home Town Elegy and *Sea Talk* are both first books,

which contain achievement and promise of still better things to come.

G. S. Fraser came before the literary public as one of the poets linked to the New Apocalyptic movement. Yet his was never more than a surface attachment; for his verse is Byronic rather than quasi metaphysical in tradition. But you will not find Byron's swagger or robustness in Mr. Fraser's work, because he is very much the child of " this unlucky age ", as he calls it. And his is the regretful disillusion and the weary nostalgia of the generation whose inheritance was an unidealistic war. If it were not so, he would not be such a true voice of that generation as he undoubtedly is.

Mr. Fraser's images are always precise and sharp. There is not a single line in the whole book which can upset even the most sensitive of the obscurity-shy. The poems are consistently musical. This effect, to a large extent, is produced by the poet's use of placid, regular rhythms, which rarely become wearisome and never descend to a mere jog-trot, as they so easily could in the hands of a lesser craftsman. As is fit and proper in a Scottish poet, much of Mr. Fraser's work reflects the sights and sounds of his native country.

Superior critics delight in pointing to the weaknesses which can be found in almost any young poet's first book. They may say of Mr. Fraser that he will descend to a strained inversion in order to get a rhyme. And so he does: but such a slight and occasional defect sinks to insignificance when considered against the many fresh and lovely surprises contained in the poetry. Others may say that the writing often becomes casual in manner, that the poet is neurotic and hypersensitive. To me the casualness—I prefer to call it naturalness—is a relief. When so much that is tortuous and mystifying is being written it is a delight to read someone who is not afraid to be himself.

During the last five years the world has not offered much encouragement to the scholar or the humanitarian. It is small wonder that Mr. Fraser, who is something of both, should give voice to despair; a sad, not quite hopeless despair which is more truly the temper of his generation at the present time, than the patriotic mumbo-jumbo of the latest popular versifier of the moment. G. S. Fraser is one of the most genuine and unpretentious poets that Scotland has produced.

George Bruce almost recreates the physical atmosphere of the north-east coast of Scotland in his work, which has a curious cold quality about it. By employing irregular rhythms and rarely using full rhymes he achieves a detached, esoteric, texture. He is a painter in water-colour; but his best poems give a sense of timelessness which even a good water-colour does not. His poems about the sea and Scottish fisherfolk are for the most part brilliantly successful. When he becomes lyrical or sentimental his methods and technique are apt to fail him. His style is markedly personal, and even his least convincing poems have a certain quiet distinction. Mr. Bruce is another poet with a considerable future.

Both these books are most attractive in format, and should be in the homes of all those interested in the best work by the younger Scottish writers.

William Soutar's book, *The Expectant Silence*, was prepared for publication shortly before the poet's death, at the age of 45, in the autumn of last year. It therefore contains his most mature work in English. Although the compass of the poems is small, within his limited range William Soutar achieved a remarkable intensity of emotional effect, philosophical rather than sensuous. He had come to a kind of gentle pantheism wherein he asserted the ultimate dominion of nature over man's joys and sorrows and disasters. He believed in " the governance of

life ", as he called it. The influence of his doctrine can be traced in the work of several of the younger Scottish poets.

Soutar's prim little stanzas tend to become monotonous. But in every line the courage and the dignity of thought never fail to astonish and satisfy. He is not a major poet, and his best work is in Scots : but his English poems are by no means without merit, and deserve to be read in their own right. Only a small part of his writings have so far been published. C. M. Grieve (Hugh MacDiarmid) has prepared the collected edition of Soutar's poems, which is appearing towards the end of next year. This, together with his diaries, which are also in course of preparation for the press, should establish William Soutar's permanent place in Scottish letters beyond all doubt.

These three books offer convincing evidence of the flowering of the Scottish Renaissance in at least one of its several branches. Those who pervertedly believe that Scotland has ceased to exist except as a name on a map, would do well to take note. Those who enjoy good poetry written in English will find contact with these three distinguished and original minds a stimulating and pleasurable experience all too rarely available at any time.

MAURICE LINDSAY.

SHAKESPEARIAN GLEANINGS. E. K. CHAMBERS. Oxford University Press. 10*s*.

THIS IS ANOTHER collection of studies old and new. Five essays are now printed for the first time, the most valuable of these being " The Date of Hamlet " and " The Mortal Moon Sonnet ". The most impressive things here, as we should expect, are " The Disintegration of Shakespeare ", " The Unrest in Shakespeare Studies," and " The Integrity of The Tempest ", in which Sir Edmund combats with learning and an ashplant all who would make inroads on the Shakespeare canon. The late J. M. Robertson and Professors Pollard and Dover Wilson are the adversaries

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to whom he gives most attention. "William Shakespeare: An Epilogue" discusses Elizabethan acting and usefully supplements Dr. Spurgeon's study of Shakespeare's imagery by assembling a long and impressive list of relevant quotations. "The Stage of the Globe Theatre" is an admirable treatment of a still troublesome problem, and there are some intriguing observations on contemporary family history in "The Occasion of a Midsummer-Night's Dream". G. J.

A VICTORIAN DIARIST. Extracts from the Journals of Mary, Lady Monkswell, 1873–1895. Edited by the Hon. E. C. F. COLLIER. Murray. 16*s*.

ALL PERSONAL PAPERS are impregnated with the essence of their age, and it is usually easy to identify the vintage of the diarist by the bouquet of contemporary fashion in allusion and outlook. The recently published diaries of Mary, 2nd Lady Monkswell, respond easily to this test. They are most perfectly typical of the actively minded, indifferently cultivated woman of the leisured, indeed, privileged classes of the later Victorian period; anxious to participate in her husband's interests, yet insufficiently gifted for making observations of value.

To compare these papers with the diaries of Mary Gladstone might appear rather cruel, and yet publication invites comparison. The background is the same. There are the same period, the same world, sometimes the same acquaintance; the social functions and royal ceremonies; the continental journeys; the reactions to Italian cities and German music. Yet what a difference separates the two women: a difference of quality of mind. The rare, spontaneous originality of Gladstone's daughter can revive a scene in a brief trenchant phrase: in Lady Monkswell's case the same scene may be shown, laboriously detailed, emphasizing the unimportant. Yet she no doubt reflects

OUTPOSTS

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the average mentality of her age more faithfully than her gifted and fascinating contemporary. YVONNE FFRENCH

VISIONS AND MEMORIES. HENRY W. NEVINSON. Oxford University Press. 10*s.* 6*d.*

IT IS HARD to fix a label to the late H. W. Nevinson. " He did not fit neatly into any niche," says Professor Murray, contributing the Introduction to Mrs. Nevinson's selection. It would need the paradoxical pen of a G. K. C. or a G. B. S. to do justice to the seemingly contradictory elements in Nevinson's life and writings. Not a scholar-gipsy, as in his beloved Matthew Arnold's poem, but a scholar-journalist; a man of peace and an internationalist, President of the P.E.N. 1937–8, yet one of our most brilliant war correspondents, as his son is possibly the most brilliant painter of the chaos that war leaves in its wake; an admirer of mystics, yet a steady member of the Rationalist Press Association; a lover of the art and literature of Greece and Rome, and yet a defender of " modern " movements in both art and life. . . .

Mrs. Nevinson's selection presents as many sides of this varied character as is possible in a brief volume. Thus we read an extremely interesting essay on " The Bible's Influence ", and find at the end that it was originally contributed to *The Rationalist Annual.* Essays on Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Swift, and Ruskin rub shoulders with " Marinetti: Futurist "; and scholarly notes on classical Greece are balanced by an appreciation of the Greek resistance to Mussolini in 1940. My personal impression throughout was, indeed, one of *balance*: the scholarly mind in fine conjunction with the individual experience, the exuberant idealism offset by the practical rationalism of the investigator. Paradox has not forsaken Henry Nevinson even now, for this book, intended no doubt as a memorial, is more fittingly described as an " introduction ", and few readers, encountering him here for the first time,

THE WELSH REVIEW

Edited by GWYN JONES

Volume III, No. 4. December, 1944.

Price-Parry (*story*)	*Glyn Jones*
Oranges (*story*)	*Robert Gwyn*
The Cat and the Man (*poem*)	*Oliver Edwards*
Birthday Poem	*John Ormond Thomas*
What is Minor Poetry ?	*T. S. Eliot*
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will not want to go on to meet him again in the *Autobiographies* or *The Dardanelles Campaign*, in *The Dawn in Russia* or *Essays in Rebellion*. "He is a man of very violent opinions, isn't he?" said a passport official once to Richard Nevinson. "Oh, dear, no!" replied Richard ("who had known me from his childhood"); "he's the mildest of men." "When I say violent opinions," the official returned, "I mean he doesn't see eye to eye with the man in the street. . . ." "It was an official definition of violence," Henry Nevinson concludes, "unsurpassed in precision, and I understood then the grounds of my evil repute."

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than any of his contemporaries. He selects the significant scenes and summarizes situations without wasting a word, so that every phrase tells and becomes a little more than itself, a symbol. The first hundred pages of his book which show, through the autobiographical narrative of his hero, the graduation of a young Kentish Town lad into a dirt-track rider, a tough among the toughest, are the raciest since the early Hemingway. And there is an alliance with the moods and antics of a " growing boy " which is brilliantly realized " naïvete " itself.

But the flaws in Slater's novel, and the dangers of this kind of filmy novel, begin to be apparent when the representation of action gives place to the dramatization of thought. A hero begins to seem very empty and barren if no inner change happens in him through all the experience of going half-way round the world. And then if he suddenly becomes self-conscious through meeting an intellectual like Haldane or Bernal, as Bill Fox does, that is not an integral change. Thus you have an almost perfect book of its kind whose formal qualities constrict the lives of the characters, a situation neatly described by Roy Campbell when he said :—

> " They use the snaffle and curb all right,
> But where is the bloody horse ? "

I believe that the positive influence of the film in a complex society like the Western will be of immense advantage to the novel in ridding it of redundancies and imitative eighteenth-century manner. But the novel must retain its respect for character and the poetry of human experience. Slater knows this and has sought to balance the rhythm of modern life with one of its characteristic creations, Bill Fox, dirt-track ace, death rider, and commando. He nearly succeeded in writing the most startling English novel of recent years, but——

MULK RAJ ANAND

LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

continuing

The LONDON MERCURY and BOOKMAN

Edited by ROBERT HERRING

EDITORIAL

FEBRUARY 1945

WAR STARTS EMOTIONALLY. As soon as someone loses an arm someone else loses his head and declares that " war brings out the best in us ". This is followed by the Government our laziness lands us with declaring with equal hysteria that there is nothing better for us than war, what fun it is, we never wanted to be well or happy or well fed, did we, that was all nonsense, look at the bombs, what a heaven-sent challenge—you can see what nonsense all else is by the fact that those who were supposed to be working for well-feeding and happiness go with such readiness into reverse gear and spend their energies proving we want less of everything normally associated with life, whatever. Except, of course, paper for normal publication.

There is for the Government, which has to put out its views to its departments, and for them to reply, very politely, in what amount to paraphrases of H.Q.'s directives. Since all Governments must hide their meaning (otherwise the taxes that keep them in power would not be paid) it follows that a peculiar form of English is devised. This is imitated by those who have to write back. And so we get to the third stage of a war which is only a way of life gone ingrown. We get the Absence of Style. In war it isn't only the willingness to die that is heroic, but the fierce wish to survive. A good enough thing in its own way, and one on which that forerunner of the U.S.S.R., the British Empire, or as we now kow-tow to calling it, the British Commonwealth, was raised. But survival is a low

form of civilization. Survival may now seem taking a low trend, but a long-term view of civilization shows it to be on the up grade. We have to survive, not only to outlast our present bullying dogs, but to show that we *can* reach that better life. Nevertheless, none of us have any particular interest in surviving as such. A rat can do that; but a rat wants progressively better quarters, and, as rat, gets them. Rats have no identification cards. Having survived, rats win style. The rat that knows its rat-ness wishes not to increase but to improve; to be, as they say, happier.

But writers? One of the hardest things for an editor to do is not only to keep away from inter-wainscot feuds, but to send back those who emerge, after a titbit of cheesy publicity, until they have learnt how to write. This is where reviewers come in. Unfortunately, reviewers, in the good sense, are rare among those who can teach them. Reviewing is not just a case of saying: "I don't like this book, because no one should have written it but me," nor "I like it, it's a friend of mine I taught to talk as I do." Reviewing is hard to come by, I think my readers will agree I have done well by them lately, though it's been the weakest side of the paper in the war years. But plenty of writers have to catch up with even reviewers; we have too little style, too much stylization, of which more later—or perhaps less; if you notice which books we review.

(*Compressed in proof to fit space.*)

BETWEEN THE IDEA AND THE REALITY

By MARJORIE LINGARD

(1)

THE WORLD OF ideas has been so long in eclipse that now we take it for granted. When T. S. Eliot wrote

> "Between the idea
> and the reality
> Between the motion
> And the act
> Falls the shadow
> For thine is the Kingdom."

it was no doubt a statement of an entirely novel situation. But now this shadow hangs over all the things of the mind.

This situation did not arise when the things of the mind were pursued for their own sake. The musician was content to make beauty by ordering sound, as the poet was content to make beauty by ordering words. Sir Thomas More wrote his Utopia for its own sake without relating it to the world around him, and the saints and anchorites lived holy lives without deep desire that those around them should do the same. Men sought self-consummation in their own lives, and did not wish to become mob leaders or messianic stars on which all humanity should converge.

That all this has changed is due to the fact that the population of the world has enormously increased, that this population has been made articulate and vociferous, and that in every country, whatever the brand of politics, lip service is paid to the doctrine that there is no individual good which is not also a common good. Thus the ideologist no longer lives in the perfect world of the mind and steps out into reality to eat, but must relate his world to reality. Thus the shadow falls. Thus there is frustration and unhappiness for the creative thinker and creative artist. For outside them there is this clamouring population which must be included in the symphony, political doctrine,

or poem, and will raise howls of execration if it is not so included.

In examining the responses of the creative individual it would be simpler briefly to take typical examples. There is, for instance, Shostakovitch, the Soviet composer, who composes creatively in terms of the mass Russian mind, and still more difficult—in terms of contemporary Russian history. There was the group of Left poets in this country in the early thirties which sought to make its poetry a vehicle of communist resurgence and failed, so that W. H. Auden is now in America, and Day-Lewis and Spender are suave conventional voices with little connection with contemporary working men. There is the vast host of novelists who produce characters with which the masses can identify themselves, and in whose individual triumphs and tribulations they can find temporary nirvana. It is useless to criticize creative artists for pandering to the masses. The truth is that in an age when there are no wealthy patrons to subsidize the arts, it is necessary for the creative artist to pander to the masses or the State if he is to live.

But by far the most typical response of the potentially creative individual is to abandon creative work, and become a popularizer of those creative individuals of the past over whom the shadow did not fall. It is no accident that the most well-known philosopher in this country is Professor Joad, who is also the most assiduous popularizer of philosophy, and whose own philosophy is a re-hash of Bergson, Shaw, and Butler, with his own individual pepper added to it. Now the ordinary man reaches Socrates by Joad and Beethoven by Ralph Hill as he reaches London by Peterborough. In the same way the majority of other reviews that have survived the war devote nine-tenths of their space to critical or explanatory articles, and mainly serve as popularizers.

The main justification of the popularizers is that those who have plunged deep into the world of the mind must now pause for a time, and wait for the masses to catch up. Better still they must act as teachers and help the masses to catch up. The pace of all must be the pace of the slowest. In an age when the creative artist must work for the masses or resign himself to poverty and oblivion, it is really idiotic to reach beyond Wagner, Shaw, and Wells until the masses have caught up to Beethoven, Shakespeare, and Dickens.

This shadow, however, does not only rest over the arts, philosophy, and so on, but over religion and politics. If it is necessary for the creative artist to adapt himself to a sub-artistic world, it is also necessary for the Christian to adapt himself (in the words of the late Archbishop of Canterbury) to a " sub-christian world ". In other words, the New Testament which was in any case ten thousand years too early, must be thrust inside a pigeon-hole until the world catches up with it. Thus our churches to-day are not hot fires of human charity and righteousness which melt down individuals and make them what they were not, but popularizers of religious truths which have always been accepted by minorities in all ages. The awesome sermons of John Donne have given place to simple talks on God. Man speaks to man where once righteous divine castigated unrighteous layman, a polite insinuation takes the place of a bold affirmation, and Christianity now represents an infiltration into the chaos of the age rather than a frontal attack upon it. For it would be a disadvantage to be a Christian in an age where the masses are benighted. It would be wrong to ask any rich man to give away his wealth to the poor, and distribute his coats to those who needed them, when the only consequence of such behaviour on his part would be that his dismayed family, thus plunged into poverty by his irresponsible actions, would petition

the authorities for his incarceration inside a lunatic asylum. Thus current Christian ethics are a rough shoring, a Portal House of the mind, that must survive over the time-lag of the shadow.

It is perhaps amusing that the socialists, who more than any other body of political thinkers, have praised the masses and derided the individual, should also be under the same necessity to erect a Portal House of the mind. In effect, by entering into coalition with non-socialists in order to bring the war to a triumphant conclusion, they abandoned their previous doctrines. It is very difficult to connect contemporary socialist leaders with the Communist Manifesto, Morris's *News from Nowhere*, Bellamy's *Looking Backwards*, and the writings of Lenin. If they do echo the dead voices of the past they echo muddily. Yet in accepting the necessity of the war they are closer to the masses than they would be if they became recalcitrants and better protagonists of them.

There are no Utopias except in the mind, and never will be. Life takes hold of ideas and bends them like grass. Now, in particular, we do not think from ourselves, but from life's impact; and it is probable that the individual will be battered by the masses who are the stuff of life and the age for many generations yet. Over him the shadow will incessantly fall.

There is no solution for this problem. History cannot be unwritten. There are only alternatives. Creative individuals can endure the battering, and remain obdurately themselves. They are the saints of the age. Conversely, like Churchill, Joad, and Edgar Wallace, they can boldly accept the impact of the masses, and become leaders, popularizers, and best-read novelists. They are the great men of the age. And those caught between the two alternatives are merely lost and bewildered. But when so many are lost and bewildered, who can spare the time to save *them?*

VESTALS AND VESTRIES

A CONTINUATION

Being further extracts from the journal of

FLORENCE ALICE SITWELL

edited by

OSBERT SITWELL

(The last part of the diary to be published was for the year 1877. This portion is for the year 1880: the diarist was aged 21 . . . The earlier years appeared as the second part of *Two Generations*, which was issued by Macmillan's, 1940.)

PART I

THE VILLA ALLEGRIA

1st January—August, 1880

A Cannibal Feast—Maggy once more—A ball dress—Making pills—The Channel—Chinese Ambassadors—A disagreeable French Nobleman—A Saloon Carriage—Olive trees again—Church on arrival—An old friend—The Villa Allegria—The complexity of life at Cannes—Nihilism and the Kingdom of Christ—The Villa compared to the Country House at Cassiaeum—Blanche—Mabille—A Musical Forehead—Difficulties of first morning—The Favourite Hymn—Pockets full of shells—A question of Numbers—A Madame Romanoff—The Sunset—A girl like a boy—A breakdown—Pegomas—Singing by Moonlight—Mother's Health—A Sudden Death—Willy opens up—Days never to be forgotten—A dictum of Archbishop Tait's—Gaieties—Dear Old Mr. Bonamy Price.

1880

Jan 1. We had Aunt Rose for dinner. She had brought us little New Year's presents and was very kind. Grace wrote to accept Aunt Harriet's invitation to go with her to the York ball. I declined with thanks.

Jan. 2. Two letters for me at breakfast, one from Clara Estcourt; the other from Maggy ran as follows: "New Year's day. Dear old Florence. Thank you so much for the book: it is very nice, and nicer still of you to think of me. Many happy New Years to you, and may the next be more free from anxiety to you and yours than last. God bless you. I don't think we shall be in London again at

the very earliest till the 17th. We are due at Wentworth on the 13th for the Barnsley Ball, and shall in all probability stay till the Saturday following. I will write soon again. Your loving cousin and friend, Maggy."

There the letter ends, and its kindness rather softens the disappointment of not meeting her in London. It is two years and a quarter since we last saw each other !

Directly after Prayers, Grace and I started to hunt for her ball-dress. A very pretty white one, draped with Indian silk edged with Bretonne lace, was finally found, with which we want her to wear deep red flowers.

Jan. 4. Sunday. Lovely day. To see Augusta Woodall with a book she wanted, directly after breakfast. Then to Christ Church. The new curate, Mr. Durrard, preached. In the afternoon read up a subject on which I am very ignorant. About four o'clock Charlotte Desborough, one of my Girls' Friendly Society members came to pay her quarter's subscription, and to have a talk.

She works at Dr. Brooke's, making pills, for which she is paid seven shillings a week. She and all those girls similarly employed work together in one room under the superintendence of a middle-aged woman who is " very strict " with them—they mustn't laugh, or make a noise, or sing over their work. Both her parents are living, her father is employed by the gas company. She has two sisters older than herself, several younger, and one small brother. She is nineteen; but *very* ignorant, cannot read three consecutive words without stopping to spell, and says she has never cared to learn. Now she is beginning rather to wish to read, for her younger sisters can all read very nicely, and are so fond of their Bibles, she says. If she learns to read by the time I come back, she is to have a Bible given to her for herself; and she seems pleased, and has promised to try. She went to Sunday School for a long time, but not regularly.

Evening Service—sermon from Mr. Stapleton. The chapters read in church first now are from Isaiah, and *most* lovely. It was worth while to go to church for that alone.

Monday, 5th. A most busy day. Morning and afternoon filled with shopping and preparations. At 5 o'clock the Archdeacon came to administer the Holy Communion to Aunt Minnie. Mother and I stayed with her. The Archdeacon is overworked and thoroughly done up, and Dr. Hobson orders him as much rest as he can manage for a few days. He said to me, "How very nice your Aunt looks," as I was saying good-bye to him in the hall: and seemed to think her much better. Several people remarked to me how much better she looks, and indeed she appears so to me too.

All the next days very busy, full of preparations and good-byes. On Wednesday Grace went to the York Ball, which she enjoyed very much. Saturday, luncheon at the Vicarage: working and packing.

. . . . . .

Jan. 12. After packing and running about doing things all the morning, we had a hasty luncheon at twelve-thirty, and drove to the station directly afterwards. Aunt Minnie was comfortably settled in a saloon-carriage: then all our friends came to bid us a long good-bye. The Archdeacon spoke very kindly. Mr. Müller [1] and the boys came rushing up in a state of great excitement to show us a letter in *The Times* from George and his friend, Carl von Buch, headed *The Capture of a Spirit* [2] and giving an account of the action by which one of them (George) seized the so-called spirit

[1] Ernest Bruce Iwan Müller, at that time acting as tutor to the diarist's brother, Sir George Sitwell. Subsequently he became a well-known journalist, editor of the *Manchester Courier*, then assistant editor of the *Pall-Mall*, and leader-writer for the *Daily Telegraph*. In later life, he specialized as a journalist in foreign politics.

[2] This curious incident, of which an account will be found in the editor's forthcoming book, *Left Hand, Right Hand!* took place at the Headquarters of the National Association of Spiritualists on 2nd January, 1880. It was the first exposure of Modern Spiritualism, and caused much commotion.

Marie [1] by the wrists at a seance in Great Russell Street, and the other, drawing aside the curtain at the back, showed the medium's discarded garments, deserted cupboard, and the cords, by which she had been tied, lying loose on the floor. This piece of news excited us very much. "He has done it really *well*," said Mr. Müller. "It is a very good letter indeed." A touching parting ensued between our George Bradbury and his little May, who was lifted up in his arms for the last kiss. His wife felt too miserable to come to the station, but entrusted him particularly to Leckly's care for the three months of absence from home.

We were soon off: Mother, Aunt Minnie, Mr. Dale, Grace, and I in the saloon carriage; Leckly, Nurse, and George Bradbury in the adjoining compartment. Willie Worsley came with us as far as York, as it was his birthday, and his mother wished to give him a little pleasure.

Tuesday, *Jan.* 13. I woke to a London yellow fog which grew thicker as the morning wore on. Mother and I breakfasted by a bright fire, and brought in breakfast to our invalid, whom we found fairly well and bright, and whom we persuaded to stay in bed all day and have a good rest.

At about eleven, Mother and I started for the West End in a rattling cab. We called on Aunt Freddy and found her in the drawing-room with Grace and Tiny, who presently took me up to their little sitting-room which they have lately beautified in various ways. Tiny looks very poorly, but she has a sweet countenance.

From Granville Place we went to 37 Great Cumberland Place, where we found Aunt Albinia at home. She received us most kindly, and gave us little needle-boxes as keepsakes before we went.

We went to see Aunt Puss and found her and George delighted to see us: and of course a great deal was said

[1] Marie proved not to be a spirit, but the partly disrobed medium herself. She was the favourite medium of Sir William Crooks, O.M.

about the capture of the "Spirit", about which George was highly excited. He told me that she had only gasped when he caught her by the wrists, and she then pretended to sink into an unconscious state. He was sitting between two men during the seance, both firm believers in spiritualism, who talked to him a great deal about it, and even mentioned the "foolish attempts" made by some to catch spirits—to all of which George responded, "Oh, indeed!" and great was their surprise when later on he stepped calmly forward and seized the spirit. One man told him that he had no belief in a future state, but could not help half believing in these apparitions: there was something to him so strange in them! After the exposure he thanked George for having opened his eyes to the truth about them.

Aunt Puss came with us back to the hotel to see Aunt Minnie, after which Grace and Aunt Freddy arrived, and Marie Bacon, to see Mr. Dale. Marie told me a great deal about all her parish doings at Ham. She seems very happy. Little Grace sat a long time in Aunt Minnie's room talking to her. Then all the sad good-byes had to be said over again.

Wednesday, Jan. 14. Uncle Richard came early on purpose to pay our hotel bill, which was a most unlooked for kindness on his part. He is getting rather old and tottering now, but his face retains its firm, kind expression.

Next came Mr. White, the lawyer, on business, and immediately after him, George, who sat on the arm of Mother's chair for a long time, and talked about spiritualism and about his longings to follow us out to Cannes. Aunt Puss sat through our luncheon, and saw us off at the station for Dover.

A bath-chair met Aunt Minnie, on our arrival at Dover, and took her to the Hotel, where we found things dear and uncomfortable.

Thursday. Breakfast at eight-thirty, after which Mother and I walked down the pier to the steamer, and lay down in the cabin. Aunt Minnie followed in a bath-chair, and had a private cabin on deck with Nurse. We soon began to rock horribly, and had to lie very still and keep our minds composed in the midst of fearful sounds around us, for most of the poor ladies were very ill. On reaching Calais we went on deck, and found Aunt Minnie and Nurse both looking miserably pale. Some Chinese ambassadors in native attire were on deck. They looked wise, benign, and comical. One of them had the gout so badly that he was obliged to be carried by his attendants from the steamer to shore: and we feared each moment they would let him fall, for he was so fat, and the little passage so steep and narrow.

Aunt Minnie walked to the train, leaning on Mr. Dale's arm, and Mother and I and the maids got some coffee and rolls meanwhile at the Buffet. Just as we were all settled in our carriage, and the train was about to start, an exceedingly fat, coarse, disagreeable-looking French nobleman jumped into our carriage, who kept grumbling about Aunt Minnie being laid down (though there was plenty of room for him). Mother was obliged to snub him, after which he kept silence, and only responded to remarks by a grunt. Cook's man, Mr. Smith, who performed the part of a courier towards us, was exceedingly vexed about the whole thing.

We found our rooms at the Hotel de Rivoli very pretty and nice. Bright wood fires were burning in them in square, open fireplaces. They gave us a good dinner in the quaint little dining-room. The whole evening was spent by us in airing our sheets, which we found quite damp.

Saturday. At eleven o'clock we all started in our saloon-carriage, put on to the train, for the South of France. The carriage was divided into several compartments, in one

of which beds were arranged for Mother and Aunt M. The rest of us sat in the large compartment, which was full of arm-chairs, capable of being drawn out at night for sleeping on. In the centre of the carriage stood a narrow table, on which we prepared all our meals and made hot decoctions for Aunt Minnie. The carriage was warmed by ten long hot water tins, renewed every four hours. The hours wore on towards night. We chatted, cooked, ran in and out of our compartments, watched the snow-clad country as we rushed past, and read. I got a long way with Lord Lytton's *Zanoni*, which is a most strange book, and I cannot yet fully take in its meaning, though I hope it will become clearer as I go on. Presently the lamps were lit: we had our evening meal of bread and cold meat, after which we all settled ourselves for sleep.

Sunday. Waking at two-twenty-five a.m., I crept into the next compartment and had a whispered conversation with Mother, who was suffering much and sleeping little. Soon Mr. Dale awoke, and called maids to help to make something hot for Aunt Minnie and Mother. After which, all fell asleep again, except me. By pressing my face quite close to the window I could see the bright starlight, and found that the character of the country had already changed: the low stone walls and olive-trees I remembered so well were again before my eyes. Mr. Dale snored a good deal. I crept once or twice into the next compartment and found them asleep. It was an odd sort of Sunday morning, but rather nice.

At seven o'clock, just before sunrise, we arrived at Marseilles, and except Mother and our invalid, had breakfast at the buffet. Leck, Nurse, and I then walked right down Marseilles into the principal avenue. The air was intensely cold, and the town looked almost asleep, like its inhabitants, in the soft early morning light, with all the shutters closed. Only a few very busy people were still up and about. We

returned to our carriage and had an exquisite five hours' journey to Cannes. The sun came out gloriously; the sky was cloudless; and the mountains, rich vegetation, crimson rocks and deep blue Mediterranean, all formed a scene too lovely to be easily forgotten.

At one p.m. we arrived at Cannes, and drove to the Hotel Richemont, and were right glad to get some rest after twenty-six hours of railway travelling. Aunt Minnie was sent to bed at once. Mother, Mr. Dale, and I washed, changed our clothes, after which she rested in our sitting-rooms, and he and I went to afternoon church at St. Paul's close by. The church was full of English people; and the choir was composed of visitors, with well-trained voices, and the singing sounded most sweet in the little church on this still afternoon. The sermon was on the subject of Christ's miracle of changing the water into wine, and was thoughtful, terse, and simple: reminding one of the sermons of Bishop Hall and other old divines.

All looked calm and lovely, bathed in sunlight, as we came out of church.

Monday, Jan. 19. I awoke nicely rested after ten and a half hours' sleep! Poor Mother I found sadly knocked up by the journey: Aunt Minnie is wonderfully well, considering.

Mr. Dale and I started early on a search for villas. We took a light pony-carriage and drove first to Messrs. Taylor and Ridette. A long conversation ensued between Mr. Dale and Mr. Ridette on the subject of villas, which I listened to; watching also with some interest and curiosity Mr. Ridette's face, speech, and gestures, which still continue to perplex me rather since two more similar interviews. From thence to the Hotel Pavilion to see the Woodalls. Mr. E. Woodall and his niece Miss Dent were in the sitting-room, and Miss Woodall in bed in the adjoining room, very poorly. Mr. Woodall accompanied us to

see Villas Allegria and Rebecca. The former we found very pretty, both house and garden, but not very well furnished. I took an immense fancy to it. Rebecca is on a much larger scale, but less sunny and cheerful. From Rebecca we drove up a hill to Hotel Bellevue, to call on old Mr. Bacon, and ask his advice about villas. He seemed to me greatly aged: his poor hands trembled *fearfully* during all the time of our visit. He came to see us after luncheon, at our hotel, and the poor hands again trembled a great deal.

Tuesday, Jan. 20. Mother and Mr. Dale went to see villas. I stopped at home: read and wrote letters; and took Aunt Minnie a tiny walk in the garden, but we soon came in on account of the great cold. Mother and Mr. Dale returned at luncheon-time, full of excitement about the villas.

After luncheon Lady Byron sent in her card to Mother, and was shown into our sitting-room. She has been some weeks at the hotel, but had never hitherto appeared at the *table d'hôte* on account of a sad accident she met with soon after her arrival. She was driving in a cab belonging to this hotel: the cabman was drunk, and upset his equipage with her in it, and her face was cut to pieces. She says that drivers here make a point of running over you whenever they have the chance, and then fined you five pounds for getting in their way. She has not the appearance of an educated woman.[1]

Wednesday, Jan. 21. Mr. Dale and I started at nine-thirty for Villa Allegria which we had decided to take, and made arrangements for occupying it as soon as possible. But an unfortunate hitch has occurred. We find it *most* scantily supplied with necessaries of life, such as sheets, blankets, and spoons; and Mrs. Hollond does not seem inclined to give us what we naturally think

[1] Widow of the 8th Lord Byron.

we have a right to expect. This makes it very awkward, as we cannot give definite answers to cook, housemaid, or kitchenmaid, who have been seen with a view to engaging them. All orders have to be suspended till this tiresome affair is settled one way or another.

Mother, Aunt Minnie, and Mr. Dale went driving in the afternoon, to see other villas, in case this should fall through. Old Mr. Bacon came and stayed some time. I enjoyed talking with him, for he is a dear old man, and so good ! He says that the large acquaintance that life at Cannes naturally involves becomes almost a nuisance. He himself knows sixty families at Cannes, and, being not very strong, finds it hard work to call on them all. He said he detected for the first time in me a little likeness to my mother ! Then we got talking about Russia and the Nihilists, and somehow from that to the Kingdom of Christ which is to be—of which he spoke so trustfully, and patiently, and hopefully.

Thursday, Jan. 22. Soon after breakfast Mr. Dale and I started for a walk among the hills. The day was perfect, and the whole earth, with the chequered light and shade among the olive-groves, looked overflowing with happiness. In the afternoon we all four went out driving, first to leave a note at the Beaulieu ; from thence to Taylor and Ridette's, where we found to our great joy that Mrs. Holland was willing to give us all we asked for. So we drove straight to the villa, and now that it was to be ours, looked at it with fresh feelings of enjoyment. While we were running in and out of the sunshiny rooms, giving orders, and into the luxuriant garden, where cypress, lemon-trees, and roses looked so fresh, and so peaceful in the warm light, St. Augustine's words about the Country-House at Cassiaeum, lent him by a friend, came back again and again into my mind : " In which from the fever of the world we reposed in Thee, with the eternal freshness of Thy

Paradise." Three happy months of this, if it is God's Will !

Arrangements, final ones, had to be made about servants. Mother engaged Gingues as chef-de-cuisine, a man with a charming countenance, whose *renseignements* are excellent in every way. Little Blanche-Mabille was engaged as housemaid, and Gingues was to choose his own kitchen-maid. So next day we found a young woman of fierce and Herculean appearance at work in his kitchen.

We noticed at *table d'hôte* in the evening a mother and son whom we had never seen before. The mother rather old and gentle-looking, had evidently once been very beautiful, and had a singularly sweet expression. The son had large features full of character, the massive forehead that always means music, and eyes with a certain fire in them ; the whole softened with a most pleasant smile. We were all wondering who they could be, and Mr. Dale kept saying : " They must be charming people. The mother is beautiful, and a perfect lady, and the young man has genius written on his face. He is all made up of soul." On inquiry Lady Byron told us that their name was Harvey ; that they were delightful people ; that the young man was a musical genius ; but that his sisters had been the *belles* of Paris, and had both married Frenchmen.

Lady Byron had previously introduced us to her husband, Mr. Frederick Douglas, a clergyman ; and they both sat near us at dinner. His face is most charming—frank, gentle, and refined ; but just a *little* weak. They are both here for their health. After dinner Lady Byron came to our sitting-room and stayed some time. She seems very nice and good-natured.

Saturday, 24. A red-letter day in our calendar ! We arrived at Villa Allegria with all our baggage. Everything looked too lovely for words ! We busied ourselves with unpacking and arranging both bedrooms and drawing-

room. My bedroom is a perfect sun-trap. It has a polished floor with bits of carpet laid about,[1] some good cupboards where I store my things; two tables where I pile my books, some simple chairs, and one easy chair. The bed was being made all day, and arrived in the evening. The windows open on to a balcony covered with creepers, and you look above the tree-tops far away to sea and the Esterelles.

Sunday 25. I woke early, very happy with the consciousness of being at the Allegria. Small difficulties occurred: the firewood was green and would not burn, and we got perished with cold, for it was quite frosty. Blanche had gone to Mass, and Gingues to market; Honorine could not get the coffee-pot to act, and what with one thing and another we had to wait an hour for breakfast!

Mr. Dale and I walked to church, and Mother drove with Leckly (the church is about a mile from Allegria). We had a delightful service and sermon, and curiously my favourite hymn again (which we had the last and only time I had been in that church, nearly four years ago)—"The King of love my Shepherd is!" Its strong joy and confidence remain in one's mind for long after one has heard it. Mr. Palms preached, and we all liked him very much. The church was quite full.

Mr. Dale; Miss Dent with me. In the afternoon I walked in our lovely little garden, wrote to George and read.

Monday, 26. I walked with Mr. Dale in the town on various commissions during the morning, and in the afternoon, drove with Mr. Dale and Aunt Minnie to leave

[1] Compare this reference to the southern methods of furnishing with Charles Dickens' account of Mrs. General, in a room of a Venetian Palace (*Little Dorrit*, vol. ii, chapter v) where the footman dispatched by Mr. Dorrit, found her "on a little square of carpet, so extremely dimunitive in reference to the size of her stone and marble floor, that she looked as if she might have had it spread for the trying on of a pair of ready-made shoes; or as if she had come into possession of the enchanted piece of carpet bought for forty purses by one of the three princes in the *Arabian Nights*, and had that moment been transported on it, at a wish, into a palatial saloon with which it had no connection".

the Archbishop's letters of introduction. One was answered in person, in the course of half an hour, by Miss Ann Lowther, a curious old lady, who began complimenting Mother on looking so young !

Tuesday, 27. Mother, Mr. Dale, and Leckly, drove to Antibes. I sketched for three hours in the garden with Aunt Minnie by my side. *Afternoon.* Mr. Bacon called, also Mr. Woolfield and his niece. Mr. Woolfield began life as a jeweller, and having amassed a large fortune, came to Cannes for a holiday, I suppose, and was so much delighted with it that he gave up business and settled here, built Christ Church and " made " the place. He is a dear, old-fashioned man, with a frilled shirt-front. Mr. Dale and I next walked into the town, and home by the sea-shore, which we found sad, toilsome work through the thick sands ; though a most lovely sunset almost made us forget weary limbs, and drainy smells ? I filled Mr. Dale's pocket with a quantity of delicate, purple-lined shells, picked up as I went along.

I began Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell. Evening.* Mr. Dale read Macaulay on *Gladstone, Church and State* aloud to us. I read also *Zanoni.* Mother very seedy.

Wednesday, 28. Mother, Mr. Dale, and I drove into town, and then home. The Woodalls came to luncheon. In the afternoon Lord and Lady Plunket called. (He is the new Bishop of Meath.) They seem very nice people. He told us of the *maps of crime* published in Ireland, which must be strange things.

Thursday, 29. Sat in the garden doing German, called with Mr. Dale on the Woodalls, and from thence to Church for a short and most delightful service.

Dear old Mr. Bacon came to luncheon. In the afternoon Sir Charles McNeil and his wife called. He is a venerable looking old man, and she is rather odd, I think. I began a sketch of the house ; read an interesting article in *The*

Times on the increase of the German forces; and did some more German (Weber's *Welt Geschichte*).

Mr. Dale read to us some Macaulay, and Ruskin's *Frondes Agrestes* in the evening. It is the first book of Ruskin's which I have come across, and I like it immensely.

Friday, 30. The day was quite oppressively hot. Mother, Mr. Dale, and I walked into the country among the rose gardens. We then dropped Mother at home, and he and I went into the town, and drove home. We talked much, as we walked, about different kinds of genius. On our return, we found Mother's old friend, Miss Lane, and her sister, Mrs. Broadleigh, in the drawing-room. Miss Lane has such a nice face, and made me feel at once as if I had always known her.

Began *Etudes de Litterature et d'Art* and sketched; did German; read Macaulay and *Zanoni*. An invitation from Lady Murray for a party next evening.

Saturday, 31. Each day gets more lovely. I drove with Mother, Mr. Dale, and Leckly into town to see about a piano. Leckly and I were dropped at the *Chalet du Ministre* where there is a lending library containing nearly five thousand volumes (of all kinds) for the use of the congregation of Christ Church. Mr. and Mrs. Palms and several of their daughters were busily at work dealing out the books and making lists. There have been eighteen sons and daughters; but some have died, alas! and some married. We chose our ten books, and went home in a carriage. In the *afternoon* I read Farrar's *Saintly Workers*, sketched, and read *Zanoni*.

Mother and I went to Lady Murray's at Villa Victoria in the evening. We were the first arrivals. Lady Murray is a fine looking woman, who was dressed in white satin with a Scotch scarf across. She is very clever, knows six languages, plays three instruments beautifully, and draws equally well. Mother and I did not take to her much. Her

boy, a very well-mannered young fellow of about fourteen, the image of his mother, "did the honours" capitally for his father, Sir Charles Murray, who had been ill in bed for a month. Lord Exeter's wife, sons, and daughters were there; also a lot of young Lindsays. We were only about thirty altogether. Two hours were spent in dancing. There was a most lovely Russian lady there, whose name I believe to be Madame Romanoff. She is tall and slight, with fair curly hair, beautiful features, wonderful complexion, and large hazel eyes. There was also a *most* charming little Spanish woman, who amused us very much with her brightness and fun. She is very stout, and quite lame, poor thing! but with a countenance beaming with goodness. She was telling Mother about a *bal masqué* in Spain at which she had been present some years ago, where her husband, completely disguised, came to her and, altering his voice, told her all the events and secrets of her life—"till at last I did get quite exasperated, and I did say to him, 'If you are not my best friend, you must be the Devil!' after which he did take pity on me and told me he was my husband."

Sunday, Feb. 1. I sat out in the garden between breakfast and church-time on the seat by the little pond with my books. Such a lovely, happy morning! the light shining gently through the long grass; and the birds trying their first songs; and the mountains bathed in a calm, misty light. Mother and I drove to church, and had again a most delightful service and sermon; after which we walked home, accompanied for some way by the Woodalls. In the afternoon, I sat out again, and read a good deal of Baldwin Brown's *Higher Life* and Farrar's *Saintly Workers*.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF "HANSARD"

By FRANK FERNEYHOUGH

"HANSARD," THE INTRICATE and able machine that arranges the reporting and printing of Parliamentary debates, that enables the ordinary man to have in black and white the exact words his Member of Parliament has uttered on the floor of the House of Commons, that supplies to the press what is being said in Westminster, has its beginnings like so many other notable undertakings, in an ambitious young man from the provinces answering the call of London. In this case it was Luke Hansard, son of a Norwich manufacturer, and educated at the Boston Grammar School, Lincolnshire, who, with only a guinea in his pocket, journeyed to London to seek his fortune there.

Behind him were five centuries of known Hansards, the name itself having very close association with trade and enterprise. As far back as the fourteenth century there was in London a Hanseatic League, a merchants' association, designed to protect the trading interests of pioneers. In those far-off days, the League was sometimes called a "Hansa", a term that had drifted here from Europe.

But of much more practical use was Luke Hansard's knowledge of printing, gained during his apprenticeship to Stephen White, a Norwich printer. With the latter he had had all the advantages a small business can give, and on reaching London, the young Luke obtained a post as compositor in the office of John Hughs, who did much miscellaneous printing as required by Parliament. Being young and keen, Hansard made good progress in the service of Hughs, and considerably broadened his experience of the printing trade.

In 1774, when Hansard was only 22, he was taken into partnership with the firm, which reflects great credit on his industry and good workmanship. It so happened that the

firm of John Hughs also did the printing of Dodsleys; and Hansard came in for special notice from Dr. Johnson, who was pleased to have the young compositor attend to his requirements. Richard Porson of *Letters to Travis* fame, a Trinity College, Cambridge, man and a great student of Greek classics, praised Hansard highly, and maintained he was the most accurate of Greek printers. Further notice and esteem came Hansard's way in his association with the printing of Orme's *History of India* and Burke's *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, as well as other important publications of that period.

For many years before Hansard's time there had been a long and bitter struggle between the Press and the House of Commons as to what should be printed for the public to see. A law had been in force strictly forbidding the publication of Parliamentary reports; in fact, it is recorded in the House of Commons' official minutes for 1694, that "Dyer, a news-letter writer, has presumed in his news-letter to take notice of the proceedings of the House". This man was summoned to the Bar of the House and "acknowledging his offence humbly begged the pardon of the House for the same"; he was "upon his knees reprimanded by the Speaker for his great presumption". Other similar disputes followed from time to time, the climax being reached when the Commons sent the Lord Mayor of London to the Tower in 1771, just about the time Luke Hansard came to the Metropolis. It was in that year that direct suppression of the publication of Parliamentary debates ceased. Even so, Parliament reserved the right to go into sceret if they so decided. To-day, that right is still reserved; all that is required is for a Member to "spy strangers".

During Hansard's early days as printer of Parliamentary papers, the debates he printed—not yet known under his name—were collected mostly from press reports. Before

they reached Hansard's firm, they had already been written, re-written, condensed, and chopped about, and finally reproduced in the third person. It was not the practice those days to quote a Member verbatim, though Ministers were usually reported in full; and Parliament when expedient still objected under the plea of " breach of privilege ".

Despite these difficulties, Hansard exercised great caution and diplomacy and made many Parliamentary contacts, gaining the confidence of Members and Ministers, and building up a good reputation. Promptitude and accuracy had for years been his strong points; and many times his printed Parliamentary papers were of great service to the Government. There was one momentous occasion when the Cabinet were highly concerned with the French Revolution and its possible international repercussions, and a secret Committee met to debate on it. Only twenty-four hours after the first draft of the proceedings had left Pitt's hands, the proof sheets, printed by Hansard, were again returned to the Prime Minister.

By the time Luke Hansard was 48, which was in 1800, the printing business came completely into his hands.

The close of the century saw many changes in the relationship between the Commons and the Press. Despite the earlier attempts to withhold the debates from the public and the stiffening of Parliamentary resistence, the ever-growing public clamour for detailed reports of what was being said at Westminster had gradually made itself felt, and had encouraged those who had access to Parliament to write up from memory, and not a little imagination, the sayings and doings of the mighty. Such publication was now openly tolerated. In 1803 Hansard published under the title *The Parliamentary History* many reports he had gathered during his association with Parliament. In the same year he began the continuous reports of Parliamentary debates which are to this day known under his name. At

the same time the Press obtained a reserved portion of the gallery, marking a new trend in the direction of democracy.

It can be said that Luke Hansard knew his business from top to bottom. All his life he had been a hard worker; he had devised numerous expedients for lowering considerably the expenditure of publishing his reports. His wide experience came to the rescue on a critical occasion in 1805, when his workmen struck, a time when important debates were in session. Instead of closing shop, he and his sons set to the task of doing their own composing, thus saving what threatened to be an embarrassing situation.

In 1828 Luke Hansard died and the business was carried on by his son, who followed him five years later, leaving Luke's grandson in possession.

Although Hansard's Debates now had official recognition, the printed reports were often subjected to severe criticism. One publication brought in its train great controversy in 1837—the year Isaac Pitman published his new shorthand system. In it appeared an official report of the inspector of prisons, some of which Stockdale, a bookseller, maintained was libellous. Despite the fact that Hansard had published the particular report with the authority of the House of Commons, judgment was given against him. Realizing, no doubt, that Hansard was a victim of controversial legal circumstances, Parliament in 1840, after much litigation, guaranteed by statute the security of the printers.

For some years this famous printing and publishing firm passed through much financial hardship. Costs were heavy and receipts light. The main sources of revenue were limited almost entirely to subscriptions of Members of Parliament, clubs, and the Press. By 1855 the Chancellor of the Exchequer came to its assistance by authorizing the Stationery Office to subscribe for a number of copies of *Hansard*, bringing to the firm an income of about five

hundred guineas a year. But even that proved insufficient to enable Hansard to produce currently all the reports, so in 1878, by which time he employed his own reporting staff, the Government decided to make a subsidy of £3,000 per annum " to help Mr. Hansard meet his expenses ".

That same year, perhaps due to this subsidy, a Select Committee was set up to investigate the possibilities of the Parliamentary Reports being taken out of the hands of private enterprise, and to be officially produced by the Government. A full verbatim report in the first person of all debates as proposed meant that Members' statements could be fully quoted against them. Many saw dangers here, which was probably the strongest influence causing the Select Committee to favour the continuance of the private venture with its less binding conditions. Since then a new word has found its way into the dictionary : to " Hansardize " meaning to confront a Member of Parliament with his former utterances, or to prove a person to have formerly expressed a different view or opinion.

For ten years no further important action was taken on these lines ; then a Joint Select Committee of both the House of Commons and House of Lords pondered on the desirability of a complete verbatim report of all the debates being made ; condensation and change of person becoming more and more unsatisfactory to Parliament and public alike. The Committee's recommendation, however, was similar to that of a decade earlier : against any radical change.

In the following year, 1889, after the business had been in his family for 115 years, Mr. Hansard sold it to a new public company known as the Hansard Publishing Union, Limited ; and shortly after the name " Hansard " ceased to appear on the Parliamentary Reports. The Union endeavoured to make the concern pay without a subsidy, but twelve months saw them out of business. Another

firm had a try, then another ; and so it went on for eighteen years, with various printing firms taking on the work under contract to the Treasury, several of them losing large amounts of money in the process.

How inadequate this chequered arrangement proved to be was revealed by further Government investigations. Printers were found to be summarizing and condensing the speeches at their own discretion, depending on length and other conditions. The only safeguard of reasonable representation was the standing order that no speech should be reduced to less than a third of its original length.

The outcome of the Select Committee's report was that in 1909 a completely new phase was entered which brought to an end all the private ventures ; and to the name " Parliamentary Debates " was added " House of Commons (and Lords) Official Report ", compiled by official reporters in the services of each House, and printed under the direction of the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office, which method remains in operation to-day.

Though strictly speaking only a colloquialism, the name " Hansard " still stuck, until at last, on the 24th November, 1943, it was finally restored, being added in brackets under the official title. Thus it calls to mind far more effectively than the bare " Parliamentary Debates " that it owes its beginnings to the enterprise and industry of an individual.

Strangely enough, a method similar to present-day *Hansard* was practised in Rome about two thousand years ago. Plutarch in his *Lives* tells how the speeches of Cæsar and Cato on Catiline's Conspiracy to burn the city of Rome and to destroy the Empire, were taken down by " notarii " who had been placed by Cicero in various parts of the Senate.

Many similar attempts were made down the years, notably at the trials of the early Christians ; and the lack

of shorthand speed was largely counteracted by the pooling together of several simultaneous efforts.

But far more efficient and reliable is the present day *Hansard* system, which is substantially a verbatim report, written in the first person. For the two daily issues of *Hansard*, there is only a handful of shorthand-writers for the House of Lords; but in the House of Commons there are twelve; eleven write Pitman's shorthand at the present time, and one writes the Gregg system. It is the usual practice for one reporter to take notes at a time, working with colleagues in short relays of five to fifteen minutes; except during question time when two reporters usually take notes simultaneously. As each reporter is taking down, he has a colleague at his side whose job it is to assist with names, and any snags that may arise. The main difficulty for these reporters is not lack of shorthand speed, but acoustics. A dropped voice, coughing, a speaker's head turned away in the direction of an interruption: these are their main problems, and that is where the spare reporter often helps.

From the chamber the notes are taken to typists, to whom the reporters dictate their notes. Then follows revision and editing, with messengers standing by to rush the script to the printers. Often parts of the daily *Hansard* are actually in print before the House rises. Such is the reputation of accuracy built up by *Hansard* that Members of Parliament are not usually called on to revise proofs of their speeches; but they are allowed the privilege of making minor corrections, such as obvious mistakes of facts or in grammar, for the bound volumes. The editor also is allowed to punctuate, parenthesize, adjust a clumsy split infinitive, or to round off a sentence that has been left in mid-air; but no one is allowed to make any alterations or deletions which would in any way alter the meaning of what was originally said. If there is doubt, a Member

may be requested to assist, producing his own notes if necessary. Should there arise a dispute that the editor is unable to settle, the final arbiter is the Speaker; but such a case is extremely rare.

Howlers and queer phrases have been recorded from time to time, lending a humorous touch to the work of the reporters. One editor told that the gem of his own collection was early in this century when a member asked: "Is the Government to be cast into the melting pot to see who shall take hold of the handle of the ship of State?"

To be correct, *Hansard* is not a Government publication in the ordinary sense; it is entirely the responsibility of the House. Under the jurisdiction of the Speaker, the staff are appointed; he is assisted in all the arrangements by a Select Committee of Members of the House, who are appointed annually.

For every Member of Parliament there is available one free copy of *Hansard*, which is issued in daily parts. Copies are also supplied to the various Government departments. Those University Colleges that receive assistance from the University Grants Committee, University libraries, also Public Free Libraries supported by rates, are entitled to buy copies of *Hansard* at half price. So far, few public libraries carry current copies, as the demand is so light; but the librarian will obtain copies of specific issues if requested. If a borrower calls for an older copy of which there are no spares on hand at H.M. Stationery Office, the librarian can always apply to the Central Libraries for the loan of a file copy.

It does not seem to be widely known that ordinary members of the public are entitled to buy copies of *Hansard*, and for both Houses; but this is so. Single daily copies cost sixpence, and can be obtained direct from the Stationery Office, or through a local bookseller. Subscriptions can be taken out. Newspaper and wireless condensations,

though acceptable enough to a wide public, are often totally inadequate to meet the needs of a specialist, who likes to see the full Parliamentary version. How much must be left out of the popular press is realized when it is recollected that a daily issue of *Hansard* is quite often fifty thousand words—half the length of the average novel. But the time is coming when a much wider public will see the full version.

Down the history of *Hansard*, by far the most important and practical endeavour to publicize the reports is now just getting under way and showing results. In August, 1944, after a year's hard work of preparing the ground, Commander Stephen King-Hall, M.P., with the assistance of a group of enthusiastic Members of Parliament and other interested parties, founded the Hansard Society. A non-profit-making organization, its aims and objects are to promote a wider interest in *Hansard* among the ordinary people in Britain, the Empire, U.S.A., and other countries; to stimulate interest in Parliamentary affairs; and to help provide schools, firms, trade unions, and associations, and so on with facilities for learning more about Parliament, enlisting membership in the Society among the widest possible reaches of human affairs.

In Commander King-Hall's own words: "... a non-profit-making Society which I am confident has a part of ever increasing importance to play in the life of this country. The Society has undertaken a task which entitles it to the support of all those who believe that the maintenance of an alert, vigorous, and esteemed Parliamentary system is one of the sheet anchors of the liberties of our people and an important contribution to the cause of world peace.

"The Hansard Society invites all those who are in sympathy with its aims and objects to apply to the Council for election either as a Member or an Associate, or in the case of an institution (i.e. a firm, school, or club) as a Corporate Member."

Already there is a rapidly growing membership, including well over a hundred Members of Parliament of all parties, and a number of commercial concerns. Since the initial efforts in 1943, daily sales of the House of Commons *Hansard* rose from 2,500 to 4,500, most of which can only be explained by this new impetus. Letters to the Society from schools, servicemen, firms, service education officers, and members of the public prove that the work of the Society is meeting an urgent need.

Extensive plans are now in hand for publicity, including lectures, films, and visits to Parliament, the setting up of an Information Department, and premises in the Houses of Parliament. With so many important issues such as social security, extended education, and post-war reconstruction, the Society should be of great service to the community.

When Luke Hansard first came up to London from Norwich he little dreamed how vast would grow the organization which still bears his name; and though the present standard of reliability is exceedingly high, already new suggestions are forthcoming that debates should be sound-recorded, a field holding interesting possibilities.

POETRY

THE SEAL MAIDEN

How it was dusk as they two hand in hand
trod the dim shore by the dun grey sea,
no ripple, no stir, no shadow of wind
as they faded into night. Gloriously
the full moon rose, unwinding rhyme of bells
from the gentle stars and lulling by their feet
the moon-daisy and the asphodel.
Lovers, tread softly that you rouse them not
from their light sleep nor cloud the star-splendid pool.

And he told her: "Startled, I saw you wade
from the early morning sea, run up the beach
with weeping limbs, a sad shining maid—
I thought it strange in the long-finger streaks
of the first sun you cast no shadow. I
knew you not—did you know me? for your sadness
fell sharply away as you greeted me
and kissed me as a lover, crying in gladness,
'Now at last sets the black sun of melancholy.'

"A bewildering word. When I asked you the meaning
you shook your head. Still hoping to entice
a word I spoke of myself: how alone in
this empty, bare island I keep the light
all summer long—an island so small
there's little the salt spray in squall
don't fly across. Dipping to share my spread
the seagulls snap and bicker and squeal.
I told you much. Still you were silent as the dead."

They climbed slowly to the cliff top. Strewn
was the water with petals, a pathway

of white wonder fallen from the moon.
And she clasped his hand and would not let it go.
Beauty, exquisite as anemone
that blooms in the lazy, drifting deep, too frail
for rough wave, oh who are you? Then she told a tale
of the King of the Sea who loved child and queen
as his own life, and their delight was greater than word
can tell.

Till sorrow struck. His queen, hapless girl,
straying once from her palace of pearl,
tarried on the white sands too long,
seeking rare shells for her child. The tide swirled
round her feet, at first softly, with sudden strong
arms caught her. The storm gong sounded.
With angry snarl and smiting thunder
the wolf waves wild with abandon bounded
from ledge to ledge of the isles and tore her asunder.

"A wild story for so calm a night." He stirred
uneasily. "So still the sea, it's hard
to dwell in wildness now. I'd sooner change it
for the moon's quiet." Heedless of his word
she wound him the more in her story, plaining
bitter as it might be her woe. "So brief
their day from the first fiery kiss to the cold
last. Lonely in heart and crazed with grief
he sought the cave of the sea witch and there his sorrow
told.

"Now she was thick-foul, an oozing bog
of treachery, and her fair cave a hell
of witchcraft. Yet none saw this for the fog
delectable of her magic. Cunning spells
tricked her at will with sweet airs of smiling,

a dowager graciousness, and speech
to match, were it for praise, reviling,
joy or sympathy, whatever need.
All moods, all looks, all shapes were hers; none guessed
her wiling.

" Thus she pitied the King, petted the child. ' Oh
she is minikin, jimp and small, with blue eyes
window-wide, sun-bright locks ! Were I
her mother I could not dream a lovelier prize.'
So her words, but her heart ?—of the killer whale that jerks
an ice-flow where penguins play, to pour
them into her greedy gulping jaw. Lurks
no love there. But the King pried not so far; for
his child's sake he asked the witch's hand and married her.

For his child's sake ! One night (in cloudy grave
the moon, the sea moaning its pain) she plucked
the deadly sea grape that hung from her cave,
berries of aching yellow; from them sucked
the venom and distilled loathly make-sleepy
brew. This by enchantment tasted mild
and sweet, with slime of ocean crawl-and-creepy
spiced. The princess drank. Thus the child,
by craft and cantrip and tricks of witchery beguiled,

slept grossly till her father at peep of day,
parting her curtains of coral bead, woke
no princess but a seal. There she lay
remediless, with dull sad eyes choked
with tears, patient to suffer. The witch with sneer
and jeer flung her from her couch. The wave closed
as she swam hopeless away, having in no wise
wit to parry, yet wound to feel. Each year
since, for a night and a day, from sunrise to sunrise

she resumes her maiden form—for one lone
day . . . do you listen?" He stared moodily. "Enough
of this yawp—'tis no time for mope and moan.
Look how the night flies madly! O let us love,
my darling, before mist moves to morn."
"Ah, morning!" sadly she sighed. "Then must I break
from you, with the sea rim gleaming at wake
of dawn. Already the gulls, swaying down
the long slopes of the air, cry Go back! go back!"

Dumbly he sat and pondered, twisting this way
and that his thought. "O sink, myriad mind,
whirl and sink, but one float clear that binds
her to me! Am I stripped to winter? who but now
was budding time in the burly joy of May
when the first tree of summer in me flamed
full candlemas, O mighty, myself new made.
Once by the parched fountain when Beauty came
did Beast doff his coarse skin; again the fountain played.

"So morning makes me Beast again." He marked
her eye, darker than winter sea. Low
her voice: "It is the black sun lights me now,"
and she was away hot haste, far
along the cliff, through moon-daisies, down
to the shore and the long-fingered shadows. Amazed
he followed with bitter heart and searching found
at last a lonely seal. Awhile she gazed
at him with sad loving eyes, then slid into the wave.

He rode the rough water. "I will not rest
till I claim her, dwell with her ever—"
"— where strangle-weed tangles the drowned," hissed
the witch. "Hound him, my leaping wolves, sever
his sail, tumble his craft kim-kam! Away!"

She loosed their reins as the storm gong sounded.
With angry snarl and smiting thunder
the wolf waves wild with abandon bounded
from ledge to ledge of the isles and tore him asunder.

And he was lost, a drop of rain in the sea.
And the maiden? For a day and a night each year
she haunts the empty shore, while in her ear
his voice (as in a shell the tiny cry
of ocean) echoes: "Dear lover, come soon,
soon, sleep at my side, fulfil my lack!"
"I seek you still!" she calls. But look, the dawn—
the sea rim gleams, and the gulls, swaying down
the long slopes of the air, cry Go back! Go back!

IAN SERRAILLIER

TORN FROM INTEGRITY, SONG AND RESPONSE

TORN FROM INTEGRITY, song and response
Freeze to deity and faith.
Not these make the soul grow unafraid
Neither the sung gods nor the quick allegiance
But the self singing
And the self responding.
Only death is colder than impaling icicles,
No life more cruel.

R. S. SILVER

LUIGI

By G. A. WAGNER

THE REASON WHY the rabbit was called Luigi was that Jim Gardiner had once had a load of Italian prisoners on his truck, and one of them had given him a white rabbit in exchange for cigarettes. The prisoner's name had been Luigi, his dark hair and skin had contrasted with the rabbit's ice white fur, and so Luigi he had been called.

Any day in March or April of 1943, you could see hot centipedian columns of trucks worrying their way over the roads of North Africa. If you limited yourself to one of these columns, and examined one pulsing unit of the reptile of this convoy, you found Jim Gardiner probably fifth or sixth or seventh back in it, driving his Bedford with an almost affectedly careless air. He had very strong forearms and he was proud that they were sunburnt, but in stature he was a small man with a foreign mouth and mousey English hair. His eyes were at that moment on the back wheels of the truck in front. They stopped being grey blurs and became treads as the vehicle braked quickly. So he hurriedly pulled up and into the side of the road. Bit close for regulation spacing, he thought, remembering the old trick about telegraph pole spacing apart.

It was a rest then.

So the convoy stopped and became silent, and the heat shimmered the view above the radiators. And now it spilled out drivers, tall and short and blond and dark servants of the robot of this convoy.

The next act was comic.

Some of the men lit cigarettes slowly, enjoying the luxury of slow, deliberate movement. But some went to the tool box on the right hand side of their cabs, that is the on side in North Africa, unlocked them, and let out chickens of all colours and sizes. These were the pets of the drivers,

and they kept them locked up in the toolboxes all day, with holes drilled for air; it was warm there, and sometimes there would be an egg in the little hutch of straw they had made there for them.

Jim Gardiner strolled casually, whistling, to his tool box, and gently lifted out Luigi, proud of the distinction of the white rabbit, who had now been accepted as one of them, one of the pets.

And then the time came for them to move again, and the officer said, " All right. Start up. Start up again."

The drivers without pets would get their engines revving first. And then at that sound, as at a signal, the chickens would all move back to their respective trucks. It was comic.

But Luigi wasn't trained in this yet.

* * * * *

When they stopped for a meal the vehicles concertinaed in the same way. Jim Gardiner switched off and the engine breathed deeply at the last minute, as if welcoming the rest; and then he got out on the near side.

On the off side of the road at the head of the column stood the officer. He was not stretching his legs because he was used to being cramped by now, but he began walking slowly down the line of trucks, saying,

" Switch off. That's right. Switch off. Half an hour's break here. You can brew up. Switch off. That's right. Don't close up there. Don't close up. Switch off there."

And the drivers halted, switched off, and got out quite independent of him, as though he didn't exist, as though he wasn't there at all. But they stopped at good intervals and switched off nicely and clambered out neatly and began brewing up. It wasn't obedience really, it was a routine, a ritual. Hands felt in dirty pockets for the keys of the tool boxes. Cookers came out, and soon smoke arose out of the olive trees by the side of the road.

It was always beautifully picturesque, smoke in an open

cloudless day, and the smell is terribly appetizing if you are hungry, and horribly sickly if you are well fed.

Jim Gardiner was terribly hungry. His belly low down was slightly sick with hunger, and even in the hot day he could hardly wait for the greasy food and the tea. Char. Cup of char. It was in the back of the truck, handy, just inside by the flap ; but as he passed round by the near side, by the tool box, he took out his keys very ponderously and opened it up, taking great pains, pretending more effort than it was, and let Luigi out.

" Good old boy," he said, " brew up for you, me lad."

The rabbit lay on the ground, quivering but quite warm. Jim bent down and lifted him on to his shoulder. He never picked him up by his ears, never really liked it, for all he'd been told.

" Poor old boy. Bit of a long one that, eh ? Bit giddy."

He chuckled to himself. He always liked the gentleness of this act of letting Luigi out after the journey. He had been jerking the truck about viciously for four hours, and it was nice to comfort Luigi. Poor old boy. He always looked a little bewildered at first.

They brewed up.

Jim Gardiner was a familiar sight with Luigi on his shoulder. The rabbit stained his filthy overalls very pure white, because he always kept the coat spotless.

Luigi never ran about until he had found his feet after the violent ride. You could tell when he had because his lips stopped trembling with fear, and started sniffing inquisitively with excitement. Jim Gardiner was trained in the nuance of this, and he used to show it off to his pals.

" Look there, see ? Look at the old boy. Now he's settled down, see ? Look, see ? He's kind of sniffing now. Now I know he's all right. You have to know Luigi. Great boy he is."

The tea was ready, very hot, too hot. A tin of spam had

been opened and three shared it, Shepherd and Doorless and Jim Gardiner, they always ate together. A loaf of bread between three; that was good. They were mad hungry. Jim Gardiner was busy over his mess tin. It was sooty black with frying, but quite clean. He was making a mess of crumbled bread and spam for Luigi. You had to crush it up very small together, make it tasty. Jim Gardiner knew that that was how Luigi liked it. Put a bit of tinned milk in it too.

" Come on, boy," he said, " bags of scoff here, you know. Come on here, boy."

Luigi wriggled forward.

The others, even the enormous Shepherd who was tearing and smashing the loaf up now, all stopped to watch the pantomime. They always did; they always grinned at Jim and made some comment.

" Flicker's off his grub, mate. Go on, Luigi boy. Best spam you can get there."

" He's used to flicking china, Jim. Won't eat off that. Perticuler like."

Then Jim ate.

After the meal they lay in the sunshine which was hotter, yet infinitely more pleasant, than the heat of the cabs.

Sprawled by the fires, they watched Luigi nibbling and moving cautiously about, a splash of white on the ground, and they bantered about him.

" How much for his coat, Jim mate ? "

" Flicker wants some exercise you know, Jim. Losing his sylphlike curves kind of thing."

" Somebodys' mother's using Persil there, Jimmie boy ! "

Then the officer said, " Start up." and Jim Gardiner picked up Luigi and locked him in the tool box again, very carefully, his last act of tenderness for some hours now.

They were off again.

* * * * *

And some days, of course, they were strafed by the low flying aircraft. Very seldom bombed. Just machine gunned. And even this didn't happen often, nor very seriously. You just hoped it wasn't cannon.

It was impossible to get out of the truck quickly enough before a Messerschmidt came. They were too fast, and if they were clever they came behind you and the air sentries were looking at the sea or a girl's lap.

Ask anyone. They'll tell you the same. They're away before you know it. And then all the trucks pop out drivers like peas out of a pod, they're very practised in it now, and by the time the next attack comes in with its crackle of fire, they are miles away.

That is why there is the rule about 200 yards. Not more than 200 yards away, however severe the attack. Because some chaps went further and then it was hours before the column could get moving again, after they'd gone.

Some of the chaps went miles away. Jim Gardiner went pretty far, but he went for ground rather than for distance. His eyes were trained to look for the folds now, even when the air seemed peaceful, and he noticed that this often spoilt his enjoyment of the scenery.

Wonderful rock formation, good protection from blast that, bullets might ricochet though.

He was windy when this attack came in. Frankly bloody windy. He remembered the last cannon attack by Messerschmidts. They were pretty few and far between really, but this one was all over before he could get out or even stop properly. Just one plane, and one coughing rattle, pretty short, and then a longer one, and then away.

When he had gone round to the back it had been a frightful sight. Especially dramatic because it was quite silent by then. He had had a freight of troops on board, and cannon had visited them all down the offside. Those on the onside were untouched except for a hole through

someone's water bottle. But as he let down the flap a corporal jumped out. He landed on stumps because one foot had been blown off and the other was nearly off too. It was twisted round so that it looked back to front as he lay on the ground in the sun. He also had one through the genitals, so of course the blood was horrible. Jim Gardiner held him back groaning, kneeling well over his belly and not letting him see his back to front foot which was what he wanted to do. He kept groaning terribly and trying to push himself up to see what he'd got, and soon he died.

Yes, that was a mess, and thank God it very seldom happened as badly as that. Six killed and two wounded, far higher than you get in actual battle as a rule. That was what Jim Gardiner thought this time as he saw the trucks stop, then heard the shouting, and he knew it was an attack again, and he raced his engine off and ran out and ran for cover.

Brrup. Brrrup. It started just before he got down, and then they came over twice more. His truck was fifth down the line, and it was missed on the first two attacks, and then on the third he saw the canopy jump as if convulsed, and he said " Flick ".

But it wasn't too bad at all, no one had been hit, and none of the trucks had been set on fire, though he could see that the one in front of his had got something through the engine.

As the officer shouted " All right," the drivers ran back again to see the damage.

Jim Gardiner tore back, leaping from hard earth to hard earth ahead of them. He heard someone say,

" Go it, Jim lad, you're winning," and someone else, " What's wrong with Jimmy boy? Been taken short? " and laughter.

He clawed at his pockets as he ran, and the others could see the glint of keys in his left hand now, shining, polished

by wear in his pocket. Then they saw him leap, with a final long jump, over the long ditch by the side of the road, to the near side of his truck, and then stumble, stumble to get his tool box open.

He examined Luigi to see if he was all right. The rabbit lay like a luxury in his grimy hand, and he was unhurt, although he was shivering a good deal.

Then he walked around to see the damage done to the canopy and chassis of his truck.

"Flicking keen on that blasted little rabbit, ain't he?" someone said.

* * * * *

The annoying thing about the bombing attack was that the JU's weren't aiming at them. This was the first time Jim Gardiner had been bombed in convoy, yet he knew he was right. The aeroplanes were peeling off mathematically and bombing some buildings a little distance away from the road.

The yellow stone of them was leaping up into the blue air and shaking into powder just like the films, and he knew that Hans and Kurt and Johann in their cockpits weren't thinking about the convoy. But of course it was too close to ignore, and they were lying comfortably away from the trucks watching it.

Then suddenly one lot came off and they heard each scream as though it were aiming at, attacking, biting into them personally.

Then the explosion, wide and terrifying.

When they looked up two trucks had been hit really badly. Both close together and twisted and toppled together and smashed, absurdly like toys.

Jim Gardiner counted.

One, two, three, four, five.

Christ Almighty, that was his truck that had been blown up there.

He couldn't think, and started blinding towards it. He heard Doorless, who always shouted in a high voice, yelling,

" You bloody idiot, Jim. What the flicking hell are you doing, man ? Get down, you idiot, oh you bickering bloody fool . . ."

The scream of the bomb that followed insisted like nausea on his brain.

Jim Gardiner flung himself on to the ground. God how it was pounding. There was nothing subterranean about it. It was splintering and cracking, and yet sometimes the earth was heaving in great choking sobs, and it seemed to throw him up all at once like a doll.

The earth was sobbing with him as he lay crucified on the earth. He could only see the dark colour of it. He was so angry and each time a bomb throbbed down near him he could see Luigi.

He was really angry, with futility not with hate. Now with the screeching of the bomb he could see Luigi quivering all over as though his white fur was lightning.

And then as the detonation shuddered the ground, Luigi bolted into some shape.

It was simple to watch exactly the shape, because Jim was so angry, he could see only the dark colour of the earth and Luigi like charging surf against it.

Once Luigi was smashed into an upright position. And when a nearer bomb fell he lay with his paws in front of him, in a ridiculous catlike posture.

Luigi changed into a face. Then as the bomb fell it grew longer, the face, with the mouth open now, with tortured lines on the cheeks, slung into a sideways position, groaning upwards, a Christ.

THE EASTER OF THE EYE

GOOD MORNING to you, jocund hare,
swift kingfisher, and newt
nimble in stream as lark in air,
and toad in tortoise suit.

Good afternoon, long lulling ox
and deep-in-rose-dream-bee,
and butterflies that make white phlox
the grey Sweet Cecily.

Good evening, crisp occurring hawk
and swallow-eaved, blunt bat,
blithe midge by river, worm by walk
and unseen, scuttling rat.

To all whose flurry signifies
their due of day or hour
and through their being's rareties
complete creation's power.

And so, good night to you alone,
within whose arms I'm free
to love the world, from that strong throne,
which you now give to me.

ROBERT HERRING

POEM FOR TWELFTH NIGHT

STARVING FOR STAR-HUNG sparkle, frisky rays,
put down, O Soul, your heart from that top branch
it seeks to deck with edged exemplary hope.

The boughs have lost their lustre. Christmas sped
without a bell that frolicked. Needles now
knoll down ungiven gifts to graves that grin
at man's one power—to tarnish tinsel stored—
and partridge whirrs from not-long lodge of leaves
whose shedding mocked her shape of summer-pear.

Twelve days hath Christmas. But its nights are cold,
and nights last longest then, unthread through day,
nor is the heart a seven-pointed star,
beacon and bodkin. Out of place, poor gaud,
enticed to trim a temporary tree,
trained for its showing and, when trained, eclipsed
by death in paper-caps and cracker-woes
crinkling to icicles of friends' disdain.

What restoration in such frosted rites?
The wicks revoke. Their waxen spikes annul—
ev'n in their castled coldness, can't receive
the hands would worship them and, doing so, melt down
life's awkwardness from prayer.

Gift's grace is dead.

Wrap up, wherefore, the world of light. 'Tis glass—
brittle, bought once a year, nor lasting then.
Wrap up your heart, before the wrong winds blow,
turning it to a small, shaped and, being so-shaped, sad
morsel of meat, hung under arctic eaves;

raw, used too soon; later, too tough, too dry.

ROBERT HERRING

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

HENRY YEVELE: THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT. John H. Harvey. Batsford. 15*s*.

The fourteenth century has long been recognized, in spite of much grievous tribulation, as pre-eminently the period which saw the emergence of our English character and institutions. It was the age of Chaucer and Langland, it witnessed the early growth of our parliamentary forms of government and the opening of our first really national wars. More recently we have come to understand the creative quality of the English cultural contribution of this age. If Italy has Boccaccio and Giotto, Machant, and Beauneven, we have a supreme artist in Hugh of St. Albans, John Dunstable the first great musical composer in Europe, Richard Rolle, the religious mystic, and Dr. John Gaddesden and John Ardern of Newark, pioneers in medicine and surgery. Not that we should permit our national pride to lead us to an unduly insular pride, for there have been no rigid national barriers in European culture: England has been able to make her contribution largely because she has shared in the common European heritage. This is especially true of the Perpendicular style of Architecture, the English adaptation of Gothic which was developed in the latter part of the fourteenth century. That style grew naturally from the so-called Early English and Decorated Styles, both of which derive from the Continent, but it had at the same time an essentially English character. The greatest master of this style was Henry de Yevele, the subject of Mr. Harvey's study.

The author writes as an artist, but as an artist with a remarkably strong and clear historical sense, and with a virile originality which makes this a challenging and provocative work. It was written primarily for architects and the general public, but historians and archæologists

will be even more grateful to him, for they will appreciate more fully the quality of his fine scholarly and critical treatment. A great deal of competent research carried out during the last two generations has revealed a mass of detailed information about Yevele and his associates, but this has, for the most part, appeared hitherto only in technical publications. Mr. Harvey has now shown us a great medieval craftsman and architect in his true historical setting. Seldom have the researches of scholars been so happily correlated and interpreted for the benefit of the general reader as here.

The Perpendicular Style had been originated by William de Ramsey and William Hurley, King's craftsmen working at Westminster, but it was Yevele, appointed King's Master Mason in 1360, who designed its first great masterpieces and to whom its richest development is mainly due. Work known to be his survives at Westminster in the nave and west cloister as well as in the Jerusalem Chamber and Dining Hall, once part of the Abbot's Lodging; in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, in the stonework of the reconstruction of William II's great hall at Westminster, in the Western Gate and Walls of Canterbury, and in a few majestic examples of monumental sculpture, notably the tombs of Edward III and Cardinal Langham. Much other beautiful work can safely be attributed to him, or at least to his influence, on stylistic grounds, much, alas, has been lost.

His treatment, the author believes, shows a genius for simplicity combined with beautiful composition and massing; it is characterized by complete unity of design from floor to roof and by a feeling for balance and proportion as is shown by his love for plain wall surfaces to provide a background for the clear pattern of his design. He is too good an artist to use ornament for the mere sake of ornament, as some of his successors did, but too good an

architect not to appreciate the proper relationship of decoration to building, the denial of which has resulted in the stark functionalism of much modern building.

Victorian sentimentalism about matters medieval fostered a delusion, now happily dispelled, as to the self-abnegative anonymity of workers in the " days of faith ", but the author's familiarity with the work and names of several scores of craftsmen will probably surprise most of his readers. He shows, too, how such work was organized, and how much it owed to " official " initiative and guidance. Pre-eminent though he must be considered Yevele did not stand alone. The greatest of his contemporaries were perhaps William Wynford who built Winchester and New College for William of Wykeham, and Hugh Hurland, the master carpenter who constructed the roof of Westminster Hall. His influence on his younger contemporaries, Stephen Lote who succeeded him as King's Master Mason, Walter Walton, John Clifford, and William Colchester, who all worked at one time under his direction, was undoubtedly the means by which his style was continued.

This great tradition of vital building, so full of promise, real and sincere because it was a truly artistic expression of native character, employing native methods and materials, was, Mr. Harvey contends, cut short by the Renaissance which introduced a formalistic style lacking real expression, and unsuited to our English soil and climate, but above all to be deplored because it divorced the artisan from the artist. He believes that the study of this, the greatest age of architectural development in our national history, has its value to-day and should help us in our post-war planning to avoid the pitfalls of imitative and meaningless " revivalism " on the one hand, and, on the other, of that crude, unimaginative utilitarian building associated with the materialism of an age of machine production.

JOHN F. NICHOLS

THE WATER MUSIC. GLYN JONES. Routledge. 8*s.* 6*d.* THIS COLLECTION CONTAINS twelve short stories, the latest of which, *Price Parry*, has recently appeared in the *Welsh Review*. Considered as form, it and *The Four-Loaded Man* are the best. Price-Parry is a great cold, self-paragon of a parson, who coming down one day from his haughty family tree, discovers a splendid queen ghost in the vestry, and a revelation in his nimble little servant girl. It is folk lore and ghost story both, which is to say that it is an experience to read it, at once funny, humble, gentle, horrid, lovely, and homely. *The Four-Loaded Man*, which I compare with Yeats in *Red Hanrahan*, tells of a little girl drawing " a fire like a rose-bunch, and a wine cup, and a shooting star " ; and, with a beautiful calm sharp statement it makes one believe that a little girl could ; even with one crayon, which is innocence, which is imagination, which is true.

But these stories must not be considered in the persistent legend of short stories as episodes. Mr. Bates has fairly shot away that target. These Welsh stories are among those which are the lyric piece, and they must be read with poetry. Roughly, half of them are based upon such imaginative realism as *Price Parry*, the rest being strangely trance-like and still even in violence, as if the author wrote them out of his own centre and crux of being. In them Glyn Jones describes *things*, in awe, by the same understanding of the evil and the merely hobgoblin inherent in homeliness. There is a bewitched quality in age, in the hills and the weather. And I do not use such terms weakly, but as a fellow believer. Of his descriptions, he rarely makes places, builds particularity ; but out of the darkness rounds a room, out of the seas, as he says, its bones. Here is the poet in a mood beyond locality, and if such pieces as *The Apple Tree*, *The Wanderer*, are not so convincing as *The Water Music* and *Price Parry*, it is because the

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author did not intend them to be. He is convinced himself, and these pieces are shaped as reveries. As a criticism one might venture, on the whole, to say that Glyn Jones is rounded in himself, is possibly shut in by his vision. But it *is* a vision, and as readers it is our business to get in, not to beckon him out.

His descriptions of wind and tree, water and snow, are sometimes most exquisitely exact and apt. They have been met, and not sought. If there is artificiality, it appears as in *The Saviour*, in the actual happenings, which occasionally seem to muster the people, not by character or circumstance, but by an outer will slightly, too clearly identifiable with a writer's choice of purpose. As Poiret remarks (more or less): "So-and-So was killed because he or she was such-and-such a person; and because he or she was such-and-such a person, so-and-so was the kind of person to do the killing." Which is astute. I have not quite so inevitable a sense of the complications of fate and psychology in the more dramatic of these stories; but if it is a fault, it is the poets. To a poet livingness often hinders life, or the complete grasp of life. Glyn Jones' purest art is of a profound stillness, or joyous smallness. Like his own children with old people, like his little boy, leading a powerful mare and overcoming his terror with growing responsibility and manhood. It is a paradox to speak of the limitations of vision, yet the poet is always facing just that obstacle in his view of living eventfulness. Sometimes Glyn Jones hurls himself at it with a word, a sour, or bitter phrase, ugly and pathetic. It is necessary he should do so. It is part of his effort and vitality and must be regarded as essential as long as it is *felt* to be so. For any critic to come down on such parts is to stress the mistake the author usually avoids, and more times than not the author may chuckle.

Glyn Jones has not changed. He has never posed and

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never had to alter his pose. He has made, thank God, no progress, and one might foretell for him no first or last "manner". He has not fallen for the war, for a theory, for politics. His flavour remains salty, herb-like and subtle, occasionally sharp. His vocabulary is, as his praise to his God, in *The Water Music*: patched, fertile, stippled, shaded, shadowed, inventive, and vivid: "I praise him that he is never baulked, never sterile, never repetitious." He is this in words. His twinship with Yeats in *Red Hanrahan* I have unfortunately no space to prove, but it is interesting. Welshmen and Irishmen use the same tense line, the same *pause* in invention, the same mountain simplicity to indicate an age and a presence. Glyn Jones uses this discipline not only in his stories, but in their restrained number. His output is that of an artist who criticizes himself by destruction, who has probably contributed much to anonymous paper salvage, but nothing to personal pride.

MARGIAD EVANS

WILLIAM CONGREVE THE MAN: A BIOGRAPHY FROM NEW SOURCES. JOHN C. HODGES. New York, Modern Languages Association; London, Oxford University Press.

SINCE HIS DEATH Congreve has never seemed as attractive to his biographers as he was found to be by his contemporaries. Dryden, Swift, Pope, Lady Mary Montagu Wortley and many others loved and praised him for his lack of affectation, and abundance of amiability and true wit. But his biographers allowed themselves to be misled by Dr. Johnson's innuendo, by his bequest to Anne Bracegirdle and by Voltaire's racially characteristic misunderstanding of our national temperament when he considered it conceited of Congreve to wish to be visited, not for his fame, but "upon no other Foot than that of a Gentleman who led a life of Plainness and Simplicity".

That Book you want

Of course it is irritating to find that the new book which you have just seen reviewed or advertised cannot be obtained at your bookshop. But please don't blame the bookseller or the publisher.

The paper allowed for books is less than half the publishers' pre-war tonnage and the best use is made of it by thinner paper and more words to the page.

Even if the book you particularly want is " out of print for the duration ", there are still plenty of others from which to choose.

The *Dictionary of National Biography* observes, with the tartness of a *Times*' biography, that Congreve "affected" to be a man of fashion, whereas his early retirement speaks, surely, for a shunning of that very thing, aped by others, but natural enough to one of his birth and bearing had he wished it. The *D.N.B.* adds that he was "flattered by Pope" and "favoured by the second Duchess of Marlborough". Thus may two official words make dust of deep friendship in an obituary intended to preserve from dust its subject!

The second Duchess of Marlborough, to whom the first referred as "Congreve's Moll", was married to a husband, in Francis Godolphin, so little renowned for alertness of mind or interest, that it was said of him, when he attended Parliament, it mattered little which side of the Woolsack he slept, that being the extent of his attendance. Congreve himself was for ten years enamoured of Mrs. Bracegirdle, "the reputed Diana of the stage," and as all, or nearly all, evidences bear out, like Diana, "chaste and fair." But not so fair as to refrain from turning down Congreve, after ten years, in apparent favour of his cousin, the third Earl of Scarsdale.

These facts are there for the inquisitive to unravel, but biographers, who start with an interest, it may even be an inspiration, are apt to let it become an *idée fixe* and are rarely inquisitive enough. Even Sir Edmund Gosse, who in the worst time of Victorian sub-criticism struck such a blow for Restoration dramatists and whom I remember telling me sadly of the plays of that period he knew had been consigned to—I think, not Victorian, but Albertian, flames—even he admitted that he found the courteous, the kind, and manly Congreve "no very fascinating or absorbing human being". Congreve, they tell us, is cold. His plays, we are informed, do not do well on the stage—though it is to the lasting credit of Miss Edith Evans and

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Mr. John Gielgud that they have proved the professors needed the corollary, " unless good actors do them."

Congreve, as a figure, has suffered from doubt as to various facts in his life and uncertainty as to motives in some of his relationships. As with Shakespeare, however, a number of helpful facts can be found if they are looked for in the right places. Mr. Hodges, in the book under review, has looked and, to start with, is able to establish both the place and date of Congreve's birth, about which Dr. Johnson was so far from kindly. Mr. Hodges does this very simply, as anyone with industry but without preconceived notions could have done. He disentangles the dramatist William Congreve from his four contemporary kinsmen of the same name, who have been mistaken so frequently for him. Further, he approaches open-mindedly his author's friendship with Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, and is thus able to dispel the clouds that have for long hung over the meagre bequest of £200 to " poor Mrs. Bracegirdle ", whilst the Duchess, at that time the wealthiest woman in England, received all his estate and bought with a part of it for £7,000 that diamond necklace and those earrings for which she has since been so reviled.

Mr. Hodges adduces evidence to suggest that the Duchess's birth of a daughter twenty years after her last child by her husband implies particular connection with Congreve, whose will, like her own later, implies a noticeable *tendresse* for correct inheritance by the girl. Be that as it may, Mr. Hodges makes clear beyond doubt that " poor " Mrs. Bracegirdle needed no endowment from Congreve, partly because she had retired from the stage twenty years before he died, refusing all offers to return, and also because Lord Scarsdale had in 1708 left her one thousand pounds, " this money to be the first legacy paid."

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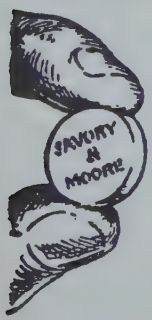

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two verses have not previously been published. The first " False tho' you've been to me and love ", were printed in Congreve's *Collected Poems upon Several Occasions* in 1710. The last two have until now been in manuscript only—

" But think not, Iris, tho' my breast
A gen'rous flame has warm'd,
You ere again could make me blest
Or charm as once you charm'd.

" Who may your future favours own,
May future change forgive;
In Love, the first deceit alone
Is what you never can retrieve."

These are the two major facts which Mr. Hodges elucidates about one of our least known great authors. He reproduces, also, eight new letters, four new portraits. He has scanned documents at the Record Office, ledgers at the Bank of England, Twinings, and the Buttery Book of Trinity College, Dublin, for the relevant years. And this with a sensibility which entitles his book to be, as he claims it," a biography from new sources " and also a work that makes possible " a more discerning and more sympathetic reading of Congreve by bringing from fresh sources new information about the boy and the man." The value of the book is further increased by a map of the London of Congreve's time—though it may be added, as an earnest of the respect we pay to the author of two of the most brilliant comedies in the language we have the privilege to speak, write, and think, that you may look vainly to-day in Surrey Street for any plaque commemorating the house in which lived the author of *Love for Love* and *The Way of the World*.

ROBERT HERRING

LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

continuing

The LONDON MERCURY and BOOKMAN

Edited by ROBERT HERRING

MARCH 1945

EDITORIAL

IT BEING IMPOSSIBLE to write about the war ("*Which war, Daddy? Why, John, the one that began after Yalta*"), readers must forgive me if I discourse in allegorical terms upon fact and, seeming to return to a previous vocation, offer them a fantasia on the theme of two little pigs.

I am cross about pigs. This may seem a change from the many forms of life, including myself, to which an editor may legitimately be allergic in wartime. Pigs are no change to me—and, apparently as far as the Government are concerned, not even small—but we have had so many books lately by or about people who with no previous farming experience, knowledge, or nous, bought an arid acre where thistles throve and turned it into milk, honey, and authors' royalties; it may be a change, and some of us need it, to recount the experiences of one who finds that you can start with your own garden, your own cote, your own pigs—and end up with only half.

For the last few years in this country, food has been officially more nourishing, but privately nastier, of more nuisance-value and less interest. I am not comparing ourselves, in still occupied England, with those in liberated Europe. Most of the world has gone into this war—even Turkey—and may all the deprivation of life, limb, and luxuries which each land gets out of it serve to remind it of

humanity's permanent backward drag ! Leaving comparisons out of account, allow me to observe that rationing not permitting of much more than " bake, do, or end " (unless you were over 90 or under 9 months, in either of which limited events you were as free as your queueing abilities permitted to choke yourself to death on some such delicious brew as hellebore-hooch) you were, as an ordinary, tied, tested, and tamed civilian allowed to kill for your own consumption (eating, not galloping) two pigs a year. The official word is " slaughter " ; that takes longer to write and helps to make sure the clerk does her full nine hours a day ; but the effect is the same. The pig or pigs has/have to be kept, and fed, on premises owned by the aforesaid, etc. (" etc." standing for taxpayer who in part keeps in wages those who word the said form—or, of course, forms).

For each pig so killed (or slaughtered), 52 bacon coupons must be given up (or surrendered). Consequently, anyone who lives alone is unable to kill for his own consumption that second pig to which he is entitled. His coupons have gone on the first. It may be said that no one who lives alone has need of more than one pig a year—but that hallucination will only be expressed by those who do not know how far, or the reverse, goes one book's ration of two chops, a pat of butter, and scarcely a passing stroke of lard. To live in a village that has no fishmonger and is eight miles from any town renders precarious subsistence unalleviated by porcine addition.

So much for theory. For practice—in July, 1943, no bacon coupons were demanded of me. In July, 1944, when it came to pig-buying time, foot and mouth disease in my district sent up prices. A porker of the weight for which I'd paid £8 in 1943, was £13 in 1944. To pay that for one animal liable to slip, break its leg, rupture, have erysipelas —all of which had happened with previous friends—

seemed too like putting all one's pigs in one basket; I paid £3 each for two Berkshire saddlebacks, three months old.

In December, I killed one, the idea being that it would carry me on till the other, killed in the next year, this March, was of a size to make the two equal the one at £13.

Unfortunately, the order for surrender of coupons came in while both pigs were tending. This being in the midst of a ration book period, my first pig took all, plus or minus some on account. This could not be helped. Neither could the other pig's growing. When that was ready to be slaughtered (or killed) the hopeful owner (myself—and a fool for being hopeful) was told that as he had not enough bacon coupons, one half of it must be sold. I live in two places, and in the one where I perforce spend most of my time, I was told the second pig's coupons could be "on account" as had been part of the first's. But in the other place I was told not so; and as that is where the pig lives, that weighed more. The taxes I pay in the two districts produce differing results.

I now give up no coupons (not having any) on condition I only keep for myself half of the pig, although technically I am allowed to kill two a year. So far, so good—or at least, so Governmental. But as this is a time when on the whole it should be welcomed if one tries to be self-supporting, is it too much to suggest that it is an instance of sixth war-year cerebral anæmic irritability that one receives so little encouragement? That it might not be too much to expect, when applying for a licence, to be told that one would have to give up half either pig number one or two, and that it seems pointless to go to the expense and trouble of keeping on No. 2 some four months longer if that and not the other is the one authority has its eye on? Since any pig, of whatever weight, only requires 52 coupons, to be, when dead, the property of him who owned it when alive, it would

clearly have paid me to have bought that other one for £13.

But then would I have had the odd £7 for savings certificates, if I'd had it? And would I not have been a capitalist, taking advantage of those who had not £13, to pay for a pig to those already taking advantage of me by asking for it?

Let there by all means be in democracy the same law for the rich and the poor, but let equality work both ways. Till it does—down as well as up—I confess to finding that the campaign of "Grow More Food" lacks inspiration to me.

Mainly because, whatever my readers may think, my main task in a somewhat single-handed life is not even now what comes down to pig-farming for local butchers. However glad the Government may be that I Kept On Slaving, I still ask myself—quietly, but so persistently as to amount to an obsession—for what? My own sausages, or those of the girl-clerks' coiffures? I can never look at them without thinking "There goes the other half of my pig" (or carcase).

* * * * *

Our readers, we feel sure, will join in congratulating both Mr. Stanley Unwin on the honorary doctorate conferred on him by the University of Aberdeen and also the University itself on the recognition thus accorded not only to the recipient personally but to publishing as a factor in literature.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT DOWN THE AGES

By J. H. BURTON

RECORDS OF HAPPENINGS of public authorities three thousand years ago are not full enough to enable them to be traced through the ages with the completeness and authority which a historian might like, but there is reliable evidence of an authentic nature in regard to the equivalent of our present local government offices and services to provide an interesting account.

Civil government goes back, in official records, for a very long time. Authority for it is found in the early Books of the Old Testament about the year 1500 B.C. Its expediency, together with statements as to qualifications and duties of the civic rulers and the subjects are set out, along with penalties, in the Books of Exodus and Deuteronomy. The former indicates the qualifications of the rulers in the words " able men, men of truth ". In Deuteronomy the qualification is set out as " wise men and understanding ". In the Local Government Act, 1933, section 106 (1) it is provided that " the council of every borough shall appoint fit persons to be town clerk, treasurer . . ." a certain similarity in A.D. 1933 to the requirements of thirty-five centuries ago.

During the period from 1500 B.C. and the start of the Christian calendar comparatively little is known. In the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chapters xvii and xxii, definite reference to the payment of toll or tribute money is found. Tax gatherers are mentioned, but the earliest specific reference to the two principal officers of local authorities of to-day—the town clerk and the borough treasurer—date back to the years 59 and 60 respectively.

St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans (Romans xvi, 23), made reference to the City Treasurer. He said : " Erastus, the Treasurer of the city saluteth you." In the Authorized

Version (as distinct from the Revised Version) the word "Chamberlain" is used instead of "Treasurer". Both these designations are current to-day. Actually, the City Treasurer under his name, but not title, is alluded to a year earlier (in Acts xix, 22). Obviously the position of chief financial officer was a dignified and peaceful one. The Town Clerk's office seemed to combine the duties of chief constable with those of legal adviser and conciliator. He had to deal with unruly crowds. He is mentioned in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles (chapter xix, verse 35), and the City Treasurer is also named (in verse 22). The Town Clerk interceded in the rôle of peacemaker with a legal bias. Obviously the Town Clerk and Treasurer were officers of importance, and it would seem that they were relatively similar to the present-day appointments bearing identical titles.

Scripture does not seem to record the existence, acts, or duties of Mayors, Aldermen, and Councillors. The office of Mayor is undoubtedly an old one, since it is known to go back as far as the twelfth century. Before that time their place had been filled by Reeves. In 1189, Richard the First replaced the bailiffs of London by a Mayor, who held office alongside the Reeves or Sheriffs. In the early twelve-hundreds nine other boroughs had elected Mayors, and the practice has become fairly general by about the year 1250. It is recorded that the right to elect a Mayor had been granted to several towns before 1200, but that some towns only got that privilege centuries later. The chief duty of the Mayor was to the borough, but that of the Reeve or Sheriff was to the King.

In the early days Mayors had statutory duties of a wide and onerous character, and they were liable to penalties should they default. These tasks included the sealing of weights and measures, the supervision of the serving of ale to poor commoners at brewers' houses on Wednesday

and Saturday mornings, the pillorying of those who made unlawful bread, the arresting of people who carried offensive weapons at markets and fairs, the searching of suspected gaming houses, the control over servants and apprentices, the punishment by whipping of those who robbed orchards, and ensuring that churchwardens should enter the names of persons absent from church on Sundays.

Remuneration of a Mayor in bygone days was on what now seems a meagre scale as, for instance, that of the Mayor of Lincoln in 1535, whose council granted a tun of wine or £4 to buy it.

The duties of Mayors may be very different nowadays and no less onerous, though in other respects, yet until recently there seemed to be a growing feeling that the office was merely a social one of honour. The war has, however, shown the vigour with which these gentlemen have filled their offices during the past five years.

It is interesting to know that the two principal offices of local authorities of the twentieth century are as they were so far back as the first century. In some respects, at least, the people of 2,000 years ago were as far-seeing as those of the present time.

The Local Government Act, 1933, relating to the appointment of officers, requires the appointment of a Town Clerk and a Borough Treasurer, and insists that they shall be separate persons, independent of one another. This provision applies to all boroughs, urban district councils, and rural district councils and the offices are considered to be so indispensable that vacancies must be filled within twenty-one days after they arise.

The office of Town Clerk was not created in this country until medieval times. The earliest records seem to be those of the thirteenth century, and those records show that while his duties were not so arduous as now, his remuneration was proportionately less, in total. One is not unmindful,

of course, that whereas a pound to-day is often said to be worth only a half of its nominal value, some centuries ago it was worth a great deal.

The salaries of Town Clerks were as low as something under £2 a year and as high as £4 for that term. Authoritative records relating to the City of London show that in 1335 the salary of the City Chamberlain was £10 per annum, and that of the Town Clerk only half that figure. Even, perhaps, those figures were good in comparison with the stipend of the Town Clerk and Borough Treasurer of Ephesus in A.D. 60, since, although not indicated, one can deduce that with a pound (or whatever it was called), one could do a lot as the good Samaritan paid only twopence for the care and maintenance of a sick man for what was probably thought would be a fairly lengthy period.

The volume of work and responsibility has undoubtedly changed, as evidenced by the fact that in July, 1335, the City Chamberlain of London presented his accounts showing receipts of £326 9*s*.—at which time the remuneration of the office absorbed about 3 per cent of the total income of the Corporation. If present-day officers were rewarded so generously, in proportion they would pocket very princely sums each year. Instead, they get less than a tenth of 1 per cent before deduction of pay-as-they-earn income tax.

During the early years progress was slow, perhaps, if steady, until 1601, when the Poor Relief Act of that year was passed. Local authorities for centuries have had also to deal with problems other than the relief of the poor and the title given to a big statute seldom conveys the full import of the measure. For instance, the Poor Relief Act, 1601, formed the basis of the present rating system and rates still are an important factor in local government. At least, many ratepayers think so.

When the war broke out additional duties were imposed

on local authorities by Parliament. These included civil defence, food and fuel control, registration, evacuation of population (where necessary), billeting of the homeless, and the establishment of war-time day nurseries. And all this had to be done at a time when the staffs of local government bodies were severely depleted by the calls of H.M. Forces.

If, along with the foregoing, one takes into account the fact that many towns suffered damage by enemy action, causing not only a lot of additional work and upset, but resulting in a serious falling off of their natural revenues—rates and charges for supplies of electricity, gas, transport, water, and so on, one cannot deny that these local bodies rose to the occasion magnificently, and when a few tried to show that local government had broken down it was very soon proved that nothing of the kind had happened.

It is unlikely that any local authority will or could break down, either by reason of incompetence of those at the head or in consequence of factors over which they have no control, such as enemy action, or an unexpected and unfortunate calamity. It is required that there shall be competent officers directing each separate department, and those individuals have the highest qualifications for their tasks (diplomas, ability, and experience) and are, as a whole, as near to being incorruptible as is humanly possible. Even if money failed to come in to Local Authorities the Government would undoubtedly come to their rescue—meeting a national problem out of national funds. Most local authorities have great surpluses of assets over liabilities.

In normal times, local authorities spend more than the Government, and even in war-time, when the expenditure of the latter is colossal, it is not as much more than that of local government bodies who in the same period have cut much of their ordinary expenditure, as might be imagined.

Some idea of the magnitude and importance of the

activities of local authorities may be gathered from the fact that they own and operate large utility undertakings providing electricity, gas, transport, and water, markets, cold stores, slaughter-houses, air-ports, restaurants, and cafés, together with semi-trading concerns such as housing estates, baths of various kinds, public wash-houses, cemeteries, farms, building construction and road works for builders on estates, etc. In addition, they administer many services, including education, police, fire-fighting, roadways, hospitals, sanatoria, mental homes, parks and pleasure grounds, street cleansing and sewerage, and the removal of house and trade refuse. From these operations the public derives incalculable benefits; those relating to better health, absence of epidemics, reduction and/or elimination of scourges and the like, cannot be measured intrinsically.

The two statutory offices alluded to in the opening remarks are still the two which must, in 1945, be filled by fit and proper persons. These offices may not be held by the same person or by persons who stand in relation to one another as partners or as employer and employee.

The Town Clerk and the Treasurer are concerned with the transactions of every department and every committee. Obviously their duties have increased enormously.

During the war years much has been said and written to urge Parliament to bring about reforms in local government, but nothing of a really full, comprehensive, and constructional yet practical character has yet emerged. One of the suggestions—one mooted, in fact, before the war started—was the introduction of the "City-Manager" system. Why, one might ask? It is a scheme but little understood and seems to merit some explanation. Many circumstances arise which give good cause for putting forward such a method of control. For instance, everybody, at some time or other has experienced some or all of

the following irritating and costly happenings. But, of course, they certainly are not general.

A road is newly made or re-surfaced, and within a few weeks of that event the men from, say, the electricity department come along and dig it up to lay new cables or tinker with the old ones. No sooner have they completed the task and the roadway put back, than the gas people decide to do something to their mains. The water staff, seemingly thinking that the ratepayers will consider there will be something wrong if they do not see that undertaking juggling with the roadway and the water pipes thereunder, proceed at once to dispel any such erroneous idea by taking up the road and putting it down again. Even the Government's telephone and telegraph undertaking has been known to come on the scene, not when one of the others was there, but to give a quite independent show. Finally, the paving department, viewing with horror the nasty mess into which its recently made example of the art of its craftsmen has now got into, proceeds to re-do its work.

Maybe, in some cases, there would be a visit from the sewers department and one or more of the other concerns might defer its effort at road upheaval until the paviors had relaid it a second time. Though an exaggeration when applied generally, something like the above does at times happen. Road repairs are done at the most inopportune time for everybody except the paving department. One department may be selling as scrap material what another department is buying at high prices or, even may be unable to obtain though that commodity is much needed. Perhaps each department purchases its own requirements, thus losing the advantage of large scale buying and the possibility of manufacturing the goods by the local authority itself.

If there were a controlling head, as in the case of industrial

and commercial concerns, these costly and irritating happenings would, some think, disappear. Theoretically, that may be so, and if there is wisdom in the proposition, the manager or controller must ordinarily be a paid individual, as it is improbable that any member of the council would have the ability, time, or inclination to perform the office gratuitously.

If a form of city managership on democratic, rather than bureaucratic lines would be conducive to greater efficiency and economy, lower rates, and less irritation to ratepayers, the case for its adoption is largely made, no matter of what it savours, or who it offends or disappoints. Elected members could determine policy; paid officials, the administration, and part of the organization could be a policy of public relations. This has been defined as the duty of making sure that those served are aware of what they can expect, and that if dissatisfied the defaulters will hear about it.

It is a move in the right direction. Experience shows that letting the citizen know what he is really getting and can have for the asking and that the money is being used to good advantage has made those who were unfriendly, unkind, and even abusive and antagonistic to local government, change their attitude and regard the public servant and the councillor as their guides, philosophers, and friends.

VESTALS AND VESTRIES

A CONTINUATION

Being further extracts from the journal of

FLORENCE ALICE SITWELL

edited by

OSBERT SITWELL

Monday, 2. I arranged all the flowers, and went with Mr. Dale into town and drove back. Mr. Douglas and Lady Byron came to luncheon. We talked a great deal about history; botany; Cardinal Newman, and the Infallibility of the Pope.

In the course of the afternoon, Lord and Lady Rollo with their daughter came, such nice people! Lord Rollo was at Mr. Chittenden's [1] school himself, and has sent all his boys there. They are a family of ten, and the girl who came with them is the eldest. She is just grown up, and has studied so hard that she made herself ill. I liked her very much; and look forward to going to luncheon with them this week or next.

Lady Meysey Thompson came next; and soon after Mrs. Holland and her niece. The former looks sad in her deep mourning. I watched her the whole time, trying to find out what Henry Schaeffer saw in her countenance, and to detect a resemblance to his lovely picture of Saint Monica.

I finished *Zanoni*. What a strange book. It opens to one a whole world of new thought.

Tuesday, 3. After an early luncheon, we all four drove to Vallauris. We bought a good deal of china, and drove home by a different road, over the mountains (much too shaky a drive for an invalid, but alas! we found out our mistake too late). Mr. Dale and I got out to walk when

[1] The celebrated private school of the '70's. The diarist's brother had been there.

we were about three miles from home. On our arrival we found that the axle of the carriage had been broken after we had left it, and the horses were only just prevented from running away by George's extreme promptness in jumping down and holding them. Another carriage was got, and Aunt Minnie brought home a good deal shaken and agitated.

We had the loveliest sunset I have ever seen—the sea a pure, pale gold colour, with tender, deep-blue shadows on it; the mountains a rich, mysterious purple, standing in bold relief against the sunset; and sky and sea meeting at the horizon, melting into a shadowy belt of the most fervent violet, rose-colour, and purple. This sort of scene gives one heart-ache, as well as rest, for it overwhelms one with a sense of unworthiness.

Thursday, 5. Mr. Dale went to Nice for the day, and found himself in the Battle of Flowers, which had not been publicly announced.

Saturday, 7. I walked with Mr. Dale, and sketched from the window. Sir Walter Farquhar called while we were out; and Mother and Aunt Minnie were very much delighted with him. *P.M.* A nice letter from Marie. I sketched in garden, arranged flowers, and worked at my German. We had dinner at six, as Leckly and George were going to a servants' ball.

Sunday the 8th. Both in the morning and afternoon a carriage was sent to take us to church and never arrived! Lovely day. I read and wrote, and we talked and sang hymns together.

Monday, 9. I sketched, practised, read, etc., during the morning; sketched, read, and wrote in the afternoon. Going down to the drawing-room about four p.m. whom should I see but Willy Davis,[1] who had travelled day and night from Rome to escape from an English girl to whom he had taken rather a fancy; but who surprised him con-

[1] A cousin.

siderably by (as he says) proposing to him in the street ! All his friends advised him to leave Rome at once, especially a young English woman who worked as a nurse at a Swiss hospital (" Such a good creature ", he said, " she's just like a boy "). He stayed to dinner with us.

Tuesday, 10. A pouring wet day : but how differently one views rain in this clime ! I was quite glad to hear the pattering and gurgling sounds on waking, and to think how the parched earth would suck in the welcome drops, and bring out by next week the wild flowers in all their glory. " Thou sendest a gracious rain upon Thine inheritance ; Thou refreshedst it when it was weary."

We employed ourselves busily. I practised, sketched a vase of yellow acacia ; and read. In the afternoon Mr. Dale read aloud to us *Court and Social Life under Napoleon III*, whilst we women worked. After which I did some German, and read Washington Irving's *Life of Mahomet*.

Ash Wednesday, the 11th. Again it poured with rain, so I practised, did German, and read the service with Mother and Aunt Minnie. In the afternoon we all established ourselves in the boudoir for reading *Napoleon III* and working, in the midst of which Willy came, Mother having sent George Bower to look him up. He had a long conversation with Aunt Minnie about his troubles. He is evidently greatly smitten with the girl, whose name is to remain a secret to all but him, but puzzles me by saying at one moment that he believes her to be perfectly nice, and trusts her entirely ; and the next, supposing her capable of the strangest conduct ! What she said to him in the street *might*, I think, be interpreted in more than one way.

Thursday, 12. I read aloud Baldwin Brown's *Higher Life* to Mother (the chapter on the " Victory of Life "). It was sunny again ; and she sat in the armchair by the drawing-room window, saying that she meant thoroughly to enjoy herself.

The breakdown I had long been dreading for her came at last. She began to be quite ill; and spent the evening upstairs.

Friday, 13. We found that Mother had passed a bad night, and was looking very ill. She could not endure light, or sound, and was forced to be kept in a dark room. She could not go to Mrs. Holland's, so Aunt Minnie and I were forced to go without her. Old Mr. Bacon came in good time; and we three started together, and had a beautiful drive to Pegomas, which is five miles from her and situated among the wildest mountains. Mrs. Holland's house is a pretty, Swiss-looking farm on the hillside, with a small garden in front, and olive-groves and fields full of wild flowers, then in bud, round it. She and her niece were leaning over the balcony watching us as we drove up, and welcomed us most heartily. The drawing-room is small and sunny, with a lovely view and full of pretty things. I watched Mrs. Holland a great deal, and came to the conclusion that I liked her. After luncheon she took us all over the house. The views of mountains from the upstairs rooms are what the French would call *ravissant*. Her niece went out with me, and took me to see our Blanche's home; for the whole family was transplated from Belgium to Pegomas by Mrs. Holland, and nearly every member of it serves her in some capacity. It was a tiny little house, but very clean and pretty. The only one at home was a sister of Blanche's, with a most gentle face and manner; quite unlike our bright, noisy, quick-tempered little Blanche. We next went, Miss Teck and I, to a most beautiful valley, celebrated in a little book by the name of the Magic Valley; and a wilder place I never saw. It made me think of some of the descriptions of mountains and valleys in *The Lady of the Lake*. Old Mr. Bacon came with us some way; but left us at the entrance to the valley, to wander about among the wooded paths by himself, where

every spot reminds him of his lost wife. After gathering some ferns and a few anemones for poor Mother who was uppermost in my mind the whole day, we returned to the farm just before starting home.

We found Mother still very ill, and obliged to keep quite quiet. She could not bear anyone to sit with her.

Sunday, 15. To church with Mr. Dale, and to the Woodall's afterwards. I sat a great deal in the dark with Mother, which was much the nicest place to be. In the evening her illness turned to distinct malaria in an ague form. I wrote to George.

Monday, 16. Mother is rather better. Mr. Dale and I made up medicines for her, and after sitting with her and waiting on her, he and I went out together. I bought her a bird, which seemed to please her.

Tuesday, 17. Mother is better. Aunt Minnie and I called in a carriage at the Pavilion for Willy, and we three drove to Chateau Coste at the top of Cap d'Antibes, to lunch with the Rollos. I like Lord Rollo the best of them; but they are a nice family, though singularly plain.

Wednesday, 18. Mother to my surprise came down to breakfast, looking exceedingly unwell; and I wished she had stopped in bed.

Afternoon. I wrote to George and Mrs. Pimkins, and drove with mother and Mr. Dale. A letter for me from the Archdeacon gives a good account of Edith and Walter, who are recovering but have kept their rooms ever since we left home. *Evening.* I read *Life of Mahomet.*

Thursday, 19. Mother looked to me all day very ill. Mr. Dale orders her as much fresh air as she can get; so we three went out early driving. In the afternoon I walked with Mr. Dale, read, and then arranged flowers. The evening passed much as usual, except that Mr. Dale and I took a little walk on the terrace in the brilliant moonlight. Being in a jocose frame of mind, nothing would keep him

from singing at the top of his voice, till I felt as if I were at a *café chantant*, and beat a retreat.

Friday, 20. Another of those sweet bright days which are so common here and so rare at home. I arranged flowers in the morning.

The news of the explosion in the Winter Palace reached us directly after luncheon, and greatly thrilled and horrified us. Mother rested in the boudoir whilst Willy and Aunt Minnie drove together, and Mr. Dale and I went for our favourite walk over the hills. It was a very sad walk. He made me miserable by speaking most seriously of Mother's health and saying that he thought her constitution very much broken, and feared that she might altogether break down after he had left us.[1] On our return I sat with her, reading. She suffers very much from her eyes during the evenings, and goes to bed early.

Saturday, 21. Drove with Mother, Aunt Minnie, and Mr. Dale to Cannet and back. Cannet is two and a half miles from Cannes, and is a quaint old town, thoroughly Italian in character, perched up among the hills. The view from it of the mountains, the town of Cannes, and the silvery sea, is exquisitely beautiful. We bought some scent at Ardisson Mallet's factory. On our return we read aloud the articles and letters in *The Times* about the explosion, and in the evening had quite a fight with Mr. Dale on the subject of Nihilism.

Monday, 23. Mother was not so well again, for the fever had returned in the night. I sketched and walked into town with Mr. Dale. Mr. Beaumont called; and Willy came to luncheon and stopped to tea. Mother, Mr. Dale, and I drove into the town on business, and from thence on to *La Croisette*, from which there is a beautiful view of the Estérel and old town.

We passed the villa which the Empress lately occupied.

[1] She lived for a further 31 years, dying in 1911.

It is a large square house facing the sea, with a great umbrella pine in front of it. We watched with some curiosity strange, ill-shapen clouds peering above the hill-tops, and tossing out gaunt arms from the main body now in this direction, now in that, and clearly heralding a storm. By six-fifteen it came, and *such* a storm ! The flashes of lightning would have been almost terrific if they had not been so beautiful. Sheets of mauve and orange light revealed the whole range of Estérel mountains time after time ; forked lightning seemed to cross the sheet ; and once a fireball appeared. Then the hail came down, making almost more noise than the thunder, and seeming to bring the house down over our heads. Leckly came rushing in during dinner bringing us soup-plates full of hail-stones for inspection. They were mostly larger than ordinary nuts, and many of them nearly the size of walnuts.

24. A charming letter reached me from Edda to me, and one from Grace to Mother, announcing the birth of Bessie's baby [1] last Tuesday. It is a little boy ; which will please them very much.

25. Mother, Aunt Minnie, Mr. Dale, Willy, and I drove to Grasses in the morning, and were delighted with the loveliness of the country, and the first crimson anemones peeping out among the green grass by the roadside as we drove. Grasses is a quaint and interesting town at the foot of mountains, with tall, narrow streets ; so steep and so narrow often that no carriage can drive in them. We lunched at the Hotel de la Poste, after which we saw Bruno Court's distillery, and bought some scents. In the evening Mr. Dale read the paper aloud to us, and I read the whole of *Deborah's Diary*, an interesting little book lent me by Mr. Bacon, giving in the form of a story many details about the life of Milton. We went to bed, but were

[1] The late Mr. Reginald Farrar, the distinguished botanist and writer.

all roused at two in the morning by the ringing of a bell and hurried footsteps; and then Mr. Dale's voice next door to me saying, "I'll come directly," while outside on the gravel walk the messenger paced up and down—up and down—it seemed for ages, though it could only have been a few moments, till Mr. Dale joined him and they went off together. We guessed it was illness, but we were not prepared to hear that it was death, till Mr. Dale told with a haggard face next morning that he had found Major Foster gone before he arrived there—dead, after twenty minutes of intense pain, of the very same heart-disease from which Mr. Dale is suffering. Mr. Dale returned soon after breakfast to the widow and children, anxious to help them in any way that lay in his power; and Mother and I drove, picked him up in the course of the morning; and we all three went to church for the Holy Communion.

In the afternoon Mother, Willy, who was here for luncheon, and I were to walk into the town to meet Mr. Dale. We went at the appointed time, but after walking for twenty minutes about the Rue d'Antibes without seeing Mr. Dale, we came back again. Willy opened out very much and told me a great deal that was interesting about the Pyramids and about spiritualism.

April, 1880. . . . Not a word written in my journal for so long, and so much has passed.

George came out to Cannes for some little time. He was not well, dear old boy, and Mother and I were anxious about him altogether—about his opinions especially. Easter was too lovely. I made with Nurse's help, a wreath of white flowers and maidenhair ferns for the church, which looked exquisite, the arches traced with great palm branches; the font wreathed with white roses; wreaths of flowers everywhere; and the porch covered with flowering eucalyptus.

On the 17th of April, Saturday, Aunt Georgie and Lucy

arrived, to take our places with Aunt Minnie; but we had a few days together first. We had made the room look bewitching for their arrival, with flowers everywhere, and fresh strawberries on the tea-table. Lucy had my room. I slept in Lecky's bed, and she on the boudoir sofa. We were much put about by finding centipedes of huge size two nights running in Aunt Georgie's room, and just when we had set our hearts upon her thinking Cannes the most delightful place in the world.

But the next two days were days never to be forgotten. The loveliness was perfectly unearthly; and beyond what one could ever dream of. Early, very early, on that Sunday morning, one woke to hear such a chorus! The nightingales had all arrived in a body from Africa, and never ceased to sing, day or night.

While I was dressing, the loveliest of white sails flitted past, on the soft blue sea, with the Estérel dreamy, and shadow-like behind. I seized up a pencil and have still got a scrawl which I do not like to destroy, for the sweetness of the recollection it awakens. Then the long spiders' webs, glistening in the sunlight and stretching from branch to branch of the dark fir trees. Blanche rushed as usual bustling into our rooms: "Bonjour, Madame! Les rossignols sont venues: le temps, oh, le temps est magnifique!"

We went to church, and had long talks in the house, and wandered about the sunny garden.

Monday was if possible more lovely still. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the unearthly loveliness of those last days at Cannes, with the wild, thrilling songs of the nightingales day and night!

Monday morning the others went out driving, but I stopped in to get a last sketch from the dining-room window. (I had been having drawing lessons from Monsieur Pinotti, who helped me on a great deal.) Three

visitors arrived; quite unexpected ones—Lyulph Swinton, Mr. Ponsonby, and a Mr. Hanbury, with whom they were staying, near Mentone. They only had come over for the day, and soon had to leave.

In the evening we nearly cried at having to leave the dear Allegria. Next day Mother and I started, and travelled very hard. We stayed in London at Aunt Freddy's; and I had the great pleasure of seeing my Maggy twice. She came to see me on Saturday and we sat in the same chair; and had the first talk alone together for five years. She had developed greatly in mind and character. On Sunday, we met for one short minute in the street. On Monday, 26th, Mother, Grace, and I returned to Scarborough.

On the tenth of July Mother and I went up to Lambeth. We found them all having tea in the garden on our arrival, dear Aunt Chattie amongst the number. The house was chiefly filled with Wakes of all ages and sizes, this time. The weather was very close and made one feel so stupid. We saw the pictures, and Howell and James. One morning I sketched at Westminster Abbey with little Miss Simkin, after which she and I hurried home to Lambeth in a thunderstorm, and she stayed some little time to see us. In the afternoon my Maggy arrived, and she and Mother and I sat close together for some time, talking of many things, especially of Mr. Bradlaugh, whom Maggie did not think could be justly excluded from the House. Mother thought differently.

Then, having got on politics, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield's respective merits were discussed. Maggie is a strong Liberal by conviction. I wonder if she will ever change! She took up a little book on the table called *Work Amongst Working Men*, by Ellice Hopkins, and said how very good she thought it, and what a good and clever woman she thought the writer. Then she talked about her friend, Lady Aberdeen (who was Ishbell Marjoriebanks),

and said, " She is without exception the best woman that ever lived."

I took Maggy upstairs to tea in Edie's sitting-room, where we found quite a bevy of visitors, chiefly Selfes, and Edie, at the tea-table in a little white cap, looking so fair and sweet.

Next day Leck and I went up the river in a penny-steamer, did a little shopping, and then I was dropped at Maggy's at the house they then had for a short time in Lower Seymour Street. I was shown up to her own little sitting-room, which opened out of the drawing-room. Lady Donoughmore came in for a minute, and Colonel Tremayne, but except for these interruptions we were left undisturbed. She showed me her drawings and I saw her books—a book of Dr. Vaughan's which Aunt Georgie had given her many years ago at Weston.

Edie was looking more like an angel than ever that visit, but so delicate, that we often feared she might be taken, like Crauford.

One day I went with her to her district, and shall never forget the interest of it. We brought the poor people bunches of flowers, which they were immensely delighted with. It was a very poor part, and some of the poor people had had such sad stories, and yet they looked, many of them, bright and happy, as if they really knew the peace of God which passeth understanding.

I don't think we could have seen as much as usual of the Archbishop that visit, but I do remember at breakfast one morning his saying in a loud and distinct voice: " The Government is making itself perfectly ridiculous ! " It was the morning after the refusal to admit the Prince Imperial's monument into Westminster Abbey.

The Archbishop, we found, had promised his girls that they should go to an opera for the first time in their lives, if Mother would chaperone them ; so we went together to

I Puritani, at the Covent Garden Opera, and heard Albani sing deliciously. Then another night we went to the *Merchant of Venice*, and saw Irving act Shylock and Miss Ellen Terry, Portia. It was wonderful.

And one morning we had a great clergy breakfast, which amused us very much. I sat next to the Dean of Lincoln. In the middle of breakfast the Archbishop said to me across the table: "Florence, will you move your chair a little, for we are going to be photographed, and your back hair hides my face." So I did as I was bidden, and we were all photographed.

The last morning I had a nice talk with Edie, about George Eliot's books—*The Mill on the Floss* particularly—that is to say, Edie did the talking, and told me about it. When at last Mother and Grace and I were in the carriage, just before leaving the door, Edie rushed up with roses in her hands for us, looking so sweet that one cannot forget her face as it appeared at that moment.

In August we went to Renishaw for a party—Aunt Minnie being with us, the Archbishop, Aggie, and Lou amongst other visitors, and George's friend, dear old Mr. Bonamy Price.[1] I had heard much of him from George, and was anxious to see him. I remember his coming into the room and beginning, almost first thing, to rub the dog's back up the wrong way. Then he went off about some little joke into one of his great laughs, which once having heard, one can never forget. Shortly after, he and George and Willie and I strolled out together into the garden, and sat under the Spanish chestnut in the White Walk. He told us in the course of conversation that a most wonderful answer had once been given to him by a woman, to a question he had put to many men without receiving an answer. The question was, "What is it that makes man

[1] Bonamy Price, 1807–1888, economist, Drummond Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, 1868–88. Wrote chiefly on currency and banking.

substantially to differ from the brutes?" and Mr. Bonamy Price, with a talent, peculiar to himself, I think, managed to spin out his story, keeping us every moment on the tiptoe of expectation. Now at last he is going to give us this answer—this answer which has been admired by all: which has been repeated at public meetings in England and America: this answer, of which a great man has said: "It is as deep as it is true." We listen breathless. The answer is contained in two words: "Progressive Desire."

One afternoon we had a garden party. Mrs. Hamilton Grey was there; and she and Mr. Bonamy Price, finding out that they were made of the same stuff, sat close together nearly the whole time, and looked most comical, with their dear old heads close together, and their long noses nearly touching. So they nodded to each other, and talked of things in heaven and earth; and sometimes one of Mr. Bonamy Price's irresistible laughs set us all laughing too, as they always did, whether or not we knew the cause.

One evening George and Willie had a question to ask, relating to political economy, and delivered with all fitting gravity, though the corners of their mouths looked suspicious. It was this. Lord B., a rich and stupid boy at Eton, couldn't do his Latin. C., a clever but poor boy, did it for him in return for payment. Now was not this entirely consistent with the theories advocated by political economists? Was it not right that Latin verses should be produced where they could be produced most cheaply and easily?

The dear old man was utterly delighted with this piece of mischief, and laughed enough to have kept us all in good spirits for the rest of the evening.

He is a great talker, as all the world knows. One day he informed us that the only person in the world who could talk him down was his own wife.

Altogether he was like a strong, fresh, sweet breeze,

purifying all with which it comes in contact. His child-like reverence struck me as something very beautiful. The last morning at breakfast, after giving us a somewhat ludicrous account of a visit to the Holy Land, and the strange remark of young American ladies who helped to form the party, such as " Bethlehem's awful jolly ", he suddenly changed his tone, said how strange it was to see the very places where our Lord had been, and said, with face and voice full of reverence : " It was very touching—very touching."

THE THISTLE IN THE LION'S MOUTH

Notes on the Poetry of Hugh MacDiarmid

By R. CROMBIE SAUNDERS

To anyone who, after making an intensive study of English literature and encouraged perhaps by his reading therein of Burns and a few pieces by the Makars, moves on to an equally thorough knowledge of Scottish literature, it comes as rather a surprise to find that he is studying a completely different thing. For, leaving aside entirely the great field of Gaelic literature, it is remarkable how different in essence, in spite of their common linguistic origin, the Scottish and English traditions prove to be. Shall we say (with the usual apologies for the terms) that the English tradition is a romantic and the Scottish a classical one? But even England's great classical poets, the Neo-Augustans, are quite different from the classical poets of Scotland, and it is as absurd to think of Scotland producing *The Rape of the Lock* as to imagine an English poet writing *Kynd Kittok*. When we consider more typical periods in English literary history, when the poets spoke with a more characteristic unrestraint, the distinction is naturally more marked, and one has only to think of the greatest flowerings of the two countries, the Elizabethans in England and the fifteenth-century Makars in Scotland, to realize fully how opposed, and perhaps complementary, the two cultures are.

In her poetry England never approached more closely the spirit of Scotland than she did in Chaucer, and her subsequent development, after an interval during which Scottish poetry reached its greatest maturity, followed a path which was dictated by her racial characteristics and reflected in the development of her language. English became more fluid and suggestive; Scots became more rugged and precise. To suit the needs of a race that is fundamentally religious and poetical, English became a

vocalic language, full of romantic overtones and a fit medium for poetry of the " generic " kind. Scots on the other hand, developed by a race that is fundamentally materialistic and philosophical, remained consonantal and specific. The distinction need not be pursued; it is clear how Scots poetry, unlike English, is essentially a formal poetry, and this despite the unfortunate and quite unrepresentative things that have been done with it by second-rate poetasters of the last century, labouring under the impact of the alien and powerful English tradition.

This loss of direction in Scottish poetry, which it may be hoped the new consciousness of Scottish writers may correct, was helped by the remarkable neglect by Scotland of her cultural inheritance. While England preserved her inferior poets with as much care, and sometimes with an equal enthusiasm, as she did her best, Scotland was so indifferent to her own products that Mark Alexander Boyd, who died in 1601, is remembered for one poem alone, and yet that is one of the greatest sonnets in the world. In her Gaelic literature the neglect is still more marked. When Alexander MacDonald (Alisdair MacMhaister Alisdair) and Duncan Ban MacIntyre died, *in the eighteenth century*, the greater part of their work perished with them.

Nor has any effort been made to familiarize the Scottish people with the large body of work which, thanks to the efforts of such organizations as the Scottish Text Society, still is available. In too many schools and universities Scottish literature still consists of Burns, Scott, and Stevenson, and even there the emphasis is generally mislaid. The lack of attention given in Scottish universities to poets of such stature as Dunbar, Douglas, and Henryson is extraordinary. Usually the Middle Scots Makars are grouped together and treated under the general, and misleading, title " the Scottish Chaucerians ", to fill in the unfortunate gap between Chaucer and Spenser in the English course.

The Scottish writer, then, has for a long time had two major obstacles in his path : a severance from the tradition of which his work should form a living part, and a subjection to standards of criticism which evolved alongside a literature of different character and pursuing different ends from his own. To break down these obstacles required an individual and sceptical approach to current ideas, or an excessively stubborn determination to be different. In the man who has made the Scottish revival possible, both these forces operated.

* * * * *

Hugh MacDiarmid made his first appearance with innocuous little imitative poems in the Georgian manner. One would have said the knack of versification was there, a desire to be a poet and a notion that it could be achieved by imitation ; but little else. However, a change occurred when MacDiarmid turned to the Doric. His first poems in Scots appeared sporadically in the *Glasgow Herald* and other journals, and served to show up rather amusingly the lamentable state of so-called criticism in Scotland. There was the usual apologetic approval with which Scotland damns her native genius. One critic, of some academic qualifications, wrote in *The Scotsman*: "... there are certain pieces of his which raise him above the common level of writers in dialect—above (in the writer's opinion) Mr. Charles Murray. He has, it is strange to say it of a dialect poet, a certain high seriousness which Mr. Murray never attempts."

Actually these poems, as became more generally apparent when they appeared in the volume *Sangschaw* in 1925, are a most remarkable achievement. They are in and of the best Scottish tradition, but at the same time original and even revolutionary both in form and mood. Two things strike one immediately about these poems : the freshness and novelty of MacDiarmid's rhythms, and the manner

in which the mysterious and the commonplace are reconciled. The experience is unusually comprehensive—the Earth is seen as a " bare auld stane " that " Glitters aneath the seas o Space, White as a mammoth's bane ", but the austerity of this conception does not contradict the cottage interior with its " cradle on the ca', A muckle bleeze o cones, An mither fochin scones ". The subtlety of rhythm with which some of these poems are constructed results in something which is unique in literature.

" I' the how-dumb-deid o the cauld hairst nicht
The warl like an eemis-stane
Wags i the lift;
An my eerie memories faa
Like a yowdendrift.

Like a yowdendrift so's I couldna read
The words cut oot i the stane
Had the fug o fame
An history's hazelraw
No' yirdit thaim."

The poise of such verse is excellent. To attempt to scan it would be ridiculous, but it is not in any sense " free verse ". The rhythm is inevitable, and the form and content inseparable. MacDiarmid has no favourite metres, the stanzas growing organically with their own life, and the texture of the verse, resilient and delicate, follows the thought with great fidelity.

There is a fine intensity and directness about these early poems. Scots has always been capable of expressing the maximum of tenderness without any trace of sentimentality, and MacDiarmid exploits this power of the Doric unforgettably in the two short poems which follow (from *Penny Wheep*, published in 1926).

Empty Vessel

I met ayont the cairney
A lass wi towsie hair
Singin till a bairnie
That was nae langer there.

Wunds wi warlds tae swing
Dinna sing sae sweet.
The licht that bends owre aathing
Is less taen up wi't.

THE LOVE-SICK LASS

As white's the blossom on the rise
The wee lass was
That 'bune the green risp i the fu' mune
Cannily blaws.

Sweet as the cushie's croud she sang
Wi'r wee reid mou—
Wha sauch-like i the lowe o luve
Lies sabbin noo !

In the same year as *Penny Wheep* MacDiarmid also published *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*; a long poem of some three thousand lines, dedicated to Francis George Scott, the composer. In this " gallimaufry ", one of the richest and most successful of MacDiarmid's works, the poet is depicted seated on a moor after an evening's heavy drinking, contemplating a thistle with his " bodily sicht " and the spirit of his native land, in all senses of the term, with his " keethin sicht ". Although it starts off shakily (on page 1, " one " is " yin ", on page 2 it is " wan ", and on page 3 virtue triumphs with " ane ") the language soon reveals a new flexibility and richness. There is something of the vigour of Dunbar : " In wi your gruntle then, puir wheengin saul, Lap up the ugsome aidle wi the lave," there is a fine sensuous magic in a passage adapted from Blok, and the profound and moving " O wha's been here afore me, lass ? " is followed by a violent and characteristic transition into the realm of (perhaps) defensive toughness of " Millions o women bring forth in pain Millions o bairns that are no worth haen ". Typical of the *eclat* which illuminates the poem is the employment with genuine dignity of two of Scotland's most ridiculed place-names in two successive lines :—

"And as at sicna times am I,
I wad hae Scotland to my eye
Until I saw a timeless flame
Tak Auchtermuchty for a name,
And kent that Ecclefechan stood
As pairt o an eternal mood."

MacDiarmid's next long poem, *To Circumjack Cencrastus* (1930) was a very uneven affair. It is, in fact, nearly impossible to read through it, owing to the indiscriminate way fragments and complete poems, of varying merit and tone, are thrown together. But there is much of excellent quality in the book. The poem *North of the Tweed* has the same directness as the short lyrics, and that strong nostalgia that is far more than mere nostalgia and that MacDiarmid has since and so unwisely decried. A rather free adaptation from Rilke into English is dignified, but of no great intrinsic distinction.

The *First Hymn to Lenin* and *The Seamless Garment*, published in the following year, are (*pace* MacDiarmid !) poems in a lighter *genre*. They are good of their kind, particularly the second, but the thought is argumentative rather than imaginative, and the difference in power which that means can be seen by comparing them with the short poem *At My Father's Grave* in the same volume, which is very much more ambitious than either of the didactic poems, and yet more successful. This is an important point in view of MacDiarmid's subsequent writings, but before it is enlarged upon mention must be made of some of the poems in *Scots Unbound*, published in a limited edition in 1932. First there is *Milk-wort and Bog-cotton*, one of Scotland's greatest lyrics and perhaps the finest MacDiarmid has written. It has the same sinewy beauty as Boyd's sonnet *Cupid and Venus*, to which reference has already been made, and if it had taken sonnet form might have been coupled with the Boyd poem in Pound's verdict

on the latter as the greatest sonnet to have come out of Britain.

Another very fine poem in this collection is the difficult but rewarding *Depth and the Chthonian Image*, a moderately long poem of the sort it was supposed to be impossible to write in Scots. The Scots is not as pure as in the short poems, but is more consistent and rich than in, for example, the *First Hymn to Lenin*, which is a hybrid production, philologically. One poem here, though, is in a Scots that is liable to panic most unprepared readers. *Water Music* began, MacDiarmid tells us, as a sort of *tour de force*, exploring the onomatopoetic possibilities of the enormous Scots vocabulary in depicting the streams by which the poet played as a child. In the event, however, the poem has become something with an extraordinary magic. The strangeness of the words (all of which are genuine except for four which occur in one line) and their remarkable musical and evocative qualities produce the feeling that one is looking at a familiar kind of scene for the first time or in quite a new way. Without any coining of words, MacDiarmid achieves a Jabberwocky beauty :—

> "Bracken, blaeberries, and heather
> Ken their amplefeysts and toves,
> Here gangs ane wi aiglets jinglin,
> Through a gowl anither goves."

How Scottish to reach into the Carrollean Wonderland without taking one's feet off Jamieson's dictionary !

Harry Semen, which appeared in the *Modern Scot* in 1933, was disturbing because one suspected a slight intention to shock ; and it was clear that if the poet were to become too consciously concerned about his relationship with the reader and the effect of his work, the integrity and purity that informed the earlier poems would be gone.

With the *Second Hymn to Lenin and Other Poems*, published in the same year, MacDiarmid deserts the Scots,

and fine as some of the English poems in this book are they have not the distinction of his Scots verse. In fact, MacDiarmid deserts more than the Scots at this point, and fully to consider the implications of his subsequent reorientation would require more space than this essay will permit. However, a few aspects of it may be mentioned in conclusion.

First, it must be realized that, despite the fact that he achieved at the start of his career what many great poets are glad to spend a lifetime approaching, MacDiarmid had not reached a cul-de-sac. On the contrary, as *Depth and the Chthonian Image*, *Water Music*, and *Harry Semen* all show, he was creating a Scots that was adequate for the most varied demands; and just how profound was his insight (poetic and intuitive in the most precise sense) into the paradox of life had been shown in many of his other poems. But the *First Hymn to Lenin* showed a displacement of intuitive thought by argumentative thought, which later became the replacement of wisdom by information; in *Harry Semen* and some other poems, there appeared a hint of personal intrusion which later became aggressive egotism; and the abandoning of Scots in and subsequent to the *Second Hymn to Lenin* was a not unnatural corollary, in so far as it might have appeared to promise a bigger audience.

But MacDiarmid has here discarded his three most valuable attributes. What makes the Scots poems so outstanding is their emotional power (and he is essentially a poet, not a logician); the detachment which gives them their universality; and the perfection of their form and language (for he is a great miniaturist and here employed a speech which was the very heart of his poetic experience). It is not a question of the case for and against lyrical poetry: it is a question of the case for and against poetry. Or, to be more accurate, a question of what we mean by

poetry; and MacDiarmid's lengthy exposition of his aims in *Lucky Poet* ("The Kind of Poetry I Want") does little to clarify the issue. If poetry exists, as MacDiarmid maintains, when thought is at a certain high level of intensity, there can be little doubt whether the title is more deserved by *The Eemis-stane* and *Milk-wort and Bog-cotton* or by the verbose and inchoate "Poems of prodigious observation and alarming chic" of the later period. Of course, poetry is more than that, and such a definition is surprising in one who has written poetry so supremely. For MacDiarmid is undoubtedly one of Scotland's most important poets—and his reputation will be secure as such, whether his work be considered historically as the recreation of a literary Scots, or for its own intrinsic merit. It is impossible to exaggerate in either respect the service he has done his country and its traditions.

Glossary

Aiglets: points
Amplefeysts: idiosyncrasies
Bairnie: baby
Cairney: hilltop
Croud: moan
Cushie: cushat dove
Eemis-stane: insecure stone
Faa: fall
Fochin: turning over
Fug: moss
Goves: comes angrily
Gowl: glen
Hairst: harvest
Hazelraw: lichen
How-dumb-deid: the very dead of night
Lift: sky, firmament
Lowe: flame
Mou: mouth
Rise: bough
Risp: grass
Sauch-like: willow-like
Tousie: dishevelled
Toves: moods
Wunds: winds
Yirdit: buried
Yowdendrift: swirl of snow from the earth

POETRY

POEM ABOUT VULTURES

BETWEEN THIS OVERHANGING mountain and the half-crazed
air,
blank where the climber's rocky fingers grate and haul,
over our shoulder, glancing backward, look !
elusive shadows of vast birds no longer there.

And all across the map behind us
on promontories or abandoned trees
lurk, shifting or invisible, those craggy wings.

While the sun takes long strides
between us and the mind's desire,
and foothold scatters down in shale
and stones, a loosening of the will,
clouds shut and open, cold wings sprout
airily between the shoulder-blades.

And upwards the circles of our eyes
advance
across thin earth and rock,
like daisies,
mockery too sparse

for what ignores us while day lasts :
the impersonal claw, the savage beak.

EITHNE WILKINS

PIECE FOR AN OCCASION WITH VIRGINALS

When Greensleeves was all my love—
Fair lost, fair fickle Greensleeves—
A raven world my heart tore out,
And how should I find her, seek her out
With indecorous songs of pleasure
Who lacked all beat and measure
Of his red heart torn out?

And now that in my cave of ribs—
Fair found, fair constant Greensleeves—
Something stirs in joy in gladness,
How shall I forget the sadness
Of years like jangled verses and contrive
With pumping heart to live—
Besides her songs seem empty now, poor Greensleeves.

Ewart Milne

PERSONALIZATION OF A THEME OF BLAKE

"O Rose, thou art sick!"
Songs of Experience.

This much is done, our greeting
was valediction: such is the sunlit rose
retaining her warm bed
for the lecherous worm.

The face is forgotten, and soon
the voice is not heard again
and the flowers are thrown
away, and the vase is broken.

Yet a glance or a word
will persist on occasion, and sometimes
a small joy will possess me:
a dead petal upon the shaded floor.

JOHN ORMOND THOMAS

TORTOISE IN WARTIME

THERE WERE MEN in khaki, girls in uniform,
Sitting at the tables in the bland summer air
On the café terrace. Overhead the balloons
Went nosing into the west like silver fish.

Was that a siren? No, only a car.
A pity we missed the one o'clock news.

Out from the bed of asters a tortoise peered,
Waving his horny neck from side to side;
With neat precision, on mincing feet set out
To traverse the terrace, confident that time
Would wait the completion of his enterprise.
Watching his dauntless progress, I thought of the days
When tortoises were the crown of created things,
Immeasurably beyond the amoeba.
I saw the primeval forest, the tangled swamp,
The sandy waste—and indestructible time
Brooding over the fern fronds. And I thought
The morning stars might well have sung for joy
Had evolution ceased with tortoises.

FREDA C. BOND

INTO KINGS

By MARGIAD EVANS

HARRY WAS FIVE. He simplified everything. And he couldn't understand why such a tiny cottage was called a castle. Peewit Castle. He asked what a peewit was, and they told him it was that bird up there. He shook his head. Kings, not birds, lived in castles.

The name was written over the door. Mr. Lackitt had painted it in the kind of thin white paint which is used for signs reading "Licensed to sell tobacco" over country porches. The coarse-grained, twilight grey wood showed through the letters, and the two words were divided by a stop about as big as a dumpling. The Lackitts lived in the Castle. There was Mr. Lackitt, Mrs. Lackitt, and somebody his mother called Miss Lackitt. She was strange. Harry remembered them before he went to sleep. He had a minute vivid memory of the kind of smells they had—white roses, velvet dust, fur, and onions. He neither lived nor remembered in sequence, and life and his dreams appeared without season. He was a busy visionary.

The cottage was in a turnip field, close to a wood. Mrs. Lackitt's brown, loosely and knottily knitted shawl was like bark. When she was in the raspberries, it caught on the big grey and green leaves, and pulled out behind her like a tent.

Mrs. Lachitt was a tall, strong old woman, who folded her arms. Her eyes were black, but in the middle of them shone a diminutive light, like a vigil. She wore a blue apron. Her husband was older. He was usually down at the bottom of the orchard where the trees strained away from one another in order to keep apart. He kept pigs. The Lackitts didn't seem to live in their cottage, but to lead a brisk outdoor existence round about it among their livestock.

Harry went there nearly every day. They didn't mind; they were fond of him. The old man seldom spoke; but he used to bend down his silent face and blink at the little boy, and he did this so funnily that it was pleasanter than words.

The leaves were falling out of the trees. There was a golden sloping wind. The great loose-leafed elms held the gusts and then let them out with a high over-your-head sound. Mrs. Lackitt knelt in the lane beside a crock, gathering acorns from under the oaks for the pigs. Harry felt the fine mesh of the mist closing round his warm cheeks. He picked up a dead crow with bald white elbows of bone.

"Is this a peewit?"

"Let un alone, dirty boy. That's a Johnny Crow. They hens 'ave bin pickin' un." And Mrs. Lackitt got up stiffly to shoo the hens out of the orchard with her skirts, for, said she, "They don't lay because them do pick at the cider apples."

"Come, and I'll give you something nice," she said. She took his hand and led him down the garden to the raspberry canes.

"There," she said. She let the wet berries roll from her palm into his. She shook the rain clusters off the sticky leaves and sprays and made a lapping noise with her lips.

"Mrs. Lackitt, these raspberries don't taste of raspberries."

"What do um taste of then?"

"Raspberries and water."

The old woman grinned. She liked talking to the child. A son of hers was buried in Scotland, a daughter between the mists of mountain and sea. Half-gipsy, it comforted her to tell someone about her youthful travelling. In those days her surviving child had been as others. Then she had gone to be a servant. One day, after market, a drunken gentleman had taken her up in his trap. He flogged his

horse; it had bolted and flung the girl out. He was unharmed, but she was crippled for life. She sat all day by the fire poking it with a stick viciously, as if the flames were a nest of adders. She looked terribly like a little old man. Harry was afraid of her. Only once he had spoken to her.

"Are you lonely?" he said. It was a word he had heard used for grief. And then softly and profoundly: "Do you wish you were the only person in the world?"

"Go away," she gruffed at him, clutching her stick.

"There, there, boy, leave her alone," Harry remembered Mrs. Lackitt pulling him away and whispering. "She bain't reely cross, but her'll never be right again."

After that he looked at her secretly, wincing from her notice. Her face was as though worn away by thought, its expression of disdain and privation never changed. She couldn't turn sideways, but she could bend forward to strike at the fire. She used to do this about every five minutes unless she was asleep, or carefully pinning on a board the skins of moles that Mr. Lackitt trapped. With their pallid mavvish membrane and the thin red-ink veins, they looked like tiny maps when she had tacked them down. They were dried and wrapped up in newspaper, and put under the cushion until she felt she wanted to count them. Sometimes she would throw a whole lot on the fire.

Harry could remember the beginning of his visits. At first he used to go with his mother, holding her hand. They went for eggs. They stood in the porch, and Mother passed the basket over his head. Mrs. Lackitt took it inside, and they waited, Harry trying to push the white roses back through the trellis. It was a long time before the basket was returned. Then his mother said, "How beautiful Mrs. Lackitt. How kind!"

Each egg was wrapped in hay. Pale pink, and milky,

brown or golden, faintly mauve, he unwound them on the table at home. On the top lay a sprig of green leaves with a sweet lemony smell, and there was always one extra egg for him.

It was exciting, unwrapping the snuggled eggs. His fingers trembled—he felt they would go through the shell.

And now for years and years he had been coming by himself. Each day he came. Each day the Harry of yesterday seemed somebody else. He used to talk now of " when I were a baby ".

Only one rule his mother made: he was never to eat anything at the Lackitt's. They were poor, with their invalid to keep. He never told her about the raspberries. It was November. The foggy trees leaked mist; the brown winds were visible with leaves. Yellow and tortoiseshell grey and lacquer red, mahogany and gingerbread colour, they span and skimmed. Between the afternoons and the twilight stretched an hour of intense silence. The sun came close, as though listening. Harry's days went with him into his nights, filling the darkness of his drowsy eyes with the colours and the scenes. Only the words never came back with the other treasures. He began to be aware that he was a being—a *private* being, and that he need not tell.

Sometimes he seemed interrupted. His mother watched him sitting on the floor, his ruffled games abandoned. The toys, left so purposeless, looked startled, accidental.

" What are you doing, Harry ? "

" I'm thinking about the Lackitts, mother."

His mother coaxed him: " Yes, darling. They're very kind to you. But what are you thinking ? "

" It's something they've got."

She stared. " What is it ? "

But he was silent. He turned away his head with a peculiar, stately reticence. His new, gentle refusal amazed

her. Looking straight ahead, he smiled, as if he had seen something pleasing and grand in a glass.

"I hope," she thought, picking up the vermilion engine which looked so extraordinarily like a real accident, "I hope this doesn't mean he's been riding that scurfy old donkey. He's such an *outdoor* child. The Lackitts are *very kind*, but . . ."

It was rather as if the Lackitt's kindness had fleas in it. She wished he had somewhere else to go. She didn't know what to do with him in the afternoons. Oh, well.

What had happened to Harry was that he had seen a sign. It was one day when he couldn't find Mrs. Lackitt. The old man was in the orchard, at the far end, gossipping by nods to someone in the lane. Harry stayed to watch the uncouth conversation for a little while, and then he ran back to the cottage. He pushed the door open and stumbled over the serge curtain into the room. The twilight inside came like a dimness over his eyes. After a moment in which he could hardly breathe for terror lest someone strange should be hiding among the furniture, he saw there was only the invalid.

An unknown animation was on her face. She might have been talking fast, but she made no sound. Her eyes were opening and shutting quicker than anything he had ever seen, and her mouth seemed to be talking. That was why he had thought there must be somebody silent in the room, looking at her, to make her twitch back so wildly.

And then, going close in his bewilderment, he saw she was asleep, and it was the firelight moving on her mouth and her eyes. The firelight was giving her long dark eyelashes of shadow that rose and fell, rose and fell, shaggy and startled. Her whole countenance was panting. After watching for a moment, he ignored her. An apple had rolled from her lap to the floor. With an involuntary snatch which seemed to escape him, he picked it up and

bit it, his eyes rolling round, over the fat apple in which his teeth were stuck.

He had never been alone in the Lackitt's room before. And it was a nice room, full of lovely things, shiny and small such as he could hold in one hand.

Gripping the apple in his teeth, hurriedly, because he felt his jaws meeting, and the bite coming out, Harry first pulled up one sock and then the other. And then, restrainedly, as if he had but few movements to spend, he began to step round the furniture, touching, admiring, and lifting into a better light the collection of ornaments and trinkets. He thought the china boys, the vases and little boxes and cups upside down in their saucers, were so pretty, so very wonderful and valuable. There was gold paint on the boys' hatbands and on the cup handles, thick stripes of it ending in little shiny stick-out roses which he fondled with a realistic delight. Indeed, those old cups were really charming and lovely, and so was the large leaning wall mirror of gilt on wood. It was even older than the china, and not dusted so often, and the golden patina was dimmed and softer, from the fine ash dust and the smoke in the airless room. Two rounded pillars wreathed with formal moulded rings, and a ribboned and feathered galaxy at the top framed it. Into its grey misty glass it gathered all the strays of light there were, reflecting them as still flashes whiter and brighter than the fire. To look into it was like looking at the sky through a wood, where colourless clear shapes are cut out of the black-brown branches.

With the poetry of all mirrors, whether sixpenny or Sheraton, it seemed to reflect not only light, but *stillness*. The quality of abidingness which poverty, closeness, and use, had given to the chairs and tables, was compacted in the mirror into a tilted but solid peace. In the glass even the clock pendulum seemed to wave more slowly. Harry

turned to look at it, and was puzzled by the quick way it really jerked against the wall. Harry's self went sideways into the glass, which stood on a low chest of drawers. He could see himself down as far as the belt of his mackintosh, a little boy in a green sou-wester.

Pleased and somehow proud, he stretched his arms with a straining of stiff rubber folds. Turning his palms from him he looked at his dirty little hands still red from playing with the rusty wet gate. Opening and shutting his fingers, the thought of how much he would do with them when he wanted to begin occurred to him happily.

He felt his shoulders, the top of his head, his breast, and saw himself repeating the touches. There was the beating under the hand that pressed, but dimly he understood there being no heart to thud in the glass.

Forgetting she wasn't there, he turned to ask "Mrs. Lackitt, why—?"

Quietly, outside, with regular pauses, the rain ticked into the butts. The fire sighed and settled on its nest. The shadowy eyelashes no longer flickered fast on the invalid's face, but a delicately formed darkness like a hand lay across her forehead.

The boy, with his face literally almost upon a magic moment, gave two quick gasps. Indeed, whatever the simple explanation, the chance was amazing, that he should have been the one to meet it. But this was all that was, in any sense, preternatural, though the glimpse was exquisite and perfect in its way.

A cheap round shaving glass had been put down on the crochet runner. It was a softened magnified reflection of one gilded wreath that looked from the angle of Harry's height like a beautiful crown . . . Exactly like a crown. Into Harry's eyes came the uncovetous rapture of the child who for the first time sees royal gold.

He didn't connect it with fact. Instantly, the likeness of

a crown, suggesting story and glorification, became part of the Lackitts.

Harry saw the orchard; and walking in it, strangely altered, and yet the same, were the Lackitts, crowned and wearing trains. But the invalid was out of it.

Hadn't he always wanted to know why they lived in a castle? It was the greatest of marvels, the most delicious answer, that went straight, it seemed, and struck into his breast, into the beating of his heart which burned up like a fire of raiment and jewels and gold. The most real of stories seemed about to begin. He saw Mrs. Lackitt as queen with a great yellowy ring round her brows. And driving her, in the little black tub, Mr. Lackitt, the king. Poor drab old Nellie the donkey disappeared, and in her place in the shafts trotted a circus pony with red harness . . .

He didn't believe in the crown, any more than he believed that the excited heart he could feel was alive in the mirror. Yet, like the heart, it existed *outside*. Perhaps, yes, somewhere?

He turned. The invalid's eyes were wide open and fixed on him with a gentle, mortal glance. It was as if Miss Lackitt had woken up someone else, and Harry ran to her, pressing his fists into her lap, deep into the rough little pink and black tongues of the rag rug.

"Whose—who—who?" he stammered, pointing, feeling as his meaning were changing in his mind before he could settle on it.

He could feel how calm she was. It was strange when she put her hand out and touched him, how quiet the gesture was.

"Why, wasn't you asleep then?" he asked, surprised.

"Come and sit on my knee," she said; but her arms could only make gaunt hard movements, and she had no power in them to lift him, controlled as they were by her warped spine.

"I ate your apple," he mumbled, atoning. But she made no answer. He was astonished that she should be crying.

He would have liked to have said something, but shyness made him hide his face.

"Why, look at that now!"

It was Mrs. Lackitt's voice. She stood in the doorway, her husband crowded up against her. She was holding a bucket; and he had two dead fowls by their legs. They both peered and stared.

Mrs. Lackitt had been feeding the livestock. Chaff had blown into her hair and her eyes, and clung to her clothes. She set the bucket down with a rattle. Mr. Lackitt pushed by her as if to go into the lean-to at the back, but he paused in the middle of the room with a perfectly blank face.

Harry didn't understand their silence. Mrs. Lackitt lifted the corner of her shawl and wiped the rain off her face. Harry thought she, too, was in tears, but it was only the trembling of an old restless lament that went over her features.

"Mrs. Lackitt!" he cried, "Mrs. Lackitt."

But he couldn't tell, after all. It was something he could only have himself, to keep and to question.

After a moment Mr. Lackitt decided to move. He shuffled into the lean-to and threw the fowls under the sink. Then he searched along the shelf for his pipe. He was the only person of the four to whom nothing could possibly have been otherwise than as it was.

THAT WILL BE ALL

By MAURICE LINDSAY

"YOU MUSTN'T GO about again when you're running a temperature," said the doctor. "It shouldn't need me to tell you that."

The man in the bed mumbled something about doing one's duty and not giving in.

"No excuse at all," the doctor interrupted. "It's the behaviour of a schoolboy frightened that he'll miss a treat."

"I'm sorry, doctor," the patient answered lamely. "I always feel reluctant to give up, though."

"Why?" asked the doctor bluntly.

"Why? Oh, I don't know. Something I once did, perhaps."

The doctor looked curious. His eyes searched the patient's face.

"What did you once do?"

The sick man sighed and looked up at the doctor before answering.

"It is a long story, but I'd like to tell you, because it forms one of these scenes that continually reappear in the mind for years—like a familiar drop-curtain. Can you stay and have some tea, then?"

The doctor glanced at his watch. "Yes, I think I can," he said. "I had planned to take a few hours' recreation this afternoon and go out with my wife; but she's had to attend to an urgent case out of town, so I'll accept your invitation."

The doctor settled himself into a friendly leather arm-chair, and the sick man tugged the bell-cord which dangled by his bedside. Almost at once, a woman appeared.

"Well, how is he?" she asked.

"I'm much better, thank you, Mrs. Gregory," the patient informed her. "Do you think the doctor and I might have some tea?"

" Glad to hear it," the woman answered. " Next time maybe you'll take an old woman's advice and strangle the 'flu in time. Feed the cold and starve the fever. That's what my mother—the Lord bless her dear soul—used to say." She waited for this prescription to sink in. " Right. I'll get you both a spot of tea," she promised, and vanished through the door. The doctor brought out his pipe and tobacco pouch. The man in the bed adjusted his pillows and began to talk.

" The incident took place in the Summer of 1940. You remember the time : we thought the Germans were coming. By the merest fluke, they didn't ; so we patted ourselves on the back and swelled with quiet pride when our journalists called us heroic. I was in the army then, guarding a remote stretch of coastline in East Anglia. We lived in pasteboard bungalows which had been the dubious retreats of tired London business men. Apart from our bungalows, there wasn't a building for miles around. The country was flat and unbroken, except for the high reeds in the marsh which stretched behind us to the woods in the distance. It was an eerie place. By day, the sun shone and the sands gleamed like burnished copper. It looked very safe and inviting. But at night, the Autumn winds drove in from the North Sea and flailed across the marshland with a long, low howl. After heavy rain, sickening noises could be heard—thick, sucking noises ; as if the swamp was trying to swallow itself. The road to the nearest village ran back through the marsh on a slightly raised embankment."

He paused.

" I've got the picture," said the doctor. " Go on." He was listening with the eagerness of a small child. The patient smiled a little, and continued.

" I had a platoon. We were responsible for a piece of coast that had a big T-shaped creek cut into it. On the sandy peninsulas that fronted the sea and whose tips formed

the banks of the entrance channel, we had dug section weapon pits which were occupied night and day. About half an hour before first light, the whole platoon crept out of billets and along the shores of the peninsulas where they manned the positions at full strength until daybreak.

" On the night it happened, I had got up earlier than usual to check the reserve ammunition with the duty section in my command post. We checked one post each night for practice. It was misty ; about 3.30 a.m. ; and although still dark, I could feel the grey haar hanging in the atmosphere. One couldn't see more than a few yards in any direction. A bitter wind was blowing, and behind us the marshes sighed and groaned. The waves broke listlessly in front of the steep parapet which protected my post, throwing up a faintly phosphorescent foam. The sea gave off its strong odour of iodine ; the sand was sour and damp.

" Checking ammunition by the light of a shaded torch isn't the easiest of tasks under the best conditions. And for me that morning, the conditions were by no means the best. For one thing, I had slept more soundly than usual. To get out of a warm camp-bed, throw on damp, crushed clothes and sea-boots, and go into the wind and darkness can never become an automatic sequence for a townsman. The ammunition had to be counted very carefully, too. Stored in flimsy wooden boxes, the continuous dampness encouraged a pale green mould to grow on the cases of the rounds if they were not frequently shifted. And in these days we had no ammunition to waste. I was intent, therefore, on my task. The savagely pointed rounds lay before me on a groundsheet. As I counted them in the feeble glimmer—for all the world like an old Cornish pirate gloating over his gains by lanternlight—I handed them in bundles to Robinson, the storeman, who packed them up again.

" We had got about half-way through the job when the

stand-to men began to move out. I heard the usual noises made by soldiers unaccustomed to patrolling by night—the soft clang of a rifle coming into contact with a steel helmet; the occasional over-loud stage-whisper. But I also heard a strange far-away scuffling noise, like a heavy object dragging over sand. So I got out of my dug-out and ran down to the edge of the peninsula. It was still so dark that I could hardly see the tip of the other peninsula twenty yards across. The tide was on the turn, and the water in the channel seethed and bubbled. I sent one of the N.C.O.'s on the long trek round to investigate, and since the noise had already subsided, went back to my counting.

" I had scarcely lowered myself into the dug-out—indeed I was still engaged in manœuvring my body inside my clothes to free the cloud of sand from the loosely constructed roof, that had followed my descent and poured down my neck—when I heard the sudden chatter of frightened voices. For all his show of independence and his strong dislike of authority, the ordinary soldier turns to his officer with the helplessness of a dog in pain as soon as something goes wrong. I could read a situation out of hand in this sudden, unguarded burst of talking. Once again I raced down to the water's edge, this time with the storeman at my heels.

" A small, oarless boat was drifting sideways down the opposite creek with alarming speed. It seemed to contain three soldiers. One of them was standing up and shouting. He looked as if he was going to topple the boat over.

" ' Sit down Archie, you fool,' bellowed my storeman at the pitch of his voice. With the corner of an eye, I noticed that he was unlacing his boots. I wondered what to do. In considerably less than a minute, the boat would reach the whirlpool of the entrance channel, and if it did not turn turtle, it would certainly be carried out to sea. With a hot, heavy feeling around the heart, I realized that there

was nothing I could do. Confronted with my first emergency since I became an officer, there was nothing I could do to stave off disaster. At worst, I reflected, the boat would capsize, and the men would have to swim for it, or fumble towards the banks as best they could. Their equipment and ammunition would be damaged, and that must mean all sorts of inquiries. At best the boat would drift until the naval launch from the nearest base came to its assistance.

" But I had no time to think clearly. The boat lurched into the channel in front of me. For two or three seconds it looked as if it must capsize. Vague notions about drowning stirred in my head. It seemed as if they'd ride it: I began to feel relief. And then one of the men lost his head. It all took place so quickly that I could not at first see who he was. With a cry like a stricken animal, he leapt into the whirlpool, holding his rifle high in the air. At once he sank from sight, and the boat swept out to the open sea. Robinson, the storeman, must have anticipated something like this, for suddenly he flung himself into the water and began to swim towards the centre of the channel. His shirt and trousers lay with his boots in a heap at my feet.

" Clumsily, I followed him. The water was sharp and cold, but I hardly noticed. As I started to swim, the man came to the surface. His frightened call for help spurred me on. To my horror, I found that I was making no progress. My boots had filled with water, and were tugging me backwards. I was entirely at the mercy of the current. Again, the man came to the surface and screamed in a shrill, inhuman voice. I could see Robinson ahead of me, making heavy weather, but he was a strong swimmer, and could at least keep direction.

" All at once my energy gave out. My impressions blurred into a sear of pain and the instinctive urge to save myself. Breathing became tight and forced. I turned, and struggled in what I hoped was the direction of the shore.

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Then the dying man broke surface for the last time. I shall never forget that terrible, abandoned cry so long as I live. It was as if the monstrous, octopus-heart of the whirlpool was squeezing the final human vibrations from his body. He gave a loud, desperate gurgle. There was an awful silence, broken only by the insistent ringing of coloured bells in my head. I was utterly exhausted when men with strained faces—scared men who had never seen a man die before—pulled me to safety.

" When I had sufficiently recovered, I sent a runner to fetch the Company Commander. And I asked for Robinson. Someone waved in the direction of a group clustered together a few yards along the beach. They were watching two men swimming in front of the boat, gradually towing it nearer the shore. I started to shiver violently, sensing my soaking clothes for the first time. Mechanically I began to undress. A dry shirt was produced. Clad only in this and a woollen scarf, I went to meet the Company Commander. But he had at once set out for the creeks when he heard the commotion; and my runner, who encountered him halfway, related one version of the story.

" I told him what had happened, in bare, unhappy words. By the time we reached the beach, Robinson and his companion had piloted the boat into shallow water, and the other two men were landed. The Company Commander spoke to Robinson, and ordered us both to go and put on some warm things. It was light by the time I got back. An east wind had sprung up, dispersing the haar and shifting the gloomy black-and-grey setting of the drowning. The sea brisked up to the new wind; sharp scuds of spray flicked across the channel entrance, and the sands turned yellow again.

" The Company Commander was a regular soldier with over ten years' service. He looked men in the eyes like an animal, and tried to create the impression that he gave

W. H. Auden

FOR THE TIME BEING. This new book consists of two long poems, with some prose passages. Mr. Auden's skill in versification and his personal idiom are no less vigorous than in any previous work; but they distract the attention less, and interpose less obstruction between the reader and the meaning than ever before, and we think that this is the best book that the author has produced since *The Orators*. 8/6

Henry Treece

THE BLACK SEASONS. *Invitation and Warning* established Mr. Treece as one of the poets among his generation from which most is expected. *The Black Seasons* represents his further development. 6/–

Seán Jennett

THE CLOTH OF FLESH. Mr. Jennett's work has undergone a development foreshadowed in his first volume, *Always Adam*, published in 1943. Those who seek for "war poetry" will certainly find it in this book. But Mr. Jennett is not only a war poet, as will be shown in the latter half of the present volume. 6/–

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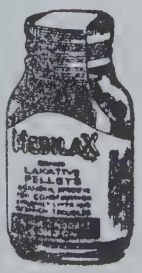

no regard for his personal fate. The men were dragging for the body when I came over to him.

" ' Oh, hullow old man,' he grunted, without looking round. " You O.K.? Nasty business. Still ! Can't be helped. He had to get it sometime.'

" ' Yes,' I repeated, ' he had to get it sometime.' It gave me a queer feeling to hear my own voice echo this stupid platitude. I thought of Wilson's wife—the dead man had been identified by a roll-call. I knew all my men well—their private histories and many of their family troubles. Wilson had often spoken of his wife. ' Funny,' he'd said to me once on a long route march, ' the things we do and the places we live in. My missus 'ud never have believed that I'd ever be bloody glad to get a few hours' kip in a police cell.'

" The Company Commander left me and waded into the water where a group of men struggled with the net that had caught something at the bottom. 'Got him,' he shouted, and doubled his exertions. The men were silent. For most of them this was the first encounter with death. Before, it had been a word said in church ; something which happens without fuss to the old. A long way ahead, of course, it would happen to them. But a long way ahead.

" I watched them guide the submerged load in the net to the shallow water. The Company Commander made jokes—grim jokes. Nobody laughed. The body broke surface. Slowly they carried it ashore and laid it on a mound of grass.

" ' Must pump the sea out of the poor wallah,' said the Company Commander, going through the motions of artificial respiration. A trickle of dirty water squirted over the edge of the dead man's mouth. The side of his face was a patch of sand. His black, sodden clothes clung to the shape of his limbs. A drawn, white hand still clutched the rifle. Eyes filled with the terror of certain destruction

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stared out at us. A fierce wave of anger surged against my heart, gathered, and burst. As a child, I had seen death come to the aged—an aunt whom I had greatly loved. Then, the atmosphere was thick and heavy, and smelt of natural decay. My nurse took me into the room where the coffin lay. The blinds were drawn, in the Scottish fashion, and the room was filled with flowers; pale flowers. The shining coffin with thick brass handles lay on coarse wooden trestles with the lid pulled aside. I looked in. There was my aunt resting on soft white pillows, a tired white smile on her face. And although a momentary shock surged through me when I felt the cold sting of her dead flesh on my warm lips, she seemed so peaceful and satisfied that I was happy for her. Now her spirit was with the Lord in flowing robes whose Kingdom we sang about in the Sunday School.

"But this was mocking and bitter; for him there was no kingdom; only a blind injustice.

They laid him on an old garage door and took him to a deserted tool-shed at the far end of the beach. His two best friends volunteered to wash him down and dress him in his walking-out suit. For three days he lay alone. It became very hot. A faint smell seemed to hang about the area of his hut. The men avoided it whenever they could. On the fourth day, the regulation coffin arrived, and an army lorry took him to the station to go on the Scottish train. The whole company gathered to give him a send-off. They watched the truck bump up the narrow track until it passed out of sight. Each thought about the first comrade to go. 'That will be all,' said the Company Commander casually. In twos and threes they slouched away."

For a moment the doctor said nothing. "Surely you don't think you could have saved the man?" he asked.

"I shall never know," the patient sighed. "I turned back while there was still a chance." His tone changed.

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" Thank you," said the doctor. " And was there a sequel ? "

The man in bed let a flicker of a smile cross his face. " Oh, yes ! Courts of Inquiry galore. A report went through the usual channels drawing attention to the fact that Robinson had behaved with great promptitude, and that we had all done our best. The authorities only wanted to know why the dangerous area had not been fenced off ! Now let's talk about other things. Have you read Hilton Brook's new novel ? It's all about a boy whose parents kept wishing he would be a girl and the extraordinary effect this had on him. . ."

LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

continuing

THE LONDON MERCURY AND BOOKMAN

An International Monthly
of Living Literature

Edited by
ROBERT HERRING

Vol. 45

April to June, 1945

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continuing
The LONDON MERCURY and BOOKMAN
Edited by ROBERT HERRING

EDITORIAL

APRIL 1945

PARIS GIVES HERSELF a Cross of Liberation: London, on the other hand, is told by authority how authority plans it shall behave when the Allies announce that they consider Europe's war to be over. In both these events may be found signs that the rigours of endurance give way to the ironies of celebration. In fifty countries as many speeches have been prepared from platitudes anent God blessing our arms, and right (which is now held to be Left) versus might. A thousand journalists have tapped out in readiness the striking phrase that the war marches to a victorious (query, foregone ?) conclusion, and everyone, everywhere, knows that it will not be peace that is welcomed, but the end of what is so prettily termed the great blood-bath. For the truth of the matter, and the most accurate description of events now pending, as I write in the first week of April, is that the dangers of war are about to be succeeded by the problems of peace.

It is not cynical to say that nor is it to be a spoil-sport—if anything at all in the life we have left ourselves can be found occasion for sport. At the best, between the dangers and the problems there will be an interval, and that interval will be one of relief.

Perhaps the main relief for many of us will be that for

the first time in five years we shall be able to go to bed more hopeful about not only sleeping but about waking up than we have been since the fall of France. But to most there will be the relief of those returning, particularly of those who have for long been prisoners of war. There will be minor reliefs of being able to get on with our own jobs again, of by degrees having a little say in our own lives; ultimately, it is to be hoped, for the British themselves to be liberated. There will be less time spent chasing objects of whose absolute necessity to our domestic economy we were unaware before the war, there will be less time waiting in queues for buses whose conductresses think the rule of the road is non-stop. There will be more time for thinking, and for exchanging thoughts, since in many cases we shall be able to see friends again; we shall be able to meet them, to move about, to travel—even in time to visit Europe again. And there, with that word "Europe", our relief ends, and another, more urgent, begins. And between the two much adjustment is called for.

Some of us have run up against it already, with those returning. And there will be much more, on a greater scale, to be done between those coming home, to no homes, and those who, staying here, were bombed out of theirs or fought to keep them going. On the simplest level, there is the naïve surprise that "really, it is marvellous how little bomb-damage you have". Wearily, one begins to explain that much has been tidied up in four years; one refuses to state with ghoulish smugness that one bomb now kills as many as a night's blitzing then, for one realizes, suddenly, and for the hundredth time, that that is true of our own. And we adjust to the fact that we, once the hardest-hit country, will emerge from this war as one of the least bombed. With this difference, that our bombing was done by the wicked enemy, but most of Europe's was done by ourselves. No one will deny that the result has

been liberation for the countries concerned, but it is as well to admit that the price has been destruction, and to prepare ourselves for the effect of that.

A slight instance of what we may expect in this direction was the recent outcry over Britain's rations. Europe starves; Britain does not. Therefore Britain must dock her supplies to send to Europe, and America will cut down what she sends us. The interesting thing about this situation was not the pained shock with which many realized for the first time how few care about us, but that the situation should have been allowed to develop at all. With our usual ineptitude at propaganda, we had failed to acquaint America with the true amount of our reserves and refrained from doing what she would understand—answer back and inquire about her own greater consumption of food. In Europe, we allowed the impression to flourish that whereas so many calories per head were the minimum on which we could subsist, those in other countries must manage on less.

This was not only ineptitude, but dishonesty. For honesty demanded that we should agree as to the discrepancy, but add that as long as we were expected to perform our traditional role of fighting for the liberty of other countries as well as our own and of coming to the rescue of Europe whenever she cannot or will not help herself, then we must be kept fighting fit. We do not say this kind of thing; we think it is modesty forbids us, but really we expect others to know it already. They may. But are loth to admit it. And unless by repeated reiteration and example, we contrive to make them admit our constantly re-earned status in the world, the problems of peace are going to be as long as the cessation of hostilities will be short.

VESTALS AND VESTRIES

Extracts from the journal of

FLORENCE ALICE SITWELL

edited by

SIR OSBERT SITWELL

PART II

THE GAY NINETIES

(The diarist is aged between thirty-three and thirty-four.)

5th June, 1891—*25th September*, 1892

The Jewish Question—Influenza—Archdeacon into Suffragan Bishop—The Purpose of The Iron Room—The Baccarat Case—China-Painting—A Disappointment—A delightful Missionary Meeting—A Sad Story—The Incident of the Lady at the Window—The Iron Room Again—A Sermon—Moss for Uncle Archie—How to make the Deaf Hear—A Coincidence—An Awe-inspiring Event—Lads enter Iron Room—Smallpox and Rabies—Scarlet Fever—Rheumatic Fever—Mother's Troubles—Bronchitis and Russian, not English, Influenza—A Breakdown—Two Baptisms for One Child—Mother's Health and Supper—Fire !—Mr. Cox—Two Funerals—A Joyful Peal—Scotland—Strange Conduct of Hungry Colliers—A Palatial Hydro—A Scottish Iron Room—*Not* a Good Situation.

1891

June 5th. Through these days we have been reading aloud with Aunt Minnie a great deal, as she is less restless then and seems to enjoy being read to. We have read stories chiefly, as Mother felt our invalid could best give her mind to them. We are in the midst of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, and have read *A Secret Mission* (a Polish story), *The Romance of a Shop*. *The Times* accounts of the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Corfu have been very sad and interesting; also Baron Hirsch's intended efforts to help the Jewish refugees by colonizing them somewhere or other; and most of all the mention of the preparations by thousands of poor Jews in South Russia and, I think, the Crimea to return to the Holy Land on their own account.

Of late years very many have returned—indeed the movement in that direction has been quite remarkable.

The *Review of Reviews* has had some interesting articles in it on the Jewish Question.

The town is full of Influenza, which again this year has been very bad in England. From Hovingham the news of Sir William and Lady Worsley, who have both been ill of influenza, is better. It seemed last week as if she might be going.

The news is better, too, of dear old Uncle Richard and Aunt Albinia, both of whom have been in a critical state.

Bishop Blunt [1] we hear is expected home soon. His consecration took place on the 1st of May—when he became Bishop of Hull—and, not long after, the new Archbishop of York died of influenza, so we do not know if Bishop Blunt will be suffragan Bishop to the Archbishop (Maclagan) lately appointed, or whether the exchange between the livings of Beverley and Scarborough is still expected really to take place.

Lucy Tait has sent Mother a copy of *The Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury*, which will be a deep interest to us.

Aunt Blanche, who has lately come home from the south, likes the house in Newington Road which Edie and her husband, Randall Davidson, have. He was consecreated Bishop (of Rochester) not so long ago, but is ill and ordered entire rest for the present.

Lucy Tait, who some years ago gave up her London house and went to live in *Paradise Row* amongst the poor tenants, has now gone to live with the present Archbishop (Benson) and his wife, who have lately lost a daughter.

There is better news again of Uncle Richard, but he seems to be in a very critical state. Uncle Willie and Aunt Harriet at Hovingham are doing very well.

1 "The Archdeacon" of the earlier diaries.

June 13th. Mr. Dale was very ill yesterday and the day before. Teale, from Leeds, came over to see him. I am afraid it is very serious. The news of Aunt Minnie from the Cliff is satisfactory. Mother feels how one anxiety keeps succeeding another—but she knows where to look for comfort and strength.

She and I went over the Oilcloth Factory here yesterday. About fifty women employed and forty-five men. Sister Adelaide was expected at the Hospital last night. We went to see Clara Peirce about a plan they have been talking over for trying to get hold of the poor girls who are brought into Scarborough for the season. Mother is trying to find an Iron Room for the purpose.

Mother met Mrs. Maclagan, wife of the Archbishop-designate of York the other day and, I think, liked her as a strong minded, sensible woman.

This sad Baccarat Case in the papers is at an end—the verdict is given for the defendants—in spite of which Sir William Gordon-Cumming's fiancée has stood by a dishonoured man and married him. They are said to be expected here.

Mother and I continue the China-painting of an afternoon with Miss Lloyd in the far dining-room. She is doing *cloisonné*, and I the underglaze painting like Cantagalli—which I like.

June 15th, Monday. Somewhat better account of Mr. Dale to-day. Yesterday Mother and I went to evening church together, Bishop Blunt, who has returned, preached. Mother much with the poor invalid. I read the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress* over again (very delightful) and a book I have much liked called *Holy of Holies*, by Alexander Maclaren.

June 19th. The day before yesterday Mrs. Grant arrived for a visit. She and I had not met since the time that she was my sort of mother for the time being at Harrogate last

February and March, and she is kind and bright and helpful as she was then. Mother, unlike herself, is in low spirits, and I think Mrs. Grant's cheeriness is quite a help to her. We have real hot summer weather at last, and are beginning to make use of our Tent.

June 23rd. Mrs. Grant and I came here yesterday to spend a few days with Aunt Minnie, who seemed delighted at the idea of having us, but now that we have really arrived I think in her nervous state she is troubled with the idea of visitors in the house. Miss Garnett is still with her, and appears to be quite a comfort to her.

Our old doctor came to Wood End garden yesterday afternoon. He is making up his mind to undergo a serious operation ; and Mother is trying to comfort and help him ; and is with him a great deal. Sunday was a sad day with him when he was a good deal tried : but Mother has spoken of his patience and resignation and cheerfulness.

On Sunday Mother, Mrs. Grant, and I went to Christ Church for morning service, and heard a sermon from a stranger, with a very happy face, on Heb. xii, 1, 2. In the afternoon we went different ways—Mother to the old doctor, Mrs. Frant to visit Dr. Jalma for Mother—he is dying of consumption ; and I to the Miss Pringles with the little *In Memoriam* of Arthur Thomas, some sweetbrier, and my doggie. In the evening Mrs. Grant and I went to Christ Church, where our Bishop of Hull preached.

Journal continued in November. A few little recollections of the last few months.

Aunt Freddy was with us for some time in the summer, and seemed very happy with us, and well. Mother went to Keswick and kindly thought that it would help me to bear the disappointment of not going if Sister Adelaide went in my place. They had a very delightful time. Mother met Miss Marsh again there.

Not long after her return Grace and Archie came over

from York to spend the day with us before returning to Scotland—both looking well. I had not seen them since before Xmas in '89, and Mother not since the Autumn of '89.

I went to *such* a delightful missionary meeting that day, addressed partly by a Mrs. Stewart, wife of a missionary in China. Mother had met her in the train coming from Keswick, and liked her so much.

In the middle of September, Mother was asked to try and find a house immediately for poor Clem Ransome and her dying brother, Jim, and their kind friends the Jonsons who joined Clem in taking the house. Mrs. Woodall of Mostyn Mere most kindly turned out of her house in three days' time for them.

Poor Jim was dying of consumption. His had been such a sad life—so sadly wasted at one time, and then he made a brave effort to overcome the terrible habit of drinking—went to America and put himself in an inebriates' home. She has been such a devoted sister, and to end this little story quickly her long watching and devotion were repaid, for Jim, who at the first at Scarborough was a most difficult invalid, latterly became quite, quite different. He came home to his Father in Heaven like the poor prodigal son in the parable, and must have had the robe and the feast and the ring from what we were told of his peace and happiness.

Mother and I went to the lovely little service at St. Martin's the morning some six weeks later when he was laid to his rest. The hymn they had—*I heard the Voice of Jesus say*—seemed, Mother thought, as if the poor dead man were speaking to us. When first we knew Clem she had father, mother, and three brothers—now all are gone. We used to know her when I was a girl of twelve—and had hardly seen anything of her since, but it did not seem as if all those years had passed.

Perhaps about the end of September a very sad thing

happened. A poor lady, a dipsomaniac, had begged to be allowed to remain in our Hospital (as a private patient), she felt the influence of the place was so good for her. One day her husband came to fetch her to say good-bye to a daughter of 17 who was about to return to school. The girl, unknown to her parents, had taken to drinking. She rushed into her room, locked herself in and attempted suicide by throwing herself from the window. Her foot caught in an iron rail, and she was seen hanging from the window by men some way off, who ran to the house, broke open the door of her room, and rescued her. The landlady ordered the family out of her house; and Mother took the poor girl temporarily into the Home, where she was nursed and watched. Afterwards she was removed to the Hospital—then sent to a good institution.

Nov. 19th. Aunt Minnie left us early this afternoon after a two nights' visit. We thought her looking a little better, but she is very low, in a very sad state still: Dr. F. Dale disapproved of her plan of going to London, returning north, and afterwards going south, so the plan is given up. Miss Lloyd and I house-hunted in the afternoon for Aunt Minnie. Saw Aunt Georgie Swinton, Aunt Blanche, and Alice on other Cliff. Kate came here, and Alice from about 4.30 till past 6. Alice's room on the S. Cliff has a charming large photograph of her father and other recollections of the old home.

Saturday, Nov. 21st. I try to follow little regular plans of Bible Reading from 10.30 to 11, and painting china from 11 to 1. After luncheon I could not drive owing to wet, so did a little to Christian Women's Own and Girls' Friendly Society members' books, and notes of Christian Women's Own work, and accounts of my own.

We all read and worked together from about 6 to past 7, fifth vol. of Leckly's *History of the XVIII Century*, very interesting.

Flo tells me of that dear widow at Terrington, Mrs. Good —" my widow " as I call her—, whose young daughter has lately died. The child was so happy. The mother's life has been full of trouble, but she lives close to God, and has such deep happiness in Him.

Mother has been telling me of the difficulties that the landlord is making with regard to our putting up an Iron Room, as we had hoped, in the garden of the Hospital. This plan has been occupying Mother's thoughts much lately. We wished for it as a room where all sorts of nice things might be done.

Sunday, 22nd. Monday, 23rd. Tuesday, 24th. A very happy quiet Sunday. Church twice. Read much of Rutherford's Letters, a book that is so lively and such a help to me just now. Our preacher at the morning and afternoon services was Prebendary Knox Fletcher, who is taking Bishop Blunt's duty here for a time, and is glad to be away from his home, which is full of sad thoughts as his two sons have been drowned, Perhaps his deep trouble has helped him in speaking straight to people's hearts, which I thought he did in his morning's sermon. He really spoke to them of Christ; which is somehow too often strangely left out of Christian sermons.

On *Monday* we went with an expedition to the Raincliffe Woods with Kate and Alice in the carriage, to gather beautiful grey moss off the trees, and other things, for crosses for Uncle Archie's grave. Next Friday will be the first anniversary of his death. In the afternoon saw Miss Green about one or two questions with regard to Workhouse and C.W.O. work. At Mother's wish I have given up the work for the present, all except looking after four little girls whom I have had a long time.

I had a happy time at the Hospital. It is so nice beginning visiting there again. My London doctor did not wish me to go into work, so Mother lets me do very little, but

visiting the Hospital cannot be called work, it is only spending a pleasant hour reading or singing, perhaps, as in this case, to very interesting people. The three men gave me such a welcome. Stericher, the old countryman, was an old Hospital friend of mine. Our reading yesterday was from three numbers of *The Gleaner*—really thrilling bits about the Christians of Uganda—partly from Bishop Tucker's accounts. It was delightful to see the interest the men (with the exception of poor old Stericher, who is deaf) took in the reading, and how they seemed to be struck with the fact that in Uganda a man will readily do anything for a new Testament ! . . . It gives one a new idea in that way—viz. reading missionary papers in Hospitals . . .

Poor old Stericher is so deaf that my best way of making him hear is to sing a hymn close to his ear.

I wrote to Miss Fanny Patteson and one other letter.

On *Wednesday, Nov. 25th*, early visit from Kate and Alice to show the crosses and wreath they had made for Uncle Archie's grave. Helped to pack Alice's. Mother and I were out most of the morning hunting for a house for Aunt Minnie. Afternoon drove with Mother to the Home, read *The Times* in the carriage while she went in. Went with her to call on the new clergyman's family at the Vicarage (Prebendary Knox Fletcher). We saw only his wife and two daughters, but were amused to find that they came from Whittlebury in Northamptonshire, a few miles from Wappenham, and that they know Courteenhall

Flo and I went to the six o'clock little service at the Hospital—so simple and nice.

Friday, Nov. 27th. I had a singing lesson at home ; then a visit from Cissy Bower and Miss St. Quintin ; then I went to the Hospital where the patients were at tea, so had talk with Sister Adelaide about *girls* ; she feels so sorry that the work for them at the Girls' Lodging House should be so purely secular : (if what she hears is true). She thinks

that providing people with interests and entertainments with a view of raising them, but without Christ, is giving them stones instead of bread.

Saturday, Nov. 28th. Much out with Mother, for I did not like her being out by herself, as she sometimes has giddy attacks in cold weather. We had some fun over buying warm underclothing for her. Mother and I met Aunt Minnie by the afternoon train. She looked so sad—poor little thing.

Dec. 5th, Saturday. It poured with rain and I again missed Mr. Faithfull's prayer-meeting—was so sorry.

On *Sunday, Nov. 29th* a very solemn and awful thing happened. Mother and I were in Christ Church at morning service. In the middle of the service the head curate, Mr. White, was called out, and came back with an awe-struck face. Mother noticed. He whispered a good deal to the other curate. Then someone came for Miss Woodall, and she went out of church. We were told by the verger after service that Mr. Knox Fletcher had died suddenly in the vestry of St. Mary's Church before the service began. Only one week since he preached the sermon at Christ Church that struck me so much! His poor wife was at St. Martin's, and they could not find her until the service was over, but watched for her and stopped her as she came out, so that she would not meet the stretcher carrying home her dead husband.

Mother went to the Vicarage at once. The poor daughter had walked up with him to St. Mary's, and he had seemed quite well then. He leaves a family of, I think, thirteen. Two other sons were drowned some months ago. Mother had such a nice letter from Mrs. Knox Fletcher shortly before they left Scarborough last Wednesday, and at her wish went to visit them again and say good-bye to them. Mrs. Knox Fletcher said in her letter how glad she was that he had died in His Master's Service. He was at the early

service at Christ Church I hear. I wonder if that chilled him. Augusta Woodall had been impressed with his earnest manner at the service. Mr. White made a very solemn reference in the evening sermon, where he took the place that should have been occupied by him who was called away to the occurrence.

1892

Friday, Nov. 11th. Lovely day. In the morning I arranged flowers, a good deal of practising for my singing master and other little things. Aunt Georgie and Alice to luncheon. Then singing lesson, short walk, G.F.S. meeting at 3.30, returned to find Aunt Blanche, and Ida and George. Quiet time. Mother had gone to Home service and I started in the dark to go and see poor Mr. Dale, but met Sister Adelaide on my way, who was coming to Mother about her poor Mother being near the end and how she soon wanted to go to her again. We walked to Mr. Dale's house and back here (he did not see me) and had a chat over the fire till Mother came in. Dear Sister Adelaide talked to me about the *lads* who come to the Iron Room. One poor man in the Hospital, who had seemed very much hardened, has now come to God. The lads had Henry Adams to teach them something the other night. Afterwards when they began their prayers together one of the poor lads prayed for the young gentleman who had been with them (a very shy boy this young gentleman was !) and asked that the Lord would stand by him in temptation. It must have touched him, and Sister Adelaide heard his distinct " Amen " at the end of the poor lad's prayer.

Yesterday I went to the Hospital for the first time lately —we had been avoiding King Street on account of some cases of smallpox which had occurred there. There is now a good deal of smallpox in the town ; also so many cases of rabies occurred that all the dogs are muzzled. The tailor

of Marshall and Snelgrove, who had a number of hands under him, died of black smallpox and was buried at night.

Saturday, Nov. 12th. To-day Mother had a telegram from Aunt Georgie Thomas saying that Uncle Charlie had slight fever and asking for lodgings for Lucy, Mary, and the maid. They arrived in Scarborough in the afternoon and were taken by George Bradbury to their lodgings 29 Esplanade, where the woman agreed to receive them. It is scarlet fever, mild. Mother's cousin by marriage, Mr. Buchanan, with his two daughters came to see us. They are staying with the Whites.

Wednesday, Nov. 16th. Yesterday the Bishop and Edith had luncheon with us before leaving for York, which I suppose some or all of them did to-day. On Monday Mr. and Lady Gertrude Foljambe—nice old-fashioned people, Mr. Denison, Mr. Arthur Duncombe, and George had luncheon with us.

Saturday. Yesterday both George and Sister Adelaide came in during the evening—the latter telling us that her mother was worse—and her father-in-law had had another stroke ; and she felt she ought to go home as soon as she could settle things a little at the Hospital. Sister Lydia we hope is going to help—meanwhile poor Sister Maggie is taken ill with rheumatic fever.

Last night I went to the Home Service with Mother—nice.

On Friday Mrs. Hedley and I went to the Hospital to visit the patients. It is so nice getting there again, for we have been kept away long on account of the smallpox in King Street. Mrs. Hedley was much touched by a poor patient man in the Hospital who cannot get better, but is now quite ready to go or stay ! He would have nothing to do with the message of Christ a short time ago, but has quite changed latterly. Sister Adelaide finds her lads very lazy about self-improvement—they don't care to use their

brains, and in this she finds such a difference between them and her boys in London who had been thieves, etc. They were much more ready to learn.

This afternoon I drove with Mother to the Home, then with Mrs. Hedley—then to visit Alice who was in bed—walked back in time for tea, then Mother, Mrs. Hedley, and I drove to the little meeting in the room adjoining Holy Trinity Church—*very* nice. Mr. Faithfull's address was on Christ, the Bread of Life.

Evening church. Strange sermon—I do not know who the preacher was. (Mr. Honey.)

30*th Nov.* The last few days have seemed very full; and Tiny, who has come to stay, is a dear girl, and so kind and helpful about Aunt Minnie who is staying with us for a few days before going into her new house (Lord Raincliffe's house, close to Wood End) which she has taken for a bit. Mother, Tiny, and I went over one morning to arrange the drawing-room there—there was the journeying across with china, sewing sofa-cover on the floor, and watching the pictures hung.

To-day Tiny and I were much taken up with Aunt Minnie in the early morning, and I took Aunt M. a walk on the Foreshore road—such a lovely frosty morning—a change after the mild winter weather we have been having. We talked of many things; and again she seemed to want to know about Mr. Cox's little address to the Marshall and Snelgrove's girls on the woman who touched the hem of His garment. When we came in, dear Tiny was taking the little reading with Nelly Ingham. We had to arrange for a carriage drive which Mother had proposed for us; and we took Nelly Ingham with us. Before we started Leckly told me of a telegram which Mother has received about Uncle Charlie—that he was not so well and another doctor had been sent for. Poor Mother had taken Aunt Minnie and gone on to the old doctor. We tried to see her

first to see if the carriage could take her to the South Cliff and also went to Wood End.

Poor Mother has so many troubles just now: Aunt Minnie and Aunt F. ill; Aunt Puss very, very far from well; the anxiety about Uncle Charlie—the constant trouble of seeing poor Mr. Dale in his sad state; having had to give warning to G. B., so sad after years of faithful service, and other anxieties such as a girl at the Home having gone out of her mind.

We had three unexpected people to luncheon the other day—Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, who is clever like her very clever father; and Aunt Blanche. We had a warm discussion on social subjects. Mother was very sorry afterwards that Aunt B. had been to Mrs. Besant's Lecture.

Friday the 9th. Wednesday was the "Quiet Day" in this Parish. Went in the evening for Mother to Holy Trinity Church to be present at the baptism of one of the Home girls, Minnie—very nice, impressive service.

Sat. 10th. Aunt Minnie, May Worsley, and Miss Garnett (who has returned to Aunt M.) to luncheon. After tea Mother and I went to the little meeting conducted by Mr. Faithfull—very, very nice and helpful again. He spoke on Is. xliii. The new curate and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ravenhart, called. He had given up a living in Ireland. She is cousin to Lord Trevor. They seem very nice people. Their little son calls the Bishop "Daddy Bunt"!

The telegram from Hemsworth this evening says, "Dr. Robart been, slightly more encouraging." We hear that the nurse objected to Aunt Georgie being so much in the sick-room, so Aunt Georgie, one can think with what quiet dignity and graciousness, said: "I have sent for you to thank you for the noble way in which you have come forward to help us in our trouble, and to say that the carriage is quite at your disposal to take you to whatever

train you wish to leave by." The nurse did *not* leave ; but I should think gave no further trouble in that way.

Sister Adelaide's mother has gone and we hope soon for the return of the former. Sister Maggie's health broke down and she had to leave. Sister Lydia is remaining in her place.

I have written to Bessie Wardlaw Ramsey begging her to come and stay with us and help us in our work at Mother's wish, as the former is not yet allowed to return to her mission work. She has been working at Acre.

Monday. Sir Henry Pennell, Aunt Minnie, and Miss Garnett had luncheon with us yesterday Christmas Day, and we gave each other gifts in the Far Library after. I don't seem to remember ever being such a small party for Christmas before. Church and visited the Miss Pringles afterwards. Dear old Aunt Emily Pringle, I am so fond of her ! Quiet evening with Mother—we sang many hymns together after tea.

Tuesday, George came to us for a little visit.

Dec. 31st. George with us still (he left us and went to the Grand Hotel for the two balls). Continued good accounts from Hemsworth—very good indeed. *He* is recovering his power of speech.

BALLAD OF HUNT'S BAY

It was a grey and ghoulish day;
The rocks were hidden or taken to pray,
But the "Maid of Ireland" kept her way.

The Sabbath! A tree-log lying at rest;
A flying priest under each white crest;
A searcher under the raven's nest.

The waters ran white in their shivering bands,
Baring their teeth, tore streams to strands.
Oystercatchers screamed on the sands.

The wrack was crowded with bundles of straw,
Jettisoned palliasse, planks, and raw
Ropes entangled with wing and claw.

Galloping grains, O dark sea-dint,
A black stick holds my eyes intent,
In a moment spanning the ocean footprint.

"Who are you, Sir? What found you here?"
"I am Sir Vulture, to bring you cheer.
I sing this song to the hermit's ear."

A flash in the shell and he was gone:
Sea-horse and rider of horse were one,
But the "Maid of Ireland" still kept on.

Sucked by bells, the shingle ground
Out of the ebb a deathlike sound
Of nail-torn sea-wood, bones of the drowned.

Seagulls rose, and their shadows cried;
"He that spoke and was at your side
Lied not. Wait for another tide."

Day is shrunk to a bubbling seed.
Double your back to the smell of the weed.
Black in the pool the wet planks bleed.

Youth reflowers in an earlier mould.
Stones and pebbles are smoothed and rolled.
Seabirds are scouring the beach for gold.

Scrabbled bark, and a bone picked clean;
Two sharp rocks and a log between.
Under the surface, hands unseen.

Fingers picking the holes of the coast,
Riddling water, their needle is lost;
They quiver about us, ah haunting host!

Many timbers, many and one.
A host of fears in the rising sun.
Near me the circling waters run.

Under the stupefying wave
A limpet's pyramid grips their grave.
Flat ghosts in sackcloth crawl through the cave.

Hands closed on the tasks they did.
Skill is asleep in the light of the lid,
And the fast green waves have something hid.

Floating there, where rings of the pool
Unwind for ever their wonder's spool,
Are wooden parts of the sunken tool.

Under the drifting wood they walk.
Foundered machinery thrusts a stalk.
Screws scraping sand grind dead men's talk.

Bewildered spray and a broken vow.
Silk of the pool, is it then or now?
The moon is milking the old sea-cow.

And bitter and black and smart and cold
Is the tar on the stinging wood I hold,
Stained with a word no stars foretold.

A hiss, a flash, and a weed blown back.
How can a voice come out of a sack,
Or breath from pieces of wood gone black?

Voices, inch-shallow, I mark and miss.
The cormorant flies from them. Cold shells hiss.
Land shudders back from the dead's white kiss.

He crosses the water a second late,
Flees with his shadow, low and straight,
And the shadow touches his wings like fate.

"O cross the water, far and wide,"
Cries the floating wood, and the breath inside,
"Fly to my mother—my lost, my bride."

"O cross the water to cupboard and hod,
To loaf and cup," sings the breath of a god
Through the broken stick, my divining-rod.

And blind with fury the sea runs in,
Nailing their hands to a rustgold tin,
Guilty, and white with the breath of men.

"Maid of Ireland," unseen Maid,
Why is the pulse in my hand afraid
To touch the sea-wood, soaked with dread?

Stunned, the oystercatchers escape
White from the rock, like birds in sleep.
There is no secret the rocks can keep.

What pebbled town where the sea-log lies,
Sees the morning founder in their eyes?
Is there a book to keep their sighs?

Sighs of sailors, lusty, strong,
Tossed to the boomerang beat of a gong,
Lost in the fall of the curlew's song.

True is the teak and the pitchpine, true
The wood of the hatch, and every screw.
The sea spits white the curse of the crew.

And long, long after, caught in a cleft,
A slumbering mammoth of wood is left,
Eyeless, limbless, dumb and deaf.

Spirit laid in the long dumb wood,
Floundering, sleeping, left by the flood,
Ride the white horse through the ninth wave's hood.

Ride till you come where men are cast
To a music binding Future and Past
Heard by Ulysses, lashed to the mast.

" Who are you, Sir? What brings you here,
Looming out of the path they steer?"
—" Cover your eyes. Their hour is near."

I hold in my hands the broken stick,
And the voice in the fork cries out, " Be quick!"
—" Be slow. I, too, have a bone to pick."

Who in the mist at my elbow stands?
O blenched waters, crystal sands.
—"I launch them out of your waking hands.

I am the bone the salt winds bleach.
Me the widows of hope beseech.
I am the rope that did not reach."

Who is it flies
Blinding my eyes,
In a moment spanning the ocean footprint?
Stick, stick,
Broken stick,
Why do you breathe? Why do you glint?

"I see a chain of white hands thrown,
But the voice in your fingers is your own.
Leave me. Let me lie on a stone."

And I fling the broken stick away
With the world and the ocean under its sway;
And silence pulls the thunders away.

VERNON WATKINS

LANGUAGE IN EXILE

By JOHN URZIDIL

I

AFTER HIS RETURN from France to America, Julian Green, in two essays,[1] dealt with the two problems which inevitably confront authors who are transplanted into a foreign linguistic environment. The one arises when the author makes an attempt to write in another than his mother tongue. The other evolves when he is dependent upon the expedient of translation. The two problems are connected in so far as in the first case the author himself assumes the responsibility of being his own translator.

Having been born in Paris as the son of American parents, Julian Green learnt English ever since he was a child; but he received a French education, so that French constitutes his natural linguistic element. This was not altered by the fact that, when a lad, he studied for two years in America. Nevertheless, most of the European authors who are to-day living in the English-reading world would consider themselves lucky if they could write English as brilliantly as this distinguished French writer. However, upon examination of the possibilities left to an author amidst a foreign linguistic world, even Green indicates that it is as much as impossible to continue existing as a writer in another language; that the original language of an author is jeopardized in a most alarming manner by the new language —which fact, however, does not enable him to pertain by his writings to the new language; that, for an author, the original language contains the real designations, whereas those of the new language always remain " unreal "; " that it is almost an impossibility to be absolutely bilingual." When he intended to write in English the same book which

1 " An Experiment in English," *Harper's Magazine*, Sept. 1941. " Translation and the Field of Scripture," *The American Scholar*, vol. ii, No. 1, 1942.

he had planned in French, Green saw that he was writing something entirely different and that it was as if he were no longer the same person. His commentary is apt to distract greatly any author who sees occasion to work in a foreign linguistic medium. The reading world, however, feels that translations are indispensable, even if the ideal of perfection is not attained.

By nature every author is tied to the instrument of language; indeed, it may be said that he himself is that instrument, that he himself is the language. For the author, the problem of the public that speaks a foreign language consists not only in the fact that the foreign language is the means by which those people understand each other, that it represents the involuntary solidarity of a sociological entity, but also in the fact that the language is the means by which man understands himself. Moreover, that public has already its own native authors who are well acquainted with it and with whom it is well acquainted. The author who comes from outside is of an additive quality and needs to furnish far more conclusive proofs of his requisiteness for that public than does the indigenous.

Charles Sealsfield—Karl Postl from Moravia—who passed the essential period of his life in America, became an enthusiastic American in heart, mind, and persuasion, and had full command of the language, nevertheless remained a German writer in his character and nature, and wrote his main works in German. The case of Adalbert Chamisso resembles somewhat that of Julian Green. Although born in France, Chamisso came to Germany as a boy of nine, and his poetic personality was formed entirely of German substance. It is true, Joseph Conrad, the son of Polish parents, learnt the English language when he was already twenty-one, but became a writer only when he was a man of thirty-two after he had gone through a protracted English evolution. He had not made his debut previously as a

Polish writer, but began as an English one, in that language through which his thinking in terms of literature had acquired organic structure. Rainer Maria Rilke wrote French poems, it is true, but one can hardly attribute to them any significance for the language of Verlaine and Baudelaire, and nobody will question the German quality of Rilke's poetical personality.

Only by writing in his specific and individual language, by shaping and forming it, moulding it anew, word by word, sentence by sentence, every day and every hour, is one a poet, a writer. He who avails himself of the finished language remains a dabbler. Therefore, there is hardly anyone who could feel more deeply the sad fortune of exile than the poet within the space of a foreign language. What he may adopt of the foreign language, of its spirit and content, he cannot amalgamate with his spirituality to produce creative performances, it cannot become the substratum of poetical imaginations. For it is not given to him to help in the creating of the foreign language since the pertinent presupposition is inconceivable; namely, the co-existence of two linguistic flairs, or the feasibility of substituting one linguistic flair for another.

"As to a country," says Friedrich Ernst Daniel Schleiermacher,[1] one of the masters of German art of translation, "so to one language or another, man must resolve to pertain, or else he drifts, suspended, in an unpleasing medium." However, such a resolution regarding the language is not within the power of man, even if he would exert his will to the extreme. In order to be able to become a writer in a foreign language, one would have to change into a completely different being, into an integral member of that lingual space with its entire present, historical, geographical, and social continuity. One would have to

1 "Ueber die verschiedenen Methoden des Uebersetzens." Abhandlungen der Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften, 1816.

pertain to the new linguistic landscape, just as to the new weights of the words and the syllables, and to the whole metaphysical system of that language. The elementary experience in childhood of the active transition from the stage of speechlessness to the first formations of articulation and thence the organic cellular growth of the form of speech out of these amorphous primary formations occurs but once and cannot be repeated. It is, as it were, absurd to assume that the import of such a process could be achieved as well, let alone be substituted, by a later conscious grafting of a foreign ready-made idiom. " No noble work of imagination," says Macaulay,[1] " as far as we recollect, was ever composed by any man, except in a dialect which he had learned without remembering where or when, and which he had spoken with perfect care before he had ever analysed its structure. Romans of great abilities wrote Greek verses, but how many of those verses have deserved to live ? Many men of eminent genius have, in modern times, written Latin poems, but, as far as we are aware, none of those poems, not even Milton's, can be ranked in the first class of art, or even very high in the second."

II

There is an Italian proverb which calls every " Traduttore " simply a " Traditore ". He who would consider this pun as too cruel, be advised that even those authors who give directions and rules for the correct way of translating cannot avoid being seized with misgivings. On the whole, they make merely helpless attempts at establishing principles of translation, while, as all of them implicitly confess, real translating is not to be learned, and the genuine translator, like the poet, conceives his own rules. The

[1] Thomas Babington Macaulay, Critical and Historical Essays, vol. 2, *Frederic the Great.*

translator must not only master two languages, but he must also be at home equally in both spiritual spaces. It does not suffice, in order to accomplish this, to have studied the development and the character of a people. It requires the physical and spiritual association of many years' standing, a growing along with that of the organism and with the fate of a nation, an ingrained sympathy with all its manners of reacting. Language is a " Gestaltsqualitat ", the relations and ratios of which cannot be simply transposed unto the conditions of another language. The scope of phenomena suggested by the allegedly equivalent word differs in each language; indeed, the concrete basic significance of a word frequently varies in different languages as to its emotional and imaginative connotations.

A striking instance of the incongruence of different languages is offered by the Chinese idiom where there are no terms for the ideas of " God " and " create ". Consequently, already the first verse of the Vulgate, that is, of the Pentateuch, can by no means be translated into Chinese as Christian missionaries would have it. For this reason, in 1848, Sir George Staunton meant to come to their assistance by a special publication, " An Inquiry into the proper mode of rendering the word God in translating the Sacred Scriptures into the Chinese." A collation of various translations of the Bible offers an interminable number of instances of linguistic discrepancies. The diverging modes of abstraction of the various nations and of their languages, and the specific tendency of the associations within each individual linguistic world give rise to the complicated problem of the synonyms. The use of the subjunctive mood, for instance, the conditional clause, the accumulation of adjectives and the interlacing of relative clauses is typical of German. Thus the German style—in contradistinction to the English—acquires something vague and suspended. The Greeks have the gnomic aorist, and the Romans have

brachylogy to disconcert the translator. Slavonic languages know of masculine, feminine, and neuter forms of inflexion of the verb and similar typification of the adjective. In their specific quality, these are as little transposable into other languages as, for instance, the diversity of gender of the articles of German nouns. The moon is masculine in German, the boat is neuter, whereas in English both are feminine. Such fundamentally different ways of feeling are not immaterial to the problem of adequate translations. And above all, how about the tonal rhythm of a language which is by no means a detached æsthetic fact?

Thus, a merely approximate quality will adhere almost always to the transposition of a literary work into a foreign linguistic medium. The crude form of the concrete will be somewhat retained. The radiation of the soul, on the other hand, the warmth born from feeling, upon which so much depends, will find but a highly inadequate correspondingness. The secret of the effect upon the reader, finally, remains wholly inaccessible. For the foreign reader, in turn, with his entirely different coefficients of inner radiation and temperature, has a different approach. The synthesis of author and reader, that is, the effect of the work, occurs in each nation under different circumstances. Thinking and dreaming, laughing and crying, all come to pass under different conditions. What seems insipid to the Frenchman is considered romantic by the American. What excites the German may leave an Englishman cold. Thus the real art of translation presupposes not only a linguistic and psychological basis but to an equal extent a physiological one, it requires congruence and congeniality in all respects. There are but very rare moments in which an author may be blest so as to satisfy these requirements. The Czech translator Otokar Fischer, who himself was a distinguished poet and to whom the Czech nation owes a number of masterly translations, says in an article " On the

translation of poetical works " (Prague, 1929): " In order to render on a violin a composition written for the organ, it must be played as if it had been composed for the violin." However, the unseverable union of a composition with the instrument appointed is a condition *sine qua non*. To play an organ fugue by Bach on the violin would mean to detract the essence of Bach. Likewise, singers with artistic taste will always sing *Lieder* in the language for which they were originally composed. " To no single word in a language," says Schleiermacher, " does a word in another correspond exactly, no mode of inflexion of the one comprises exactly the same variety of relations as any one in the other. The system of ideas and of their symbols differs, and the stems of the words, instead of coinciding and being parallel, intersect in the oddest directions." Perfect translations are to Schleiermacher " miracles ". When the translator says to the reader, " Here I am offering you the book as the man would have written it, if he had written in German," the reader may answer, " I am as much obliged to you as if you had brought me the man's portrait showing what he would look like if his mother had begotten him with another father." The correctness of this reasoning of Schleiermacher's may be inferred from the various translations of an identical work which usually differ even more than the portraits of the identical man or the representations of the identical landscape done by different painters. Alexander Fraser Tytler [1] who behaves as if good translations were possible and believes to be able to quote examples, declares, " that he only is perfectly accomplished for the duty of translation who possesses a genius akin to that of the original author." Tytler makes exorbitant demands, " A good translation to be that in which the merit of the original work is so completely transfused into another

[1] Alexander Fraser Tytler Lord Woodhouselee, *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, 1790.

language, as to be as distinctly apprehended and as strongly felt by a native of the country to which that language belongs as it is by those who speak the language of the original work. . . A poet eminent as an original author in his own country may fail remarkably in attempting to convey by translation, an idea of the merits of a foreign work which is tinctured by the national genius of the country which produced it."

In 1530, in his *Epistle on Interpretation*, Martin Luther had already reasoned similarly as to the essentials in the business of translating: "Interpreting is not the art of every one. It requires a truly pious, faithful, diligent, fearful, Christian, learned, experienced, skilled heart." Notice, he says "heart", not knowledge or intellect. Although his translation of the Bible surpassed the Vulgate as respects exactness, he remained dissatisfied with it until his end, and when praying he used the Latin text of the psalms in the anguish of his soul. In antiquity Cicero, too, in his translations from the Greek had come to similar conclusions, and in "De opt. gen. oratorum" he formulated his view to the effect that he had translated "non ut interpres sed ut orator", that he avoided to translate "verbum pro verbo . . . sed genus omnium verborum vimque servavi". The word "vis" contains just that irrational factor which makes the translator the "poet's poet" (as the German poet Novalis expresses himself in his *Fragments* with regard to the subject of translation). At the time when the European national languages were insufficiently developed terminologically, precisely in order to avoid the improprieties of translation, one availed oneself of Latin for scientific and philosophical purposes as a kind of Esperanto of common technical comprehensibility for the learned world. French, too, at times played that part. Therefore, philosophers like Spinoza and Grotius wrote Latin while Leibniz wrote French. In the era of Humanism,

Latin also served many a poet as an international Language not exposed to the disfavour of translation.

As Ulrich von Wilamowitz Moellendorff, a noted German authority in the field of translation,[1] was taking his final examination for the doctor's degree, his professor, Moritz Haupt, made him read a long sequence of verses by Lucretius. When Wilamowitz was about to begin translating, Haupt said, " All right. We both understand, but we both cannot translate it." Later Wilamowitz tellingly designated translating as " metempsychosis ". This metaphysical definition contrasts with everything that has been, and still is being, offered to us as translation in the form of a " reversed tapestry " as Cervantes called it. Every metre is determined by the language, for language and verse belong together. Thus an essential rhythmic element is excluded from the range of the direct possibilities of translation. Tennyson made fun of the hexameter as follows :—

" These lame hexameters the strong wing'd music of Homer !
No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses in England ?
When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon ?
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters."

Goethe, in 1823, asserted to Eckermann : " When one wants to express the striking monosyllabic words of the English people with the polysyllabic or compound German ones, all force and effect is immediately lost."

Hilaire Belloc, treating of the various rules of the method of translation, cannot but state that " translators of excellence are rare as poets ". He declares, " Only in his own language can a man make a permanent thing. . . . There are no such things as exact equivalents between two terms in two different languages . . . I can recall no case

1 " Was ist Uebersetzen ? " *Reden und Vortrage*, vol. i, 1925.
2 " On Translation," *The Bookman*, vol. 74.

that a bilingual person has ever been known to make a good translation ". Concerning the fixation of the author on his mother tongue and the unity of the language with the literary form, that is, the unity also with the contents, the following remark of Belloc is worthy of note: " Anatole France refused to learn any foreign living tongue lest his style in French should suffer." Schiller, too, regarding his reading English, said to Henry Crabb Robinson: " I am convinced that one cannot read much in foreign languages without losing that fine tact with regard to the knowledge of the power of words which is essential to literary expression." The matter of concern is the same menace which was experienced by Julian Green. The author lives in a creative relationship to the language, being on the one hand in its power, whereas on the other he procreates and shapes it. Although Belloc gives practical instructions to translators, he intimates his nihilistic doubts as to the feasibility of perfect renderings. For though the demand that " translated things should read like first-class native things " is derived from the correct assumption that every translation belongs to the domain of that language into which it is being made, if Belloc's own directions are carried out that demand can be fulfilled only by a " poet's poet ". So, in the end, one arrives at Belloc's general conclusion, " One should abandon the effort to translate the untranslatable."

Sometimes one may hear that " this translation is even better than the original ". But that precisely is what it should not be. To shoot beyond the mark is as inappropriate as to fall short of it. The best that could be said of translations is that they approach their originals to the same extent as an infinite decimal number approaches infinity. Without ever being able to actually reach it, it carries the horizontal eight, the symbol of infinity.

For the rest we must put up with the fact that translation

is a form of export of feelings, conceptions, thoughts, recognitions, and ideas, that through this export, a considerable part of the essence of these values goes astray, is spoiled, or undergoes changes; that again, a considerable portion of what happily reaches the other shore is misunderstood by the recipients, felt differently and used wrongly; that the author may thus exert an influence by something which he never intended while he may remain without influence in something which may be the best part of his production; that a translated work—to use another trope—is given away like a daughter whom you marry to a strange man and who henceforth belongs to a strange sphere; that it has been detached from the individuality of its procreator and from its linguistic home country who must resign their inherent rights.

Translating is an ethical function. Every nation has so much connection with the world as it absorbs foreign values and gives off of its own. The more this balance is equilibrated, the better for those involved. Thus, translating must be. And since, unfortunately, emigration always implies loss beyond expression, why shouldn't the emigration of literary works? On the other hand, emigration can mean an immense enrichment, too. It is the task of the author to detect within his own language that secret idiom of common humanity which finds like correspondence in the depth of all foreign languages. In that idiom, as far as possible he must compose.

(*Translated by Moina M. Kallir*)

A CONSIDERATION OF MISS EDITH SITWELL'S "GREEN SONG"

By GORDON BOTTOMLEY

IN THIS AGE, which has dragged its anchors and moves on an uncertain course with a shifted cargo, Poetry, like most other things, is uncertain of its direction, its purpose, even its nature. Although it is the highest achievement of the two thousand years or so of historical Britain, and more nearly like a superhuman work than anything else which humans have done, many of its contemporary devotees are confused as to its nature. They believe it needs vitalizing, and they hope to achieve this by creating it from different materials, or by denying the technical essentials which brought it into being. Some of their edifices suggest those erections of crude materials upon ancient altars of Baal which did not attract the descending fires that could harmonize them by flame. They look to newer themes to supply those needful qualities which poets have always known they must look for within themselves —and which some still know among these dark tormented years. On these latter, who also know the validity of an art is connected with its inheritances and continuity, depends its persistence. That Miss Sitwell is one of these is clearer with every succeeding volume: with *Street Songs* (1942) and this new volume [1] she would take major rank in richer ages than this.

As with at least one great composer, she first manifested her gift in the *Scherzo*, the *Capriccio*: though these were authentic, her elders were alarmed by their tricky spirit, and held that, like the Lady in Milton, Comus threatened her—and the parallel was all the more agreeable because two noble Youths accompanied her. But these timid people

[1] *Green Song and Other Poems.* Edith Sitwell. Macmillan. 5*s.*

failed to notice that, when words left her pen, they had a look of being newly created, with the dew or the light of star or dawn on them, and in use for the first time: while her capricious measures were full of rhythmic virtue, and sure-footedness in its pursuit. (This became all the more sure later when they lived still more eagerly in her own utterance.) When *Troy Park* and the *Elegy for Dead Fashions* followed, that earlier neo-Georgian sedateness could not deny an earnestness, equal to its own, among the *scherzi*—along with something more that had been lately lost, the dawn of an intimation that in Troy Park a stately pleasure-dome had newly been decreed, where with music strange and new one would build that dome in air; and where among statues swathed from Winter's harm Dead Fashions could live again within hearing of Xanadu.

The volumes that followed continued these explorations of the poet's own mind in others of its demesnes; with additional unexpected developments which yet, in retrospect, are seen to have been inevitable. With tomes of untidy blank prose fluttering in the winds of fashion all about her, Miss Sitwell put her faith in technical integrity while exploring syllabic and rhythmic possibilities. The devices she has made her own are so much her own that their significance increases as her purposes change: quite early in her work, and not at all haphazardly, she conceived an intensification of expression by repeating from one poem to another some satisfying line which had facets to its beauty, or had been charged with varied significance. At first, this produced an effect of formal beauty somewhat in the nature of the refrain of a ballad—or of such an instance of larger poetic organization as Tennyson's "Œnone": but as her powers of design deepened to her present high-water marks in *Green Song* (and their adumbration in the concluding pages of *Street Songs*—especially in the most moving final piece "An Old Woman,"

which matches itself with " A Mother To Her Dead Child " in the newer volume), these significant echoes take on a larger and more pervasive function in the larger structure, and give an aspect of conscious symphonic design whenever in these volumes the " Songs " of their titles assume elegiac proportions and become soliloquy or meditation.

It is this quality which differentiates " Green Song " from its companion, the earlier " Street Song ", where the lyric quality was lighter and, by its very brevity, more of a flight. In this maturing of salient poetic creativeness the wings are never absent long, none the less : it might indeed be said of Miss Sitwell, in Wither's words, " As she makes wing she gets power " ; and here, more than ever, she looks within herself, and to her own apprehensions of external and internal life, for her themes. In her own phrase " the heat of the earth And beat of the heart are one ".

This is indeed so, in " Green Song " ; everywhere in its most notable pages the beat of the heart is apprehended, pervasive, extended to external nature, giving a subjective quality to objective things—with implications of far-reaching and searching mystic sensibility.

This latter facet of this poetry has the movement of rising flame ; and a deep lucidity, that calls to mind some image of an Eastern divinity, in solid crystal, through which can be seen light alone, and not material things ; and at another time an incandescence that is at the heart of flame—yet an incandescence of the spirit that must speak in symbols. Miss Sitwell's symbols are constants—the Lion and his Lioness ; and all golden things, armour, women, corn ; and green things that share with golden things the essence of life, which comes from the golden sun—but also the opposites of these things, that are of the lifeless light of the moon, the Skeleton, and its black covering, the final bone that is the fundament of human

nature. And of mortality's divinities, too: it is of Venus and mortal perfection that she writes

" even her bone can no more stand upright
" But leans as if it thirsted—"

The bone has as heart-disturbing an influence on her apprehension as it had on Donne's—

" That eternal truth the Bone
Laid bare by Death—"
" the poor Dead for whom the Spring
Is cold . . ."
" And my love, that white lady, is but a thin white bone."

Even Venus, " that was the world's desire " (in the piece which may be thought the most mind-searching of these impressive poems) when

" the first soundless wrinkles fall like snow
On many a golden cheek,"
" knows the anguish of the bone
Deserted by all love."

But

" The old unchanging memory of the bone—
That porphyry whence grew the Summer rose,
teaching the dust that it is holy,"

carries the pervasive promise of these " Green Songs ", of renewal, " And Death the pain of earth turning to Spring again ": the Summer roses that

" care not for our philosophies
Of life and death, knowing the earth's forgiveness."

That " thin white bone " is sometimes something connected with night and seen in its thin white light which is moonlight. But moonlight's source is sunlight—left behind by

" the Abraham-bearded Sun, the father of all things
". . . shouting of ripeness over our harvest—"
" The Sun Whose Body was spilt on our fields to bring us harvest,"
" the ear of wheat to the Lost Men
Who asks the city stones if they are bread,"

" the crumb
" For the starving bird "

that is

" part of the broken Body
of Christ Who forgives us—He with the bright Hair
—The Sun Whose Body was spilt on our fields to bring us harvest."

From poem to poem these musical themes transmit themselves, transforming in new surroundings while maintaining a ground-bass of consciousness of the poet's unresting purpose, her apprehensions of the life of the spirit in the body of man and earth alike.

" Invocation," " One Day In Spring," " Harvest," are the main poems with this symphonic interest; but " O Dionysus ", " Green Flows The River of Lethe ", " O Yet Forgive ", briefer and more explicitly lyrical, remember the fuller music newly over, and make it insistent again in echoing it—as " O Bitter Love, O Death ", " Lo, This Is She " does with " The World's Desire ".

Quotation may appear unnecessary in these pages where the poems themselves, in a number of cases, were first seen inviolate; yet there are some passages which must be set down again if anything like an adequate depiction of this illuminating and illuminated book is to be given. " Invocation " is " for a rebirth of faith and of wonder ", " when spring begins To the sound of the heart and the planetary rhythm ";

" For a darker rain to cool the delirium of gold
And wash the sore of the world,"

against

" The gossips of mean Death . . .
The small and gilded scholars of the Fly
That feed upon the crowds and their dead breath
And buzz and stink where the bright heroes die . . ."

An Invocation, also, to light, that

" Tells to that little child the humble dust
Tales of the old world's holiness ";

and to Love, to

> " return to the dying world, as the light
> Of morning, shining in all regions, latitudes
> And households of high heaven in the heart,"

and to primal Law, to

> " Rule then the spirit working in dark earth
> As the Sun and Planets rule the husbandman."

And when the night of the world falls, an Invocation to the " Spirit moving upon the waters " to

> " Bring peace to the famine of the heart and lips "—

to

> " Be then the sleep
> When Judas gives again the childish kiss
> That once his mother knew."

In contrast from that dead mother whose child had lived we turn to that other invocation, " A Mother To Her Dead Child," whose hands " push back the dark " that " is its nurse " : an invocation to

> " Return from your new mother
> The earth : she is too old for your little body,
> Too old for the small tendernesses, the kissings . . .
> " forgetting
> That children are restless like the small spring shadows " :

and neither " the huge pangs of winter ", nor " the spring's birth " will

> " lay your heart bare to my heart again
> In your small earthly dress."

Miss Sitwell writes, in her finest lyric that would be worthy of Donne's daughter or Crashaw's sister :

> " Said the Lion to the Lioness, ' When you are amber dust . . .
> Remember still the flowering of the amber blood and bone,
> The rippling of bright muscles like a sea,
> Remember the rose-prickles of bright paws
> Though we shall mate no more
> Till the fire of that sun the heart and the moon-cold bone are one.' "

And again

" Said the Sun to the Moon—' When you are but a lonely white crone,
And I, a dead king in my golden armour somewhere in a dark wood,
Remember only this of our hopeless love
That never till Time is done
Will the fire of the heart and the fire of the mind be one.' "

Yet when the mother holds her dead child in her breast while she can still speak to it, Time *is* done, and the heart and mind sink into one in the dying of fires.

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MR. DEFRESCO'S THOUGHTS BY DAY AND NIGHT

I

I HAD THIS hooded sleep to calm myself,
Bat folded in a cloister, curb of gold:
I too was intimate with such a world,
Once when the trees were young. Upon my shelf

The coloured books exclaim. "Here, see yourself,"
They say. "Here in our pages every feature
Is kindled to an intellectual flame.
Time is the night. The dawn light is the future."

And I, watching the little panting fire
Draw its sweet frescoes on the wall, declaim
A misery of words. Yet it is half
A dream—I am confounded by desire.

How cool the sheets that wrap me like a corpse
In everlasting sleep! How dry my lips!

II

This is an epic of my foolishness,
My foolish life. Why should I live to please?
I see about me cataracts of disease,
In which men plunge to their unhappiness,

Unable or unwanting to be free.
Why should I free myself? That livid stream
Will bear me with it, willy-nilly. See,
How each evades the real with empty dream!

Why should not I dream too? The mind's conviction
Is strong in me; I have imagination

As great as theirs. I too see the relation
Of fact to fear, of truth to dereliction.

That walls and concepts crumble round us is
Self-evident. Why should I care at this?

III

Why should I seek another truth? I know
The way things are. Can they be otherwise?
I've seen the meek deception of soft eyes,
And felt a body in my arms, that glow

That seems the light of paradisal love.
What of it? I have read the murmurous
Lines of the poets; I know love is thus.
I also know the truth deceptions prove.

The chemical day turns on the night its beams;
They light the scruples on the pock-marked face.
They show the ugliness of half-embrace-
ing lovers, and they purify our dreams

O it is good to know the blackness white,
Clarified by this intellectual light.

IV

Beauty is ruth, ruth beauty—that is all
We need to learn. What colour holds the moon?
Remember how the brilliant nights of June
Deceived us; how beneath the shadow's pall

We carved an unreal world, and dug a tomb
For every intellectual hope. We died
Each night, to live each day again, denied
The truth of knowing what was in that room.

O room of poetry and subtle lights !
O window of despair ! The landscape glows
With such diffusion of light, with such delights,
Is it a wonder that our sorrow grows,

Held in captivity between dark doors,
To such a depth of anguish and remorse ?

V

But why should I be sorry ? Night is night.
All that we do in dark will dark become.
The future, sailing like a ship, is bright
With cargoes that will never reach their home.

I sat one day across a café table
From that divine person, the only girl ;
I loved the way her fashioned hair would curl.
I felt the hero of some timeless fable,

Wooing my only possible and fairest
Darling ; and yet her eyes that dwelt on me
Were clouded with despairs. It could not be,
Though we were meant for this, and day the clearest.

Those white and fleecy clouds, the night behind,
Turned fingers numb, longing and nature blind.

VI

Later I fought with crosswords desperately.
To solve the problem—that was all our aim.
Life had become a complicated game.
We gambled in the dark, excitedly.

But it was useless. Always that last clue
Evaded us. The perfect setting failed.

A chance word or an echoed thought defiled.
The present beauty, changed the perfect view.

I sent my mind on journeys to the north,
Where all was intellectually cold;
Yet still my heart remained in the deep south,
Warm in the furrows of its hopeless world.

These two, why should I care to reconcile?
I cannot be a wise man all the while.

VII

The stone owl, being wisdom, sits and stares
With calm grey eyes across my lofty room.
Lofty it is, tall are the walls, and stars
Brighten with points the vaulted ceiling's gloom.

I sit among black books, magicians' tomes,
And read my life by dark astrology.
The intellectual darkness barely flames
From these deep shadows shooting out at me.

The owl has glittering eyes, and cries with fierce
Abandon, suddenly. The walls revolve.
I am controlled by some aquatic force
That drowns my mind, and all my thoughts dissolve

In one dark welling wave of bitterness.
Such is our intellectual success!

VIII

It is not so much that the dream is gone,
As that it ever was. This knowledge mocks
The cynical, detached, prophetic one.
The calm boat suddenly, savagely rocks

And all that intellectual conceit
Is washed away, disastrous undertow.
The truth is undermined, the safe deceit
Disclosed for what it is. I do not know

Why it is so disturbing. Why should I,
Who realize the night is ill and dark,
Be so surprised at it. Why should I cry
To find that I, safe in my floating ark,

Ride across waves of terror and remose?
Am I not calm enough to keep my course?

IX

It is too true. My lips are dry. My sleep
Is as tempestuous as any man's. I have
Discovered the most final truth of love:
That, as the sea, it is both dark and deep

And in it live creatures monstrous and mad,
That only madmen could devise: that there
The human heart, lodged in a sweet despair,
Is everlastingly composed to sad

Disturbances. My cool sheets cannot calm.
How day by day the terrifying swarm
Of thoughts mounts into fury. Thus I am.
It is no use to march against the storm.

The fierce dark hail will strike me to the bone:
It is no use to boast I stand alone.

X

By night, by day I think. Why should I care?
Why not let things come easily, and laugh?

There is so much at which it's right to scoff,
So much that's funny. Yet I do not dare.

Why can I not take easy love and life?
The beauty of the morn, the dew on flowers,
Is complement to time, and it is ours.
It goes and comes again, and gives no grief.

Why not I too? So many lovely faces
Bespeak me, and so many gracious persons.
The world is full of miracles. Diversions
Of beauty loom in many different places.

Yet I remain bound to one constant pole.
O Intellectual Beauty! O Sensual Soul!

NICHOLAS MOORE
1944

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

THE ENGLISH AT TABLE. JOHN HAMPSON. Britain in Pictures Series. Collins. 4*s.* 6*d.*

IT HAS BECOME a commonplace to say that the authors of the books in this series perform miracles of condensation; but with this volume, one may take leave to doubt if Mr. Hampson has set about his condensing in quite the right way. He has fallen into the trap that snares so many writers on food, of quoting what famous authors have said on the subject and thus giving us, as it were, food at second-hand. However, much may be forgiven him for coming out boldly with the statement that "English fare at its best is seldom eaten outside private houses"—a fact which should be remembered by vociferous visitors. He traces British love of feasting from early days; tilts at the Normans' frugality; gives credit to the Romans for introducing wine and spices, and comes down to our own day when even such food as we have appears to be grudged us.

Despite this general survey, he has room for the requisite stray information—that Cromwell's favourite dish was roast veal and oranges; oysters cost 2*s.* a hundred in the reign of Queen Anne; Wolsey employed two master-cooks as well as two for pastry, two bakers, a clerk for his spice-room, and seven men for his cellar. Some little more about our herds and flocks might have been given, since the quality of our meat springs from them; and if that is forbidden by the title of the book, which is not *English Food* but *The English at Table*, then instead of the conventional quotations, it would have been helpful to have had more menus and recipes; and certainly some account of Soyer, who is most unaccountably omitted.

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The first items recorded are " for a pint of sack and two pints of metheglin (mead), 2*s.*"—of which the interest is not so much that he was then a boy as that tea, coffee, and chocolate had not yet been introduced. There follow whipping tops (for exercise on wet days in the long galleries); kid gloves for his sister at 1*s.* 7*d.* a pair; 1 lb. of sugar, 1*s.*; a suit for £5. 16*s.* 10*d.*, of which the cloth came to £1. 11*s.* 6*d.* and 72 yards of ribbon, £2. 8*s.* But the suit for his wedding, of " feathered tabby, coat laced with silver lace and trimmed with silver ribbons", ran up to £41. 8*s.* 8*d.*

These are personal expenses; of more general interest is " to the fuel at Twelfthtide, 1*s.*" for this allows remembrance of the fact that the fuel was for " the large bonfire and twelve small—symbolical of Our Lord and the twelve Apostles—which it was customary, at least in some counties, to light in the fields " on Twelfth-night. So, with items of travel, tutoring, visits to London and entertainments (" treats ", the steward calls them, at Marylebone Park and the Mulberry Garden, on the site of which latter Buckingham Palace now stands) the activities and cost of living not only of a young country gentleman, but of all

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those of which he was representative, take shape. He himself does not appear to have been breathtakingly original, engaging, or interesting; his character would now be, in Service language, "very good", meaning average. But for that reason, these records of his expenditure provide, perhaps, a more comprehensive picture of the time than would those of a more brilliant personality. Though by no means of major value, the book is pleasing for the picture it gives, in general of mid-Commonwealth times and in particular of Cambridge in that era—where Sir Francis paid £36 for half a year's diet and £1 for half a year's laundry; 3*d.* to see "the swordfish", 4*d.* to see the crocodile, and 1*s.* 3*d.* on 7th July, 1655, for wine and biscuits to entertain the Proctor—who, if the wise young host chose the Senior, would have been William Fayre-brother, Fellow of King's, and a Royalist who had been taken prisoner at Naseby. TREVOR JAMES

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moment the curtain rises. We see defeat in a far wider sense than a purely military or political one. We are faced with defeated humanity—apathetic children fishing for rats in a sewer; a long queue outside a pawnshop. There is the drunken mother who has sold her fifteen-year-old daughter to a brothel, and the shopkeeper, the pillar of respectability, who has paid the mother in advance for the first night, and who, suspecting that he might be cheated, is cursing the mother for breaking down the traditions of society by not honouring their agreement. Grieg shows us how, bluntly or subtly, hunger and degradation warp the mind.

As the play develops, so the characters are brought into contact with their opposite element. The honest idealist who is made President of the Commune after the rising, has to negotiate with the Governor of the Bank of France. The Governor sums up the character of the President in a conference with a secret envoy from Versailles: "Oh yes, old Beslay is honest through and through . . . and he is full of fearful importance when he asks for a million francs. *But he doesn't get them* . . . not because a million francs is of any importance to the Bank of France, but because we want to confine his ideas to small amounts. We have moulded him from birth . . ." To Beslay, the Governor explains: "In a moment of confidence you told me that you belonged to something called the International. And so do I. The Bank of France is organically bound up with the whole world. If there are encroachments here . . . factories will close down in London, in Vienna, in New York . . . the people whom you call comrades will stand workless and starving."

The President of France is at his worst when he complains: "Whenever I see people swarm into the sun, I feel disgust. They *own* the sun. It is the one free gift . . . it weakens the respect for property."

But parallel with the material principles, there runs a

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deep philosophy touching on every aspect of life—War: "friends fighting in the dark"—Revolution: "the logical destruction of a specific enemy"—Peace: "something you have to win . . . every day"—Idealism: "we who wish for progress can never conquer by arms. That is our tragedy and that is our shining, desperate hope"—and finally, towards the end of the play, Experience: "that is the bitter truth we've learnt: goodness can only conquer by force."

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MR. SAROYAN IS a natural writer, by which I mean that he takes to writing as a duck takes to water; or, if I may change the metaphor, as a talker to talk. And, like the duck (not Donald Duck because he is a prosaic land bird), and like the talker (not the fake intellectual talker), he indulges in the sport with the most unselfconscious air of consciousness.

That has its advantages in art. Few writers of before-the-second-world-war have written such adequate prose, prose which satisfies the real test of good narrative, that though it is not a transcription of talk you can almost hear the man talking behind the sentence. Read this, for instance:—

> I went to Covent Garden in London once, in 1935, after a visit to Russia and Soviet Armenia. I went to see ballet dancing. What's-his-name was dancing (I'll remember his name in a minute) and I wanted to find out about the ballet. . . .

You get the feeling that you are almost listening; you sense the intimacy of the narrator's approach; you know at once that it isn't talk copied from somebody else's book, but that it is the very breath of life.

And, in achieving such a fluid medium, Saroyan teaches

TASTE FORMATION

May not the meaning of this worke be altered and turned in this sort : A man desirous to apply his minde to some excellent art, or given to the study of any of the sciences, at the first appeareth to himselfe an asse without wit, without knowledge, and not much unlike a brute beast, till such time as by much paine and travell he hath atchieved to the perfectnesse of the same, and tasting the sweete floure and fruit of his studies, doth thinke himself well brought to the right and very shape of a man.

(THE GOLDEN ASSE : Adlington, 1566)

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the novice, the beginner, who is spoilt by the teacher's injunction " never to begin a sentence with an " and " or a " but ", not to be afraid of writing from life. In short, he gives an illustration of the fact, very little realized by the aspirant, bluffed by the idea of great literary prose of which our ancient Sunday critics and Pundits are always reminding us, that anyone can write.

Though not quite. Anyone who reads Saroyan will find that he is not a reporter, not even a journalist, but an inspired creative artist with a fairly deep appreciation of what he has to say. I know of many superficial young writers who have aped him successfully. For anyone can learn to break the rules of grammar and learn to ape a manner. But the mocking bird is soon found out because he can't fly far with the help of borrowed plumes. The vital spark, the energy to fly, must be there.

So, if Saroyan's manner is easy to imitate his matter is difficult for the insensitive to grasp. Because, though he is with you in the street, on the level, as it were, he is likely at any moment to fly off at a tangent, a plan conceived in advance, or a direction to which his artistic instinct leads him, a subsidiary road, or lane, or up the garden path, where the reader hardly expected to be led. Beware, then, jackanapes, Saroyan knows a damn sight more than you suspect. He is aware !

The question, however, is : to what extent is he aware ? and where does his awareness lead ?

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tute the integral growth that is called belief, so a few congeries of poetic symbols are no substitute for a poetic conception of life.

William Saroyan is a brilliant, clever, subtle, and humane writer whose virtuosity one admires. But dare one hope from him something suggesting a deeper wisdom, something bearing the finality of art? MULK RAJ ANAND

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MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY is much concerned with the state of the world, and his novel, *Time Must Have a Stop*, reflects that preoccupation. Certain aspects of human nature, no less than of the human body, arouse his intense disgust, as they did Swift's; he feels that with the war things have reached a pass where there is no hope for us unless we radically revise our attitude to life, and still more, our attitude to death. The self must be annihilated and absorbed into the Divine before it can be reconstituted.

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THE WELSH REVIEW

Editor — GWYN JONES

March Number contains—

Caradoc Evans	*Gwyn Jones*
T. P. O'Connor	*Caradoc Evans*
Matthew Arnold as Cornishman	*A. L. Rowse*
The Enigma of John Penry	*David Williams*
What Makes the Worker Work ?	*E. H. Carr*
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His father, a barrister, high-minded, intellectual, but intensely and conscientiously mean, refuses Sebastian the suit. The boy determines to have it, and from this self-regarding act a train of misfortunes follow, not only for him, but for many other people.

Most of the action takes place in a palace in Florence whither Sebastian is wafted by that genial, cynical bon-viveur and connoisseur, his Uncle Eustace. Dante found it easy to divide the Florentines into sheep and goats, and Mr. Huxley, with some reservations, follows his lead. In England a few border-line cases, Sebastian's near relations, are observed rather than judged; but in Florence the Queen-Mother, her silken, steely companion, Mrs. Thwale, and the wicked art-dealer, well named Mr. Weyl, must be marked minus in any sum of moral arithmetic; while Uncle Eustace, Sebastian himself, and kind, silly Mrs. Ockham got a rather doubtful plus. Selfless, dedicated to the weal of non-attachment, but ready (is this a contradiction?) to help others, Bruno Rontini stands alone. He embodies the author's conception of what a human being ought to be.

No novel can be entirely faithful to its thesis. Mr. Huxley's imagination is the servant of his mind, but a servant who is allowed many holidays—to explore, disgusted or entranced, the beauty of Florence, the brilliant ingenuity of Sebastian's verse, the shaming fantasies and hardly less shaming realities of his sex life, Uncle Eustace's posthumous adventures and his struggles to elude the Light. It is a dazzling performance. As always, Mr. Huxley emphasizes aspects of unregeneracy in order to point the need for regeneration. A few years ago his condemnation of human nature would have seemed too sweeping, his remedy of self-suicide too drastic. Now, in the sixth year of a war, one listens more respectfully.

L. P. Hartley

LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

continuing

The LONDON MERCURY and BOOKMAN

Edited by ROBERT HERRING

EDITORIAL

MAY 1945

NOW THAT THE war in Europe has concluded one of its major stages, it is possible to remind readers how true to type it has run, or shall we say dragged itself into decay.

It is neither my purpose nor my function here to be expressive of emotional revulsion at its later stages. It is human to be shocked, but it is more helpful to prevent the conditions that result in that shocking, and that, let us be honest, most of Europe failed to do in the years that led up to the war. Let us be further honest and admit that a certain proportion of our shock at the bestialities of Buchenwald and Belsen is not only at the butchery of others' bodies, but at the violation of our own feelings. And if we will not admit, we must face the fact that ten years ago we could have known these depths to which thwarted aggression can sink, *but we would not listen.*

Professor Joad has stated in the *New Statesman* a widely shared indignation that the horrors of the concentration camps have only now been let loose. Yet he confesses that the accounts of the "Brown Terror" published in the *Manchester Guardian*, after the burning of the Reichstag in 1933, upset him "to the point of compelling" him to give up that paper and "look at the Nazis through the comparatively rose-coloured spectacles of the more decorously spoken *News-Chronicle*". He blames the papers

of the Right for not giving, then, more space to the horrors, but surely it matters little what views a paper reflects if people won't read anything too discomforting? Professor Joad broadcasts on occasion; his views may therefore be taken as "acceptable", and there must be many who feel as he does. There appear also to have been many who felt like spitting and kicking the dead body of a dictator; but to string him up and a mistress when dead is—in reality—no amends for having submitted to politically psychological blackmail from him when alive. It is understandable, but, viewed from any true basis, not excusable.

Similarly, there is a horror equal to the piles of poor piteous carved and calcined corpses in the camps, outside which so many Germans were content to live. It is not only the brute cruelty, or the besotted indifference to the slowly climbing human spirit which so many of these bodies housed. The horror is not so much in the death of the prisoners as in the lives of the captors, the very fact of their lives. What allowed them to behave as they have left records that they did, and to go on living, outwardly, as men themselves?

And a further horror is that after nearly six years of war, and as many, at least, before, of attempts by some of us to convince the public—that famous "people", whose fish-and-chip-fed, cinema-stimulated rule we are now about to enjoy—still, the motives of the Germans are not understood.

The war has been distinguished throughout by an unusual subtlety, or it would be truer to say, necessity for it, on the part of those on the same side (however often they changed) coupled with a naïveté, which deceived only the speakers, with regard to public utterances concerning it. In consequence, a cynicism developed which was mistaken for indifference by some, but was really a determination

not to be taken in. What began as conviction dwindled into compulsion, just as effort became not energy but endurance—endurance of even effort.

This determination was a good thing, as far as it went. But to refuse to accept lies is not the same as to achieve truth, and truth, as a public commodity, is still in short supply. The problems which led up to this war have not been solved by it, only shelved, and as international murder dwindles into irrelevant individual suicide, that last ostentation of arrested minds, we enter peace not as a triumph but as a test for which we may be willing but are in the main—by which I mean, psychologically—unprepared.

These are hard words, but not exaggerated. Few things have been on the surface more surprising yet in reality truer to type than the reactions of those who first met Germans as a conquered people. These reactions consisted of two parts, which were not distinct, but dovetailed. The first was surprise at the docile obedience and willingness to accept occupation; the second, equal surprise at the truculence and lack of shame of those who remained fervent Nazis. It was not seen that these go together. It cannot be expected that a race which allowed Nazism to be imposed on it would view it in the same light as ourselves. Even a weed needs soil to grow in, and the German psyche, which has never got over puberty-pains, provided that soil. On the other hand, a race which will submit to authority without questioning whether it is right or wrong ultimately undermines that authority, since that is, or should be, only the collective outer expression of man's inner self-government. Men who cannot govern themselves cannot be governed. They can only be goaded, grid-ironed, Gestapoed. Both the bovine obedience and the tigerish cruelty of Europe's psychologically most backward country come from abandonment of soul. No other people behave

as Germans do, either in victory or defeat, for no other people has quite reached that denigration of soul. Elsewhere, according to the degree of civilization reached, a State lives precisely according to its recognition of man's gradual growth of soul.

But if you refuse to be responsible to yourself for yourself, if you hand over yourself to Authority, you have no self. Consequently, Authority consists of a collection of non-selves. It is an inflation of nothing. In time that must be felt. But it is not a pleasant feeling. Something has gone wrong. Instead of making it go better, it seems —to this body without a heart, this head without a brain, this abnegation of all love of life—it seems all will be well if you make others feel the same. Make them nothing. Twice in this century we have seen Germany, a harassed adolescent, try to do that on its neighbours. And twice, because she rejects instead of accepting life, we have seen her destroy herself instead or, very nearly this time it might be said, as well. Her self-destruction is not accomplished without great cost to ourselves and because a recurrent suicide is as cankerous a neighbour as an infected limb, something has to be done about it. But six years of war have not taught us what. We know it cripples a body to lop off a limb, but though we are prepared to have that happen to thousands of our youth, we are in the dark as to means of preventing it among nations.

It is as clear as the sun. But presumably, we have lived so long in the dark that we cannot face the sun. Moonshine is more congenial. Moonshine is reflected light—action. Sun is direct—motive. Motive, and the reason for motive, we do not yet go into. We are seared by Buchenwald. But do we admit that, once granted the doctrine of "inferior race", it is inevitable that those who hold it should kill those they regard as animals, in much the same way as we ourselves despatch—well, quadrupeds; by lethal

chamber, gun, and other quadrupeds. We cannot save those dead, whose first cries we refused to hear. But we can save the living from destroying themselves and, by so doing, others who have grown beyond the wish for immolation as an escape from self-responsibility. That can only be done by X-raying motive. Motive is all—or all we have at present. And our ignorance of even that shows how psychologically ill-equipped we are as we go to greet total (?) peace.

* * *

There is much talk to-day of what it pleases some to call " psychiatry ". Many in the Services have come up against a branch of mental therapy of which till then they were ignorant. The ignorance is still considerable, but at least no longer complete. It is generally realized that many of our actions are unconscious, that many harmful states of mind are caused by agencies not out of our control, but only as out of sight as is our very blood. We do not deny the existence of that blood, and most people now no longer deny the existence of these deeper mental agencies. But a quack is worse that no cure, and even the right cure for the right illness avails little if the diagnosis is wrong. Many instinctively shun psycho-analysis, as many once feared bodily operations. Your sick man, as we see with Germany, if sick enough, prefers to die than face the very fact he's ill. And many not so sick will turn to those practitioners who can persuade him he is not " really " ill, or that the cure won't " hurt ".

Psycho-analysis is a new science. It is therefore most important, while there is still time, to go to the source. Sources flow, whilst water merely carried away from them is apt to grow stale and lose its virtue. Freud is that source, in psycho-analysis, and a source not sealed and finished with. Of all those who developed from his original findings, none did more than he himself. None realized more than that great man that his findings were

fluid and would, indeed must, develop further than he could see. Small use in pioneering, if not. But some, who were his followers, speak as if he laid down rigid rules debarring further progress. In nothing so much as this do they show their own misunderstanding both of the master and the science to which he pointed the way.

Those who branch out on smaller paths make play of the original use made of dreams, of what seemed to some impolite insistence on sex. But do they know how little these count in modern Freudian practice? Can they, since they have been so busy contriving their own " redemptive processes " ?

Every science, in which it resembles religions, has sects and schisms. It is this which often prevents the layman following religion at all. But since we are going to hear much of " psychiatry " and " psychology ", I have been at pains this month—which is that of Freud's birthday—to present readers with an account both of the Professor's methods and of the work done with him by an artist of excellence and sensitivity in her own right. I will add that, although H. D. is a frequent contributor to this journal, I pounced on and persuaded her to publication, because I had the honour of meeting Freud in Vienna and of limited correspondence and here, I said as I read, here is " the blameless physician " as he lived and was, and as I thought none would ever be able to write of him.

The book will be continued in our next number, in which also I purpose to review a volume recently put out—to the bafflement, to my way of thinking, of all true beginners —by a Jung-ster.

* * *

And now may I wish you, as the long nightmare ends, not peace in your minds, since Europe cannot be evaded, but at least the determination to make it in them first, that thence it may spread ?

WRITING ON THE WALL

By H. D.

To Sigmund Freud, blameless physician

I

It was Vienna, 1933–1934. I had a room in the Hotel Regina, Freiheitsplatz. I had a small calendar on my table. I counted the days and marked them off, calculating the weeks. My sessions were limited, time went so quickly. As I stopped to leave my key at the desk, the hall-porter said, " Some day, will you remember me to the Professor ? " I said I would if the opportunity arose. He said, "— and ah, the Frau Professor ! There is a wonderful lady." I said I had not met the Frau Professor but had heard that she was the perfect wife for him and there couldn't be—could there ?—a greater possible compliment. The porter said, " You know Berggasse ? After the—well, later when the Professor is no longer with us, they will name it Freudgasse." I went down Berggasse, turned in the familiar entrance, *Berggasse* 19, *Wien IX*, it was. There were wide stone steps and a balustrade. Sometimes I met someone else coming down.

The stone staircase curved. There were two doors on the landing. The one to the right was the Professor's professional door, the one to the left, the Freud family door. Apparently, the two apartments had been arranged so that there should be as little confusion as possible, between family and patients or students ; there was the Professor who belonged to us, there was the Professor who belonged to the family ; it was a large family with ramifications, in-laws, distant relatives, family friends. There were other apartments above, but I did not very often pass anyone on the stairs except the analysand whose hour preceded mine.

My hours or sessions had been arranged for me, four

days a week from five to six, one day from twelve to one. At least, that was the arrangement for the second series of sessions, which I have noted began the end of October, 1934. I left a number of books and letters in Switzerland when I left there, actually after the war had begun ; among them was my 1933 Vienna diary. I am under the impression that the Professor had arranged the second series to accord with the first, as I had often said to him that that near-evening hour was almost my favourite of the whole day. Anyhow, I had five weeks then. The last session was 1st December, 1934. The first series began in March, 1933, and lasted somewhat longer, between three and four months. I had not planned coming back to Vienna, but a great deal had happened between the summer of 1933 and the autumn of 1934. I had heard the news of the Dolfüss affair with some anxiety, but that had not caused any personal repercussions. I came back to Vienna because I heard about the man I sometimes met, coming down the stairs. He had been lecturing at a conference in Johannesburg. He flew his own plane there. On the way back he crashed in Tanganyika.

II

I did not always pass him on the stairs. He might be lingering on, prolonging his talk in the Professor's study or consulting-room, in which case, after hanging up my coat in the hall, I might miss him. I would be ushered direct into the waiting-room. Or it might happen, that my predecessor emerged from the Professor's sanctum, at the same time that I was about to enter. He would be reaching for his coat or his hat while I was disposing of mine. He was very tall, he looked English—yet English with a catch. He had, it later appeared spent some time at Oxford, before or after receiving his Continental degrees—in any case, he was not German, not American ; but how does one know

these things ? He was, as it happened exactly what I thought him, " English with a catch," in fact, a Dutchman.

I did not know that his name was J. J. van de Leeuw until afterwards. Once he spoke to me at the Professor's bidding, about exchanging hours. That was a summer-day in the big house outside the town, at Döbling, where the family moved for the hot months. It would have been a day late in June, or early July, 1933. The arrangement for receiving us there was more informal and one did not have quite the same sense of authenticity or *reality* as in the Professor's own home. However, I did not say good-bye to Vienna in the house of a stranger on its outskirts. I came back.

I told the Professor why I had come back. The Professor was 77 at the time of our first sessions. I was 47. Dr. van der Leeuw was considerably younger. He was known among them, the Professor told me, as the Flying Dutchman. He was an eminent scholar. He had come officially to study with the Professor with the idea of the application of the principles of psycho-analysis to general education, with the greater practical aim of international co-operation and understanding. He was wealthy, influential, well-born. He owned vast plantations in the Dutch East Indies and had travelled in India for the purpose of occult investigation. He had contacted a teacher or young devotee there, had been influenced by the Eastern teaching, but that had not satisfied him. He wanted to apply the laws of spiritual being to the acute problems of to-day. It seemed to me that he was the perfect man for the perfect job. The Professor had not told me that J. J. van der Leeuw was himself aware of a deeply-rooted desire or subconscious tendency, connected with his brilliant aviation. The Flying Dutchman knew that at any given moment, in the air—his element—he was likely to fly too high, to fly too quickly. " That was really what concerned me," said the Professor.

" I can tell you now that that was really what concerned us both." The Professor added, " After he left, last time, I felt I had found the solution, I really had the answer. But it was too late."

I said to the Professor, " I always had a feeling of satisfaction, of security when I passed Dr. van der Leeuw on the stairs or saw him in the hall. He seemed so self-sufficient, so poised—and you had told me about his work. I felt all the time that he was the person who would apply, carry on the torch—carry on your ideas, but not in a stereotyped way. I felt that you and your work and the future of your work was especially bequeathed to him. Oh, I know there is the great body of the Psycho-analytic Association, research workers, doctors, trained analysts, and so on. But Dr. van der Leeuw was different. I know that you have felt this very deeply. I came back to Vienna to tell you how sorry I am."

The Professor said, "You have come to take his place."

III

I did not consciously think about the Flying Dutchman nor connect him with my own work or weave him into my reveries. My own problems, my own intense, dynamic interest in the unfolding of the unconscious or the subconscious pattern, did not seem to include him. He was so personable, so presentable, apparently so richly intellectually and materially endowed. I envied him, I think, his apparently uncomplicated personality. He was an intellectual type but externalized, the diplomatic or even business type; one did not think of him as tortured or troubled; there seemed nothing of *Sturm und Drang* about him. He appeared scholarly, yes, but not in a bookish introverted sense. You would have said that his body fitted him as perfectly and as suavely as the grey or blue cloth that covered it; his soul fitted his body you would have

said, and his mind fitted his brain or his head; the forehead was high, unfurrowed; his eyes looked perceptive with a mariner's blue gaze; the eyes were a shade off or a shade above blue-grey yet with that grey north-sea in them. Yes—cool, cold, perceptive yet untroubled, you would have said. When later I came to think of it, yes, then it did seem that he was mercurial, Mercury.

I do not think that the name of the winged messenger, Hermes of the Greeks, Mercury of the Romans, ever came up in my talks with the Professor, except once in a roundabout way when I had a dream sequence that included a figure from the famous Raphael Donner fountain in the Marktplatz. This is a very beautiful fountain with reclining figures of river-gods, two women and two men. My dream was connected with a young man of my acquaintance in London; his name is not Brooks but his name does suggest streams and rivers so we may call him Brooks. I connected this young Mr. Brooks with the figure of the younger of the male river-gods in my dream-sequence. It was then that I said to the Professor that the reclining bronze fountain figure had certain affinities with the poised Bolognese Mercury. We agreed that the Raphael Donner figure was the more attractive and original of the two, but that if you should raise the reclining river-god and stand him on his feet, he might faintly resemble the Mercury—or in reverse, set the Mercury down to lean on his elbow and he might almost take the place of the bronze fountain-figure. It was, in any case, our Professor's charming way, to fall in with an idea, to do it justice but not to overstress unimportant details. For this seemed unimportant at the time.

Perhaps it is not very important now. It is interesting, however, to note in retrospect how the mind hedges away. I connected the Raphael Donner figure and by implication the Mercury, with a charming but not very important

young London acquaintance, while the actual personable image is there in Vienna and was there—had been there—reclining on this very couch, every hour just before my own session. As I say, I did not consciously think about Dr. van der Leeuw, or weave him into my reveries. Nor did I think of him as Mercury, the Messenger of the Gods and the Leader of the Dead, after he crashed.

He was a stranger. I did not really know him. We had spoken once in the house at Döbling, outside Vienna. The Professor waved him across the large, unfamiliar drawing-room. Dr. van der Leeuw bowed, he addressed me in polite, distinguished German, would the *gnädige Frau* object to altering her hour for one day, to-morrow! I answered him in English, I would not mind at all, I would come at 4, he at 5. He thanked me pleasantly in friendly English, without a trace of accent. That was the first and last time I spoke to the Flying Dutchman. We had exchanged "hours".

IV

The Professor was 77. His birthday in May was significant. The consulting-room in the strange house contained some of his treasures and his famous desk. The room looked the same, except for the desk. Instead of the semi-circle of priceless little *objets d'art*, there was a carefully arranged series of vases; each contained a spray of orchids or a single flower. I had nothing for the Professor. I said, "I am sorry, I haven't brought you anything, because I couldn't find what I wanted." I said, "Anyway, I wanted to give you something different." My remark might have seemed a shade careless, a shade arrogant. It might have seemed either of these things, or both. I do not know how the Professor translated it. He waved me to the couch, satisfied or unsatisfied with my apparently casual regard for his birthday.

I had not found what I wanted, so I did not give him anything. In one of our talks in the old room at Berggasse, we had gone off on one of our journeys. Sometimes, the Professor knew actually my terrain, sometimes it was implicit in a statue or a picture, like that old-fashioned steel engraving of the Temple at Karnak that hung above the couch. I had visited that particular temple, he had not. But this time it was Italy; we were together in Rome. The years went forward, went backward. The shuttle of the years ran a thread that wove my pattern into the Professor's. "Ah, the Spanish Steps," said the Professor. "It was those branches of almond," I said, "of all the flowers and the flower-baskets, I remember those best." "But," said the Professor, "the gardenias! In Rome, even *I* could afford to wear a gardenia." It was not that he conjured up the past and invoked the future. It was a present that was in the past or a past that was in the future.

Even I could search Vienna for a single gardenia or a cluster of gardenias. But I could not find them. Another year, I wrote from London, asking a friend in Vienna—an English student there—to make a special effort to find a cluster of gardenias for the Professor's birthday. She wrote back, "I looked everywhere for the gardenias. But the florists told me that Professor Freud liked orchids and that people always ordered orchids for his birthday; they thought you would like to know. I sent the orchids for you."

V

It was some time later that the Professor received my gardenias. It was not a birthday, it was not Vienna. I had been to see him in London, in new surroundings. He had arrived lately, an exile. It was a large house with a garden. There had been much discussion and anxiety concerning the Professor's famous collection of Greek and Egyptian

antiquities and the various Chinese and other Oriental treasures. The boxes had at last arrived, although the family expressed some doubt as to whether or not the entire treasure-trove or even any of it would be found intact. At least, the boxes had come, due to the influence and generosity of the Professor's friend and disciple, Madame Marie Bonaparte, the Princess George of Greece, " the princess " or " our princess " the Professor called her. I had expressed surprise at seeing several Greek figures on his desk. It seemed to be the same desk in a room that suggested that summer-room in the house outside Vienna of my first visit in 1933. But this was autumn, 1938. " How did you manage to bring those from Vienna? " I asked him. " I did not bring them," he said, " the Princess had them waiting for me in Paris so that I should feel at home there." It was a treacherous, evil world, but there was yet loyalty and beauty in it. It had been a flying, frightening journey. He had told me, five years before in Vienna, that travelling was even then out of the question for him. It was distinctly forbidden him by the distinguished specialist, who was always within beck and call. (If I am not mistaken, this devoted friend accompanied the Professor on his journey across the Continent.) It was difficult, seeing the familiar desk, the familiar new-old images on the desk there, to realize that this was London. Indeed, it was better to think of it in terms of a temporary slightly familiar dwelling, as that summer-house at Döbling. This pleasant district was geographically, in a sense, to London, what Döbling had been to Vienna. But there was no return to Berggasse, Freudgasse that was to have been.

VI

But in imagination at least, in the mist of a late afternoon, I could still continue a quest, a search. There might be gardenias somewhere. I found them in a West End

florist and scribbled on a card, "To greet the return of the Gods." The gardenias reached the Professor. I have his letter.

20 Maresfield Gardens,
London, N.W. 3.
28th November, 1938.

Dear H. D.,

I got to-day some flowers. By chance or intention they are my favourite flowers, those I most admire. Some words "to greet the return of the Gods" (other people read: Goods). No name. I suspect you to be responsible for the gift. If I have guessed right don't answer but accept my hearty thanks for so charming a gesture. In any case

affectionately yours
SIGM. FREUD.

VII

I only saw the Professor once more. It was summer again. French windows opened on a pleasant stretch of lawn. The Gods or the Goods were suitably arranged on ordered shelves. I was not alone with the Professor. He sat quiet, a little wistful it seemed, withdrawn. I was afraid then as I had often been afraid, of impinging, disturbing his detachment, of draining his vitality. I had no choice in the matter, anyway. There were others present and the conversation was carried on in an ordered, conventional manner. Like the Gods or the Goods, we were seated in a pleasant circle, a conventionally correct yet superficially sustained ordered hospitality prevailed. There was a sense of outer security, at least no words were spoken to recall a devastating near past nor to evoke an equivocal future. I was in Switzerland, when soon after the announcement of a World at War, the official London news bulletin announced that Dr. Sigmund Freud, who had opened up the field of the knowledge of the unconscious mind, the innovator or founder of the science of Psycho-analysis, was dead.

VIII

I had originally written *had gone*, but I crossed it out deliberately. Yes, he was dead. I was not emotionally involved. The Professor was an old man. He was 83. The war was on us. I did not grieve for the Professor or think of him. He was spared so much. He had confined his researches to the living texture of wholesome as well as unwholesome thought, but contemporary thought, you might say. That is to say, he had brought the past into the present with his *the childhood of the individual is the childhood of the race*—or is it the other way round ?—*the childhood of the race is the childhood of the individual.* In any case (whether or not, the converse also is true) he had opened up among others that particular field of the unconscious mind that went to prove that the traits and tendencies of obscure aboriginal tribes, as well as the shape and substance of the rituals of vanished civilizations were still inherent in the human mind—the human psyche if you will. But according to his theories, the soul existed explicitly or showed its form and shape in and through the medium of the mind and the body, as affected by the mind's ecstasies or disorders. About the greater transcendental issues we never argued. But there was an argument implicit in our very bones. We had come together in order to substantiate something. I did not know what. There was something that was beating in my brain, I do not say my heart—my brain. I wanted it to be let out. I wanted to free myself of repetitive thoughts and experiences—my own and those of many of my contemporaries. I did not specifically realize just what it was I wanted, but I knew that I, like most of the people I knew in England, America, and on the Continent of Europe, were drifting. We were drifting. Where ? I did not know, but at least I accepted the fact that we *were* drifting. At least, I knew this—I would (before the current of inevitable events swept me right into the main stream

and so on to the cataract) stand aside, if I could (if it were not already too late) and take stock of my possessions. You might say that I had—yes, I had, something that I specifically owned. I *owned* myself. I did not really, of course. My family, my friends, and my circumstances owned me. But I *had* something. Say it was a narrow birch-bark canoe. The great forest of the unknown, the super-normal or supernatural was all around and about us. With the current gathering force, I could at least pull in to the shallows before it was too late, take stock of my very modest possessions of mind and body, and ask the old Hermit who lived on the edge of this vast domain to talk to me, to tell me if he would, how best to steer my course.

We touched lightly on some of the more abstruse transcendental problems, it is true, but we related them to the familiar family complex. Tendencies of thought and imagination, however, were not cut away, were not pruned even. My imagination wandered at will; my dreams were revealing and many of them drew on classical or Biblical symbolism. Thoughts were things to be collected, collated, analysed, shelved, or resolved. Fragmentary ideas, apparently unrelated, were often found to be part of a special layer or stratum of thought and memory, therefore to belong together; these were sometimes skilfully pieced together like the exquisite Greek tear-jars and iridescent glass bowls and vases that gleamed in the dusk from the shelves of the cabinet that faced me where I stretched, propped up on the couch in the room in Berggasse 19, Wien IX. The dead were living in so far as they lived in memory or were recalled in dream.

IX

In any case, affectionately yours . . . I did not know what enraged him suddenly. I veered round off the couch, my

feet on the floor. I do not know exactly what I had said. I have certain notes that I jotted down while in Vienna, but I never worked them over and have barely glanced at them since. I do not now want to become involved in the strictly historical sequence. I wish to recall the impressions, or rather I wish the impressions to recall me. Let the impressions come in their own way, make their own sequence. " There will be plenty of memoirs about the Professor," Walter Schmideberg said to me recently, " I expect Sachs and the Princess have already done theirs." The analyst Schmideberg spoke ironically; he was a young Austrian officer on the Russian front in the last war, a " captain of horses " as he described himself to me in the earlier days before his English had become so set. " Captain of horses " conveyed more to me than " cavalry officer " or " officer of the guards ", just as " needle-tree " to which he referred one day, than " pine " or even " evergreen ". So the impact of a language, as well as the impact of an impression, may become " correct ", become " stylized ", lose its living quality. It is easy to be caught, like Schmideberg in the noose of self-criticism, it is easy to say " Everybody will be scribbling memoirs ", but the answer to that is, " Indeed yes, but neither the Princess George of Greece nor Dr. Hans Sachs aforetime of Vienna and Berlin, now of Boston, Massachussetts, can scribble exactly my impressions of the Professor." Moreover, I don't think anyone could give us a more tender, humorous account of the Professor (if he would let the impressions carry him out of himself) than the former young Rittmeister Schmideberg, who became the world's adept at smuggling cigars to Berggasse during the darkest days of the last war, and with whom the Professor kept faith during his bitter years of confinement in an Italian prison camp, ironically after the war had ended.

X

So much for the Princess, Hans Sachs and Walter Schmideberg, the one time Rittmeister of the 15th Imperial Austro-Hungarian Hussars of His Royal Highness Archduke Francis Salvator. For myself, I veer round, uncanonically seated stark upright with my feet on the floor. The Professor himself is uncanonical enough, he is beating with his hand, with his fist on the headpiece of the old-fashioned horsehair sofa that had heard more secrets than the confession-box of any popular Roman Catholic father-confessor in his heyday. This was the homely historical instrument of the original scheme of psycho-therapy, of psycho-analysis, the science of the unravelling the tangled skeins of the unconscious mind and the healing implicit in the process. *Consciously*, I was not aware of having said anything that might account for the Professor's outburst. And even as I veered round, facing him, my mind was detached enough to wonder if this was some idea of *his* for speeding up the analytic content or re-directing the flow of associated images. The Professor said, "The trouble is—I am an old man—*you do not think it worth your while to love me.*"

XI

The impact of his words was too dreadful—I simply felt nothing at all. I said nothing. What did he expect me to say? Exactly it was as if the Supreme Being had hammered with his fist on the back of the couch where I had been lying. Why anyway, did he do that? He must know everything or he didn't know anything. He must know what I felt. Maybe he did, maybe that was what this was all about. Maybe, anyway, it was just a trick, something to shock me, to break something in myself of which I was partially aware—something that would not, must not be broken. I was here because I must not be broken. If I were broken,

I could not go on here with the Professor. Did he think it was easy to leave friendly, comfortable surroundings and come to a strange city, to beard, he himself, the dragon in his very den? Vienna? Venice? My mother had come here on her honeymoon, tired, having "done" Italy as a bride. Maybe, my mother was already sheltering the child, a girl, that first child that lived such a very short time. It was the bread she talked of, Vienna and how she loved the different rolls and the shapes of them and ones with poppy-seeds and oh—the coffee! Why had I come to Vienna? The Professor had said in the very beginning, that I had come to Vienna hoping to find my mother. Mother? Mama. But my mother was dead. I was dead, that is, the child in me that had called her mama, was dead. Anyhow, he was a terribly frightening old man, too old and too detached, too wise and too famous altogether, to beat that way with his fist, like a child hammering a porridge-spoon on the table.

I slid back on to the couch. You might say, I sneaked back. With due deliberation and the utmost *savoir-faire*, I rearranged the rug that had slid to the floor. The couch was slippery, the headpiece at the back was hard. I was almost too long, if I were a little longer my feet would touch the old-fashioned porcelain stove that stood edge-wise in the corner. *The Nüremburg Stove* was a book that my mother had liked. I could not remember a single incident of the book and would not take the time to go through all the intricacies of explaining to the Professor that I was thinking of a book called *The Nüremburg Stove*. It was all very obvious, there was the stove, throwing out its pleasantly perceptible glow, there was the stove itself in the corner. I saw the porcelain stove and I thought of a book called *The Nüremburg Stove*, but why take up time, going into all that, anyway?

There was the stove, but there were moments when one

felt a little chilly. I smoothed the folds of the rug, I glanced surreptitiously at my wrist-watch. The other day the Professor had reproved me for jerking out my arm and looking at my watch. He had said, " I keep an eye on the time—I will tell you when the session is over. You need not keep on looking at the time, as if you were in a hurry to get away." I fingered the strap of my watch, I tucked my cold hands under the rug. I always found the rug carefully folded at the foot of the couch when I came in. Did the little maid Paula come in from the hall and fold the rug or did the preceding analysand fold it, as I always carefully did before leaving? I was preceded by the Flying Dutchman, he probably left the rug just anyhow—a man would. Should I ask the Professor if everybody folded the rug on leaving, or if only I did this? The Professor had said in the beginning that he classed me in the same category as the Flying Dutchman—we were students. I was a student, working under the direction of the greatest mind of this and of perhaps many succeeding generations. But the Professor was not always right.

XII

I did not argue with the Professor. In fact, as I say, I did not have the answer. If he expected to rouse me to some protestation of affection, he did not then succeed in doing so—the root or the current ran too deep. One day he said, " *To-day we have tunnelled very deep.*" One day he said, " I struck oil. It was I who struck oil. But the contents of the oil-wells have only just been sampled. There is oil enough, material enough for research and exploitation, to last fifty years, to last a hundred years—or longer." He said, " My discoveries are not primarily a heal-all. My discoveries are a basis for a very grave philosophy. There are very few who understand this, *there are very few who are capable of understanding this.*" One day he said to me,

"You discovered for yourself what I discovered for the race." To all that I will hope to return later. At the moment I am lying on the couch. I have just readjusted the rug that had slipped to the floor. I have tucked my hands under the rug. I am wondering if the Professor caught me looking at my wrist-watch. I am really somewhat shattered. But there is no answering flare-back.

XIII

There is the old-fashioned porcelain stove at the foot of the couch. My father had a stove of that sort in the outdoor office or study he had had built in the garden of my first home. There was a couch there, too, and a rug folded at the foot. It, too, had a slightly elevated headpiece. My father's study was lined with books, as this room was. There was a smell of leather, the crackling of wood in the stove, as here. There was one picture, a photograph of Rembrandt's Dissection, and a skull on the top of my father's highest set of shelves. There was a white-owl under a bell-jar. I could sit on the floor with a doll or a folder of paper-dolls, but I must not speak to him when he was writing at his table. What he was "writing" was rows and rows of numbers, but I could then scarcely distinguish the shape of a number from a letter, or know which was which. I must not speak to my father when he lay stretched out on the couch, because he worked at night and so must not be disturbed when he lay down on the couch and closed his eyes by day. But now it is I who am lying on the couch in the room lined with books.

But no, there are not many books in this room, it is the other room that is lined with books. The window in this room and the one in the other room look out on to a courtyard, I believe. I am not sure of this. It is quiet here, anyway. There is no sound of traffic from the street, no familiar household sounds as from the Freud family side

of the house. We are quite alone here in this room. But there are two rooms really, though the room beyond is almost part of this room with the wide-parted double-doors. There is dusk and darkness beyond, through the parted double-doors to the right of the stove, as I lie here. There is the door across the room that opens in from the little waiting-room. There is the other door, at right-angles. the exit door. It leads through a rather dark passage or a little room that suggests a pantry or laboratory. Then there is the hall beyond it, where we hang our coats on pegs that somehow suggest school or college. The Flying Dutchman has been and gone. Not only are we alike in our relation to the Professor, as seekers or " students " as he calls us, but we bear the same relation to the couch that I am lying on. When in the beginning, I expressed a slight embarrassment at being " almost too tall ", the Professor put me at ease by saying that the analysand who preceded me, was " actually considerably taller ".

XIV

My brother is considerably taller. I am 5 and he is 7 or I am 3 and he is 5. It is summer. The grass is somewhat dry, a few leaves crackle under our feet. They have fallen from a pear-tree that has large russet pears. The pears have been gathered. (*Pears ? Pairs ?*) There is a tree opposite this, that has small yellow pears ; they ripen earlier. The tree next our tree is a crab-apple tree, and there is a slice of a large log under it. The log is like a round table or a solid thick stool. It is too heavy for us to move but Eric, our half-brother (a grown man to us), shifted it easily. We saw what was under the heavy immovable log. There was a variety of entertaining exhibits, small things like ants moved very quickly ; they raced frantically around, but always returned to the same ridge of damp earth or tiny lump of loam. In neatly sliced runnels, some

white, wingless creatures lay curled. The base of the log had been the roof of a series of little pockets or neat open graves, rather like Aztec or Egyptian burial-chambers, but I did not know that. These curled white slugs were unborn things. They were repulsive enough, like un-lanced boils. Or it is possible that they were not essentially repulsive—they might be cocoonless larvæ, they might "hatch" some time. But I only saw them, I did not know what they were or what they might portend. My brother and I stood spellbound before this disclosure. Eric watched the frantic circling of the ants attentively. Then he set the log back carefully, so as to crush as few of the beasts as possible, so as to restore, if possible, the protective roof over the heads of the white slugs.

There were things under things, as well as things inside things.

XV

But that was another occasion. This time, I am alone with my brother who is considerably taller. He had summoned me. He had a strip of newspaper in his hand. He had a magnifying-glass that he must actually have taken from our father's table. He told me to look, and I saw the print on the flinsy news-sheet grown larger, but I knew the glass did this. I did not know why he had to show me this news-print. I did not read. If he wanted to show me something, it shold be something more attractive, more suitable altogether. "Don't go away," he said, "it will happen in a minute." The sun was hot on our backs. The pear-branch cast its late-summer shadow towards the crab-apple tree. "*Now*," he said. Under the glass, on the paper, a dark spot appeared; almost instantaneously, the newspaper burst into flames.

It was inevitable that a tall, bearded figure should appear from the Ark-like door of the outdoor study. The study

was not flat on the ground, but set on a series of square stone pillar-like foundations. Our father came down the steps. This picture could be found in an old collection of Bible illustrations or thumbed-over discarded pseudo-classical copies of, say, the early nineteenth-century French painter, David. It is a period-piece, certainly. Yet its prototype can be found engraved on Græco-Roman medallions or outlined against the red or black background of jars or amphoras of the classic Greek period. I have said that from my reclining yet propped-up, somewhat Madame Récamier-like position on the couch, I face the wide-open double-door. At the foot of the couch is the stove. Placed next the stove is the cabinet that contains the more delicate glass jars and the variously shaped bottles and Ægean vases. In the wall-space, on the other side of the double-door, is another case or cabinet of curiosities and antiques; on the top of this case there are busts of bearded figures—Euripides? Socrates? Sophocles, certainly. There is the window now as you turn that corner, at right-angles to this cabinet and then another case that contains pottery figures and some more Greek-figure bowls. Then, the door to the waiting-room. At right-angles again there is the door that leads through the laboratory-like cupboard-room or alcove to the hall. These two last doors, the entrance-door and the exit-door, as I call them, are shut. The wall with the exit-door is behind my head and seated against that wall, tucked into the corner, in the three-sided niche made by the two walls and the back of the couch, is the Professor. He will sit there quietly, like an old owl in a tree. He will say nothing at all or he will lean forward and talk about something that is apparently unrelated to the progression or unfolding of our actual dream-content or thought association. He will shoot out an arm, sometimes somewhat alarmingly, to stress a point. Or he will, always making an "occasion" of it, get up and say, "Ah—now—we must

celebrate *this*" and proceed to the elaborate ritual—selecting, lighting—until finally he seats himself again, while from the niche rises the smoke of burnt-incense, the smouldering of his mellow fragrant cigar.

XVI

Length, breadth, thickness, the shape, the scent, the feel of things. The actuality of the present, its bearing on the past, their bearing on the future. Past, present, future, these three—but there is another time-element, popularly called the fourth-dimentional. The room has four sides. There are four seasons to a year. This fourth dimension, though it appears variously disguised and under different sub-titles, described and elaborately tabulated in the Professor's volumes—and still more elaborately detailed in the compilations of his followers, disciplies, and pesudo-disciples and imitators—is yet very simple. It is as simple and inevitable in the building of time-sequence, as the fourth wall to a room. If we alter our course around this very room where I have been talking with the Professor, and start with the wall to my left, against which the couch is placed, and go counter-clockwise, we may number the Professor's wall with the exit door two, the wall with the entrance-door (the case of pottery images and flat Greek bowls), three, and the wall opposite the couch, four. This wall actually is largely un-walled, as the space there is left vacant by the wide-open double-doors.

The room beyond may appear very dark, or there may be broken light and shadow. Or even bodily one may walk into that room, as the Professor invited me to do one day, to look at the things on his table.

XVII

On my father's table there were pens and ink-bottles and a metal tray for holding the pens. He used different

pens for his different inks, black and red. There was a paper-knife of Chinese or pseudo-Chinese design; a squat figure was the handle; a jar or pot on the grotesque's head, held a blade that was the paper-knife, though a fretwork in low relief of leaves and tendrils gave the blade of the paper-knife an added dimension; the paper-knife was a paper-knife, at the same time it was a flat tree or pole with delicate tendrils worked over it or through it. There was an over-size pair of desk-shears, several paperweights; one of glass showed different pictures reflected in it, if you looked into it in a certain light. It was just glass, it was a paper-weight, but it was a set of prismatic triangles, placed on another set of triangles. When you put it down, it always lay sideways; the peak where one set of triangles met, pointed to the north-pole or the south-pole, or might have so pointed. There is the magnifying-glass which my brother is still holding in his hand.

XVIII

"But you know, you children are never to play with matches." It was one of the unforgivable sins. (*Matches?*) My brother has the answer. The answer is a brave, pert rejoinder, "But we aren't playing with matches." He does not give the answer. I stand beside him. My brother is very tall. My head scarcely reaches his shoulder. I have seen the round glass in its metal frame; the straight handle is clasped by a damp, somewhat grubby paw, behind my brother's back. I do not know, he does not know that this, beside being the magnifying glass from our father's table, is a sacred symbol. It is a circle and the stem of the circle; the stalk or support of this flower, is the handle of the glass that my brother is clasping behind his back. This is the sacred *Ankh*, the symbol of life in Egypt, but we do not know this—or perhaps our father does know this. He uses this very sign, the circle with the supporting straight line,

with an added little line, a cross, to indicate the planet Venus. I do not know if our father knows that the *Ankh* is the symbol of life and that the sign he often uses at the head of one of his columns of numbers, is the same sign. He writes columns and columns of numbers, yet at the top of one column he will sketch in a hieroglyph, it may stand for one of the Houses or Signs of the Zodiac, or it may be a planet simply, Jupiter or Mars or Venus. I did not know this when I stood beside my brother in the garden. I knew it a long time after, but I did not understand it. It is only now as I write this that I see how my father possessed sacred symbols, how he, like the Professor, had old, old sacred objects on his study-table. But the shape and form of these objects, sanctified by time, were not so identified. They were just a glass paperweight, just a brass paper-knife or the ordinary magnifying-glass that my brother is still holding in his hand.

What will my brother say? He cannot say, "I brought fire from heaven." He cannot answer father Zeus in elegant iambics and explain how he, Prometheus, by his wit and daring, by his love of the unknown, by his experimentation with occult, as yet unexplainable forces, has drawn down fire from the sky. It is an actual fact. But my brother has never heard of Prometheus, he doesn't know any Greek. He has taken the magnifying-glass from our father's study-table and that is, possibly, a sin, second only to playing with matches. My father stamps on the flimsy charred paper. There is the smell of burnt paper and the faint trail of smoke in the still air of a late-summer day of the afternoon of the year (perhaps) 1889 or (perhaps) 1901.

I do not remember what my brother says to my father; what my father, in his turn, says to my brother. "You must not do it again" is implicit anyway. But the ordinary words of their common speech are sometimes above my head. I do not always even understand the words my brother uses.

He is a big boy and known to be quaint and clever for his age. I am a small girl and small for my age and not very advanced. I am, in a sense, still a foreigner. There are other foreigners; they arrive from time to time, in our own house, in our grandfather's house (which is shared by an aunt and uncle), in the house across the street, in other houses, up and down Church Street. These foreigners know even less than I do, of the customs of these people about us —civilized people or barbaric people. Things happen that these people try to hide from us; a boy drowns in the river, a workman at the steel-mills loses a limb, a foreigner or, as they say sometimes at the back-door, "a little stranger" has arrived somewhat prematurely somewhere. All these mysterious, apparently unrelated events, overheard hiding under the kitchen-table, or gathered or inferred, whispering with other inarticulate but none the less intuitively gifted fellow-whisperers of one's own age, and sometimes a little older, up and down Church Street, have to do with, or in some way suggest, a doctor.

XIX

A doctor has a bag with strange things in it, steel and knives and scissors. Our father is not a doctor, but he has a doctor's picture or a picture of doctors in his study. He is quiet and strangely tender when we are ill. He likes to tell people that he hesitated for a time before deciding on his profession, that doctors always say he should have been one of them. His voice is quiet and even and low-pitched. His voice is almost monotonously quiet. He never raises his voice. He is never irritable or angry. I never saw him really angry except two or three times in my whole life, and those were memorable occasions. Lying on this couch in the Professor's room, I feel that some time I must recall and annotate (as it were) my father's anger. But this is not one of those occasions. My father is not angry now but,

though the sun is shining and the burnt paper smouldering at our feet, there is an icy chill in the air. " Perhaps," he may have said (for our father is a just man), " I did not actually *forbid* you taking the magnifying-glass," for my brother has now handed it back to him. " I know that I have told you not to touch the inkstand or take away the desk-shears or use the paste-pot for your paper-soldiers. It was understood, I thought, that you did not disturb *anything* on my table."

There is frost in the air. I sidle nearer to my brother. I am implicated, though in no way blamed.

XX

There is an earlier occasion and again the sun is shining. From the cloth-dress my mother wears I think it must be spring, or it is an Indian summer day, between seasons at any rate, for my mother wears a cloth dress without a coat. It is not summer for we go into summer clothes as regularly and as inevitably as people in the tropics. We are sub-tropic, a town in Pennsylvania, on the map's parallel, I believe, south of Rome. Winters are cold, summers are hot, so we have the temperament of nordics and of southerners both, harmoniously blended and altering key or tone or vibration in strict accordance with the season's rules—or not, as may be. It is summer anyway in my mother's face, for she is laughing.

We have been out with her to help her with the shopping or to drop in on one of her many relatives or friends. The town contains scarcely anyone who is not a relative or friend—the " old town " at any rate, and this is the old town, for we are seated on a slight elevation of the pavement, on the curb-stone as it makes a generous curve off Church Street, under the Church and on to the stores and hotel and shopping centres of Main Street—I think it was called Main Street, it should be, anyway.

It seems odd that my mother should be laughing. My brother has defied her. He is seated firm on the curb-stone. He is not going home. But my mother keeps on laughing. It is not that he is not going home now, he is never going home. As he repeats this solemnly, my mother laughs more. People stop and ask what has happened. My mother tells them and they laugh too. They stand either side of my mother, more people, friends and strangers, all laughing. "But we're collecting a crowd," she says, "we can't stay here, crowding the pavement." She obtains supporters, strangers and near-strangers repeat her words like a Greek Chorus, following the promptings of their leader.

There is a slight, whispered conspiracy. The strangers melt away and my mother with feigned indifference, strolls off. My brother knows perfectly well that she will relent, she will pretend to go away but she will wait around the corner and if we don't follow her, she will come back. He has told her that he is going away to live by himself and he has, moreover, told her that his sister is coming with him. His sister waits anxiously, excited yet motionless on the curb beside him. In addition to this final ultimatum of my brother's, we were not supposed to sit on the curb-stone. But there we sit, not "crowding the pavement" but making a little group, a design, an image at the cross-roads. It appears variously in Greek tragedies with Greek names, and it can be found in your original Grimm's tales or in your nursery translation, called Little-Brother, Little-Sister. One is sometimes the shadow of the other, often one is lost and the one seeks the other, as in the oldest fairy-tale of the twin-brother-sister of the Nile Valley. Sometimes they are both boys like the stars Castor and Pollux, sometimes there are more than two. Actually in the case of Castor and Pollux there were four, with Helen and Clytaenestra, the children of a Lady, we are told, and a Swan. They make a group, a constellation, they make a groove or a pattern into

which or upon which other patterns fit or are placed unfitted, and are cut by circumstance to fit. In any case, it is a common-or-garden pattern though sometimes it finds its corresponding shape in heaven. And their mother has walked away. *He* knows that she will come back because he is older and is admittedly his mother's favourite. But *she* does not know this. But though her brain is in a turmoil of anxiety and pride and terror, it has not even occurred to her that she might throw her small weight into the balance of conventional behaviour by following her mother and leaving her brother to his fate.

XXI

These pictures are so clear. They are like transparencies, set before candles in a dark room. I may or may not have mentioned these incidents to the Professor. But they were there. Upon the elaborate build-up of past memories, across the intricate network made by the hair-lines that divided one irregular bit of the picture-puzzle from another, there fell inevitably a shadow, a writing-on-the-wall, a curve like a reversed, unfinished S and a dot beneath it, a question-mark, the shadow of a question—*is this it?* The question-mark threatened to shadow the apparently most satisfactory answers. No answer was final. The very answer held something of death, of finality, of dead-sea fruit. The Professor's explanations were too illuminating, it sometimes seemed; my bat-like thought-wings would beat painfully in that sudden searchlight. Or reversely, other wings (gull or skylark) that seemed about to take me right out of the lower levels of the commonplace, would find themselves beating in the confined space of a wicker-cage or useless under the mesh of a bird-net. But no—he did not set traps, he did not really fling nets. It was I myself, by my own subconscious volition or unconscious will, who walked or flew into them. I over-stressed or over-compensated;

I purposely and painfully dwelt on certain events in the past about which I was none too happy, lest I appear to be dodging the analysis or trying to cheat the recorder of the Book of Life, to deceive the Recording Angel in fact, in an effort to escape the Day of Judgment. Once when I painfully unravelled a dingy, carelessly woven strip of my tapestry of cause and effect and related to him, in over-careful detail, some none-too-happy friendships, he waved it all aside, not bored, not grieved or surprised, but simply a little wistful, I thought, as if we had wasted precious time, our precious hours together, on something that didn't matter. " But why," he asked, " did you worry about all this ? Why did you think you had to tell me ? *Those two didn't count.* But you felt you wanted to tell your mother."

All this seemed almost too simple at the time. My mother was dead ; things had happened before her death, ordinary as well as incredible things, that I hadn't told her. In some cases I wanted to spare her worry and pain, as during the period of the last war, when I was in England and she was in America. Then there was her personal bereavement to consider ; the death of my father followed closely on the news of the death of my older brother in France. My father, a boy of seventeen, and his older brother had been soldiers in our American Civil War and my father had lost this only brother in that war ; he was a mathematician, an astronomer, detached and impartial, a scholar or *savant* to use the more colourful French word. But the news of the death in action of my brother in France, brought on a stroke. My father died, literally, from the shock. The Professor had had shock upon shock. But he had not died.

My father was 74 or 75 when he died—at any rate, not as old as the Professor was now. My mother had had her seventieth birthday in the early twenties. She stayed with me for some years in London and in Vaud, Switzerland. She went back on a visit to America. I knew that she would

die there, she knew it too. But I wanted to avoid thinking about this. I did not want to face this. There are various ways of trying to escape the inevitable. You can go round and round in circles like the ants under that log that Eric pried up for us. Or your psyche, your soul, can curl up and sleep like those white slugs.

XXII

Those two didn't count. There were two-s and two-s and two-s in my life. There were the two actual brothers (the three of us were born within four years). There were the two half-brothers; there were the two tiny graves of the two sisters (one of those was a half-sister but there were the two or twin-graves). There were the two houses, ours and our grandparents in the same street, with the same garden. There were the two Biblical towns in Pennsylvania, Bethlehem where I was born, and Philadelphia where we moved when I was eight. There were for a time in consciousness, two fathers and two mothers, for we thought that papalie and mamalie (our mother's parents) were our own " other " father and mother, which in fact, they were.

There were two of everybody (except myself) in that first house on Church Street. There were the two brothers who shared the same room; the two half-brothers might turn up at any time, together; there were the two maids who slept in the room over the kitchen; there were my two parents in their room. (There was a later addition to this Noah's Ark, but my last brother arrived after this pattern was fixed in consciousness.)

My father had married two times, so, again, there were two wives, though one was dead.

Then in later life, there were the two countries, America and England as it happened, separated by a wide gap in consciousness and a very wide stretch of sea.

The sea grows narrower, the gap in consciousness some-

times seems negligible, nevertheless there is a duality, the English speaking peoples are related, brothers, twins even, but they are not one. So in me, two distinct racial or biological or psychological entities tend to grow nearer or to blend even, as time heals old breaks in consciousness. My father's second wife, was the daughter of a descendant of one of the original groups of the early eighteenth century, mystical Protestant order, called the *Unitas Fratrum*, the Bohemian or Moravian Brotherhood. Our mother's father was part mid-European by race, Polish, I believe, the country called itself then, when his forefathers left it, though it became German and then fluctuated like the other allied districts, back and forth as in the earlier days of the Palatinate struggles. Livonia, Moravia, Bohemia—Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the renewed Bohemian brotherhood, was an Austrian, whose father was exiled or self-exiled to Upper Saxony, because of his Protestant affiliations. The Professor himself was an Austrian, a Moravian actually by birth.

XXIII

Mother? Father? We have met one of them in the garden of the house on Church Street and we have seen the other, further down Church Street, where the pavement makes a generous curve under the Church on to the shops. But we are not shopping. We are not calling on anyone, friend or near-friend or near or distant relative. Everyone knows our mother, so we are never sure who is related and who is not—well, in a sense everyone is related for there is the church and we all belong together in some very special way, because of our candle-service on Christmas-eve, which is not like anyone else has anywhere, except in some places in Europe perhaps. Europe is far away and is a place where our parents went on their honeymoon. It is *she* who matters for she is laughing, not so much at us, as with

us or over us and around us. *She* has bound music-folios and loose sheets on the top of our piano. About *her*, there is no question. The trouble is, she knows so many people and they come and interrupt. And besides that, she likes my brother better. If I stay with my brother, become part almost of my brother, perhaps I can get nearer to *her*.

But one can never get near enough or if one gets near, it is because one has measles or scarlet-fever. *If* one could stay near her always, there would be no break in consciousness—but a half a loaf is better than no bread, and there are things, not altogether negligible to be said for *him*. He has some mysterious habits, this going out at night and sleeping on the couch in his study by day. As far as that goes, there *is* his study. Provided you do not speak to him when he is sitting at his table, nor disturb him when he is lying down, you are free to come and go. It is a quiet place. No one interferes nor interrupts. His shelves are full of books, the room is lined with books. There is the skull on the top of the highest book case and the white-owl under a bell-jar. He has more books even than our grandfather and he has that triangle paper-weight that shows the things in the room repeated and in various dimensions. This, of course, I have not at the time, actually put into words, hardly put into thoughts. But here I am, in some special way privileged. It is his daughter to whom he later entrusts the paper-knife; he leaves his uncut magazines and periodicals for her. She knows how to run the paper-knife carefully along under the surface of the double-page and this is especially important as her older brother is not invited to cut the pages. He has, of course, many other things to do. Our mother is a mixture of early Pennsylvania settlers, people from this island, England and others from middle-Europe—he is one thing. He is New England, though he does not live there and was not born there. He comes from those Puritan fathers who wear high-peaked hats in the Thanks-

giving numbers of magazines. They fought with Indians and burnt witches. Their hats were like the hats the doctors wore, in the only picture that was hanging in his study. The original picture was by Rembrandt, if I am not mistaken. The half-naked man on the table was dead so it did not hurt him when the doctors sliced his arm with a knife or a pair of scissors. Is the picture called *A Lesson in Anatomy?*

It does not really matter what the picture is called. It is about doctors. There is a doctor seated at the back of the couch on which I am lying. He is a very famous doctor. He is called Sigmund Freud.

XXIV

We travel far in thought, in imagination, or in the realm of memory. Events happened *as* they happened, not all of them, of course, but here and there, a memory or a fragment of a dream-picture, is actual, is real, is like a work of art or is a work of art. I have spoken of the two scenes with my brother as remaining set apart, like transparencies in a dark room, set before lighted candles. Those memories, visions, dreams, reveries—or what you will—are different. Their texture is different, the effect they have on mind and body is different. They are healing. They are real. They are as real in their dimension of length, breadth, thickness, as any of the bronze or marble or pottery or clay objects that fill the cases around the walls, that are set in elegant precision in a wide arc on the Professor's table in the other room. But we cannot prove that they are real. We can discriminate as a connoisseur (as the Professor does with his priceless collection here) between the false and the true; a good copy of a rare object is not without value, but we must distinguish between a faithful copy and a spurious imitation; there are certain alloys too that may corrode and corrupt in time, and objects so blighted must be segregated or scrapped; there are priceless broken fragments that are

meaningless until we find the other broken bits to match them.

There are trivial, confused dreams, and there are real dreams. The trivial dream bears the same relationship to the real as a column of gutter-press newsprint to a folio page of a play of Shakespeare. The dreams are as varied as are the books we read, the pictures we look at, or the people we meet. "*O dreams*—we know where you Freudians think your dreams come from!" *Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.* A great many of them come from the same source as the script or Scripture, the Holt Writ or Word. And there, too, we read of Joseph, how his brethren scoffed, *Behold this dreamer cometh.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE VISION

When you looked at me poignantly,
Hauntingly, after years of light
Were you recalling a spirit of me,
Were you seeing me suddenly,
Were you thinking of something kind?

Or did you know that it was night,
And I was blind?

MARGIAD EVANS

FROM A JOURNAL

By BRENDA CHAMBERLAIN

IN THE CORNFIELD:

Did I come here to lose or to find myself?

On the surface I am helping to garner corn. Because I am strong the work does not overtax me. Mind has time in which to range.

Neither lost nor found; a pair of hands binding sheaves.

Mind asks Peer Gynt's question:

> What is it really to be one's self?
>
> . . . .
>
> Tell me then—where was my real self,
> Complete and true—the Peer who bore
> The stamp of God upon his brow?

Or should one, as F. said, lose the self, become like a hedgerow leaf, part of an enormous pattern, to attain the Negation of the Self?

*The notion of emptiness (absence of real self) engenders compassion. Compassion does away with the distinction between self and other, The indistinction of self and other renders the service of others effective.

Outside mind, where thought drowns wildly or floats (how seldom) placidly, the external world is so sanely beautiful as to be full of hurt.

The cornfield slopes abruptly to the ditch and drystone dyke. On the upland side where cattle drowse in the heat, are scruffy birches, then the bald hill littered with stone. It is graciously furrowed down its centre with a pale almost white granite lying in ridges precluding all pasture. Felled timber lies bone-bleached upon the rock. Behind is the darkness of the spared evergreen.

The Firth runs grey between this western shore of Scotland and the Cumberland coast; the English seaboard

*From a poem by St. Mila Repa of Tibet, quoted by Marco Pallis in *Peaks and Lamas*, page 164.

blurred from the smoke of factory chimneys. Inland, the peaks upthrust their horns. The land is fragile as shell, yet iron-strong.

Flung up to the breast of this country on the backwash of a great revulsion, of a more powerful passion, what have I lost or found among these interminable aisles of corn?

Rain falls and falls; winds blow.

The oats have been so long in stook that they are rooting back to the earth; are raising green shoots from the straw. Ground under them has begun to blacken and stink. I lift two wind-matted, water-clogged sheafs with their loads of sounding ears, turn them and clash their straws together, turn and clash, turn and clash, down the long field.

*There are three hundred and sixty schools of Wisdom, said the Patriarch, and all of them lead to Self-attainment. . . .

Self-attainment. Surely the acrobat and the trapeze-flyer leap and swing to the goal?

Yes, the Patriarch instructed Monkey, his disciple, how to do the cloud-trapeze.

The last sheaf has been pitched and carried. Under Douglas' hands two stacks grow on the field edge. Alick sweeps up the waste straw into lines with Betina's wide barrel filling the shafts of the hayrake. I have a wire holder with a wad of rag fixed into a loop at the end. After pouring paraffin over the cloth I light it and run from row to row setting fire to the straw. From one side of the field to the other, back and fore, I tend my glowing pyres. Drifts of smoke like grape-bloom hang about the wind-brake of pines.

A fine breeze out of the west carries sparks away safely; the stacks are downwind.

Alick drives the terrified mare into the smoke and flames

*From "Monkey", by Wu Ch'êng-ên, translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley.

for the horrible pleasure of seeing her plunge madly, backing away from the jets of flame reaching for her belly.

As I run, soundless words go from me to my love in the east :—

> Look, this is happiness ; this, the colour and thrust of life. See ! around the serpent-tongued flames rearing in cloudless air, shakes a glasslike vapour. It seems the shimmering landscape is in an under-water land glimpsed through wind-fretted waves.
>
> And smoke pouring eastward will bring smells of autumn to your nostrils as you walk under wide trees of that Park where lovers lie as if death-locked. They lie in the grass near the band-stand where pipers play for the dancing. They lie in shadow of the unreal, smoke-encrusted Castle Rock.* Flames trace symbols for an afternoon, and fail. I walk through ashes of straw twisted together in thin strands like the hair of a grandmother.
>
> O love, it is evening ; and you are far to the east.

TAÛROS :

A NEIGHBOURING STOCKMAN'S wife has been gored to death by a bull. Her man being sick, the wife went out to fetch the cows for evening milking. The bull was with them in the field. She did not return, so the farmer went to see what had happened. He found the woman on her face with the flesh ripped from her backbone.

So now we are no longer careless as we used to be in passing our own bull.

Slavering, thunder-throated Bull ! There was an heroic beast at the market place penned within iron stanchions. His tiny bloodshot pig's eyes watched us dully ; a thin string of bubbled saliva was suspended from his jaw. The wicked tail lashed with pendulous ferocity. Having bought him, a man prepared to remove him from the yard. A rope was fixed to the ring in his nose ; then drawn tightly over a bar in the cage ; other ropes were cautiously slipped round his legs. Another was passed under his tail and noosed about his genitals. He dribbled threads of saliva. His mouth opened a little way and gave voice. He seemed

not to bellow outwards from his throat but to suck sound into his belly on a weak, almost sighing breath.

I hate. I hate. I hate. Why does not the bull charge at the railing with the bone of his brow, horn his tormenters, and, Taûros of the herds ! batter with lowered head into the crowd ?

The men pulling on the ropes flung obscene jests at one another. The beast suddenly, with a clash of horn, smashed a bar of the cage as if it had been boarding. Men yelled for the crowd to keep back. The gate was unlocked and the bull cautiously piloted out. With five men dragging at him, he staggered along, blind with fear and rage. He flung himself forward suddenly with mad weight of his shoulders and freed himself of all but two of his attendants. He thundered out into the road and vanished between hedges, the tenacious little men still hanging to the ropes' ends.

Picasso's MINOTAUROMACHY :

Two beasts rise from a sea of flat grey waves ; Minotaur and Seahorse. Instinct for death comes out of soul-sickness and despair. A woman, detached, in her tower above the shore, watches Minotaur advance upon the land. Christ pauses in ascent of the Cross. His sacrifice cannot save us. Not a scapegoat but ourselves we would now pin upon the Tree. A child stands (she smiles) at foot of Christ's ladder ; flowers in one hand, candle in the other. Minotaur, death-instinct, disease of our time, stretches an arm to extinguish the small, sane light. The child smiles, the candle flame burns, her flowers do not wither.

NIGHT IN THE GARDEN :

Night. Stars. Leaves, cool, brittle, shivering in leaf-torments. Flowers, dew-cold, heavy, hanging in lonely chastity on light-governed stems. Leaves, vein troubling vein ; trees drowned in their own shadows ; bark cracking

and flaking on the shade-drenched trees. Stars, stabbing cold points of (crystal?) colour (jewel) cunningly between leaves. Or indifferently. Immense night touching the muscular sea. Muscles of the salt sea contracting under star-touch of sky.

Night through glass of my window.

Shade in the garden, beyond the glass, grows into form of monster. Bowl-sized cat's eyes, lit with star's fire. Massive, pelt-thick shoulders bend to a bush. Lips open in head of shape in shade; eject thin tongue of radiant flame. Fire runs under its heart. Bush roars, crackles to decay. Pods of flowers burst. Flower buds scream in consuming heat. Face-bone, leather, hair-draped, lifts slowly from bush light, lifts slowly on animal shoulders. It raises cat's eyes to the window; breathes jet of fire at the glass, cracks a pane to bright diamond splinter, mocking stars' tremulous antennæ.

A beast breathes fire at me.

I throw the window open, climb into the garden.

Night. Stars, Leaves, cool, brittle, shivering in leaf-torments. Flowers, earth-cold, heavy. Rain of fine dew showers upturned face. Normal, miraculous night.

I return to bed, leaving window open. Darkness rushes in, takes possession of the room; whispering of leaves begins along the wall, ceiling drips with dew-clogged petals. A tree my bed, branch-sustaining me. Dew lies all night along my branch. Sleep. Dream. Dream i.

Morning in the mountains. Tender, oblique light casting shadow from every irregularity of form.

A., R. and I decide to go a day's journey into the hills. We look long up the valley; decide to go to the head of the Pass; then down into wild ravine, past white Inn where a monstrous dog stands guard. R's pony, Ellen, needs shoeing so she and A. go on ahead. Later, I also ride out to meet them on some lowland road (I know not where). Riding through an unfamiliar countryside of fields and high banks, I come to men hedging. Their hooks they hold upright

in gloved hands when they see me. They direct me, giving their company until a farm lane leads to a thoroughfare.

Now a frenzy takes me to be with A. and R. Whipping up the pony, I trot, canter, gallop, going ever faster down and up hill. We come to a sharp, rocky lane, clatter down at full gallop. On the left hand, in the hollow, are tall, narrow houses built on the lip of deep quarry hole. The land is grey, sordid, weighed-on by cloud.

Where is A.? I must find him.

The dream changes. On skis, struggling up a sloping concrete pavement leading into an Underground Railway Station, I am passed (they move downwards past me) by hundreds of people. There is no snow. The skis stick on grit of concrete. Distress and panic seize me. Where is A. among all these indifferent faces?

Dream changes again.

A coloured world. Sunset. A band of men and women leading horses. We are shawled, robed in bright garments; seek to fulfil the morning's project; move westward as sun sinks behind mountain range. A night's journey from my starting-place at morning. Behind us, half hidden from sight in a valley is the town from which I have come. We walk upon a mile-wide stretch of sand. From the south-west runs a tidal river which now, at slack water, shows a thin channel of blue beyond wrinkled sand. We walk round shallow pools of seawater. The ponies as they splash through them, splinter green reflections of the sky. Northward rises a featureless hill, lacking all shelter. Shale and stone lie on its slope. Dying sun stains pools; dim line of hills is pallid from rising valley smoke. A woman in wine-dark robes averts her face from me. Her draperies swirl about her limbs in rich folds against tawny sand and pale green sky. I breathe air of high altitude, thin, clear. We are content, peaceful, united. Our purpose: to reach that far backbone of rock. The ponies' hoofs make sucking sound where sand is still waterlogged.

Quietness is shattered. Air fills with harsh voices intoning overhead: ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG! We stop, look wildly round for the bodies out of which come these terrible voices. From the mountains, and flying low towards us comes a silver machine, shaped like a zeppelin, from which peer the faces of helmeted and goggled airmen who keep up a dreadful shouting. Behind comes another, another and another. They are strung together fore and aft by thick reddish-brown cables, five cables attached to nose and tail in the manner of telegraph wires, one below the other. On the wires round objects fixed at intervals of a few feet, like beads on a thread.

Our company disperses. We are panic-stricken. We run under the menacing machines that slowly pass only a few feet above our heads. There is wild outcry and lamentation; that this invasion presages the destruction of the world. Chemical gases are to be poured on us and when the machines crash, all will be blown to pieces, pilgrims of the shore and town's inhabitants. Most of us flee towards the river bed. I run up the bare hillside thinking to find some cave or hollow place. As I run, the words *Foxes have holes, foxes have holes*, go monotonously through my head. No shelter anywhere. I run downhill again almost falling headlong over trailing brown cables lying on a patch of wet, salt-crusted sand. To touch them would mean death. Thus do we purposelessly flee to nowhere as the air armada floats down on to the city in the valley.

I am filled with a sense of utter terror.

My brain disintegrates: I am annihilated.

Horror floats me from dream to consciousness.

Wind walks the room, fingers the curtains. Floor boards creak. Continuous whispering of leaves along the wall. Ceiling drips with dew-clogged petals. A tree my bed, branch-sustaining me. Dew lies all night along my branch. Normal, miraculous night.

I sleep again. Dream ii.

It is evening.

My Mother and I, standing at open window. Huge, square; sash raised high. Under haze a green valley lies down there. Far, do you see? Heavily green, sappy (not of Europe), steaming, tropical. And a river between mountains, rock hidden under vegetation. To left of our house, in middle distance, a hill crowned with dark firwood ringed with a fence. It is of slate and wire. A balloon passes over the house from behind, goes on left hand into landscape. Moves slowly, silently, low in sky. It is going to crash. A current of sympathy flows between us (I am one with my Mother) and four airmen standing close-packed in the basket under balloon cables. They have harness on their backs. Their muscles brace, tension ripples over their bodies. Prepared powerfully, willingly, for inevitable death, they pass the window in silence. They float on, shoulder to shoulder, in the basket under balloon's shadow. Far below them the dusky vegetation steams. They sail into evening.

Flower of flame! Explosion of cannon-shell! The balloon has crashed beside the forest fence on the hill. I strain from the window;

see smoke rising from wreckage. On the hill, men run. I also find myself running over the hill. Among twisted steel and torn fabric is a bare patch of earth, scored in small circles. I try in vain to decipher the symbol of rings. White clad bearers carry away stretchers holding pieces of the dead men covered with white cloths. Whiteness is sharp against the dark forest.

Alone, I stand on the hill. Evergreen boughs reach across the forest fence. Skins of four, freshly-skinned hares hang there from the branches.[1]

Man-proportioned, man-sized ; hung with wet inner sides towards me. They glisten, a fresh blood runs on the skin. Long, reddish-grey fur of the felt where it edges the skin is wet also. Fixed upside down, the ears hang towards the ground.

I realize that these are the dead men : willing sacrifices.

INDOORS :

The kitchen is hideous ; a cement floor, sickly brown and yellow wallpaper, a coloured photograph of the Queen above a shoddy dresser. There is an iron grate with a steel fender. On the hob bubbles the everlasting porridge. Five of us sit at table for meals and can look out at trees and dyke. Alick, as if sent to Coventry, sits apart at a small table in a corner with his back to us. He has the dingy wall in front of him. He is never spoken to at meals and the food is almost thrown at his head. Even in the fields he scarcely has a word from Douglas.

We eat in silence. Douglas cannot bear our glances. His eyes twitch, his heavy lids droop. Alice, beside him, buttoned-up, prudish, a white corrosive acid of hatred biting her away, watches spitefully or ignores us ; but speaks sometimes to him under her breath and rapidly, in the strong dialect of these parts, so that we cannot understand what she is saying. He answers in the same way. Strain our ears as we may, we can never catch more than a few words. When they speak like this it is always something to do with plans for our work.

[1] See John Layard's *The Lady of the Hare.* Faber & Faber. 1944.

Jissie eats in a breathless fury against life and Alice. She swallows her last spoonful of pudding, gives an eye-signal to Ada who is led in all things by the younger girl, and two chairs scrape back on the gritty floor. They rip off boots and escape upstairs tittering. Or they snatch at magazines and go out for a smoke in the privy. While I am in my bedroom at the back of the house after dinner for ten minutes, writing, I can hear them in there, joking and drumming their heels.

They tell me about it afterwards; how Douglas has stopped that amusement.

"Jissie, Ada, you must go in one by one to the wee hoos."

SOLWAY:

Some day the joy of youth will fail me, grassblades will no longer snap at heels when I run with dogs in the dew of morning; I shall say, sighing, with Ono-no-Komachi:

While I have been sauntering through the world, looking upon its vanities, Lo, my flower has faded and the time of the long rains come.

Until then—"Roy, Zuck, Zuck! Get out good dog. Fetch it, Gwyn! Happy fool. When will you learn not to warn rabbits for miles with your barking?"

Alone but for the dogs I go across the warren towards sound of surf breaking on the long shore. A white owl circles me and cries once from her feather-wall of snow.

Owl; why of such ill omen? Of such import of evil?

I think of Blodeuwedd in the Mabinogion:

So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Blodeuwedd.

When he transformed her into an owl after she had sinned, Gwydion said:

I will not slay thee, but I will do unto thee worse than that. For

I will turn thee into a bird ; . . . thou shalt never show thy face in the light of day henceforth ; and that through fear of all the other birds. Night after night, up at the farm when field work is finished for the day, and the others have gone out, I work at my poem, *Blodeuwedd.*

> Many miles we have run
> Many bitter lakes swum
> Fleeing our ghosts and discarded loves
> Thinking to build new lives.

When I was a child, lying in bed one morning in our house below the wood, an owl battered itself against the bedroom window. Memory is fixed in the channels of childhood : of brown, soft body and flat face falling suddenly at the glass, of my Father's horror.

" An owl in daylight. O misfortune. Someone of ours is to die." My Uncle was killed soon after, and from that on, the owl has sent ice through my blood. I think it chills its own heart with its cry.

I stand facing the hills, sea's wild salt at my back. Perfectly shapen upcroppings of rock, miniature mountains, stand before the gentle upland. Plovers dive and scream. The white owl comes close to peer into my face.

VESTALS AND VESTRIES

A continuation of the Journal of

FLORENCE ALICE SITWELL

edited by

SIR OSBERT SITWELL

Feb. 24th, Friday, 1893. Nearly 2 months of the New Year gone, and nothing written in my journal!

For some weeks Mother has been ill, on and off. First a violent attack of pain, so that we had to have the doctor twice in one evening. She recovered, but became very poorly indeed from her vaccinated arm, which took so badly that the doctor thought she could never have taken as a baby. She had also thoroughly over-tired herself with poor Aunt Minnie. Then she got an attack of bronchitis and English (not Russian) Influenza and has now been in her bed nearly a fortnight. When Lucy and Mary and Aunt Puss left us last Monday (Aunt Puss has been some days with us) Mother was moved into the large south room, which is so comfortable for her, and she looks very nice lying in the Cardinal's Bed with a blue dressing jacket and pink shawl and with lilies of the valley and other nice flowers in the room. To-day Dr. Dale seems pleased with the way she is getting on, but does not think of allowing her to get up this week. Leckly and I are her sole nurses now.

Alice Swinton broke down so much in health that Kate had to take her to London for advice and she is now ordered to remain away. I was engaged to stay with Aunt Georgie during Kate's absence and after George had left. I was there for a few days, but living very much between the two houses.

As Mother was so far from well, I saw even more of our Indian lady, Miss Soonderbai Powas than one might otherwise have done, and I found her interesting beyond measure. She came to speak on the Opium Traffic. In

appearance she was very sallow, with a face that lit up pleasantly. She was dressed in her Indian dress which seemed to consist of yards and yards of stuff wound about her. When Sunday came, and she and I went to church, she wore over her head just her little Indian cotton handkerchief ! no bonnet.

We had such interesting talks in the evenings. One evening she told me her history and the history of her father. He was a high-caste Hindu who became Christian. He was said on that account to have disgraced the family—his allowance was stopped—his young Indian wife was kept from him and his poor old Mother took his change to heart in a most sad way, and died shortly after. She loved him in spite of all, and as she believed in the transmigration of souls she said she should become a kite and hover round him ! The property which should have become his passed on account of his Christianity into other hands. She mentioned that high-caste Hindus who lose their property because they become Christians will not go to law to recover it. Her father did, however, go into the Courts to recover it, feeling sure that his wife would go with him if she had to appear. She did go with him, but at first would not eat with him for fear of losing caste as he was a Christian. After a time she also became one. I think means were a difficulty to them in those days, but after a time he obtained a scholarship which proved a help. Soonderbai was their daughter. Once, when a child she had a very serious illness, and in praying for her recovery it was promised that should she live she should be specially dedicated to God's service. She lived, and even as a child had the wish to go and work in Zenanas, but it was not until she was older and just about to begin her work for God that her father told her how she had been dedicated. She carried on a great work in Bombay in Zenanas and Schools. When she was first appealed to

to come to England, on the sad opium question, she said "You should send a clever person" or words to that effect: and the answer was, "I don't want a clever person."

She used to dread speaking even at the meeting of the Temperance Society of which she was vice-president—so that if the president were not able to appear, Miss Powas would avoid going for fear of being called upon so speak.

On this Opium question, however, she felt so strongly God's call that she cast fear aside and trusted entirely.

On *Feb. 24th* Friday George came to us and Ida the next day. George was obliged to leave on the following Monday to be in his place in the House; but Ida remained till Saturday March 4th, one week. George seems so much delighted with his little son. The child has been privately baptized in London by Walter Blunt; and a few days after Easter our Bishop hopes publicly to receive him into the Church here at St. Mary's.

I am writing now on *March the 9th.* Mother is slowly getting better—to-day I think seems to have made a real start. She was down for three meals to-day and took a turn in the garden—sat in a sheltered spot a little.

March 17th. To-day has been the Confirmation at Holy Trinity Church at which 4 of Mother's Home girls and 7 of Sister Adelaide's poor lads were to be confirmed.

April 7th. Last Wednesday the 8th Grace and Archie left us after a visit which we enjoyed so much. I don't know that we have ever enjoyed a visit from Gracie so much since her marriage as we did this time—we had them quite to ourselves. Archie too was so nice; he is such a good man.

It must have been Wednesday the 8th too when our lovely weather disappeared for a time, but altogether it has been the loveliest early spring one perhaps ever remembers.

I am writing now on *April 21st,* Tuesday the 11th

Mother went to London on a sad expedition with Aunt Minnie for medical advice. They went to 89 Gloucester Road, South Kensington—Miss Fanny Patteson's rooms; and kind little Mrs. Stovin arranged to go daily by train from her home in London to help with Aunt Minnie. I was alone here till Friday when Cousin Sydney (Mrs. Isla Sitwell) arrived. We hope for Mother's return next Tuesday.

May 2. Mother returned last Saturday; better, thank God, than I expected after her painful expedition. It was nearly dark when she arrived at about quarter to eight. We had a little tea-table arranged in the library for her with cold chicken, etc., and the room bright with flowers and smelling of sweet briar. There is a ray—just a ray of hope for Aunt Minnie—they are trying a newly discovered remedy.

We are in a lovely green world already this Spring, and the lilacs in the Crescent Garden are in bud.

In London, lilies were full out during their stay.

May 11*th*. Last Monday we had a merciful escape. We were having the south side (windows) of the house painted; and in preparation for this a man was removing the old paint, using a lamp for the purpose. He opened the drawing-room window for some reason and his lamp caught the curtain. Mother was in the room at that moment and *saw* him do it. The flames leapt up in a moment. The man called, "House on fire!" Mother got hold of Leckly, Jane, and Frank, and ran for assistance. Sent for the fire-engine. Happily there were work-people all about—it was about quarter to twelve in the morning. I was in the Far Library, but soon heard Leckly's excited voice and came out to help in finding helpers. Our servants were very good, old Leck screaming about, but splendidly helpful.

The fire was happily put out by the use of the garden hose which had previously been arranged so as to fasten on to the pantry tap. The chief constable soon arrived to

help. Though lasting so short a time, Mother thinks the fire did about a hundred and forty pounds worth of damage. Certainly even in the middle of the day with helpers all round, a fire is an awful thing ! What must it not be at night ! A policeman slept in the drawing-room that night, and dear old Leck never took off her clothes, fearing that the fire might break out again between the drawing-room ceiling and the floor of the library ; but thank God we had a peaceful night and all was right.

June 12th. Aunt Minnie left us on Monday May 29th for the Cliff. Aunt Georgie Thomas who had spent a night or two with us the same day. Aunt Puss, Aunt Georgie Swinton, and Kate all early that week. Yesterday (Sunday) our old friend Mr. Dale passed away. It was very peaceful towards the close, but he did not know people. Mother had been confined to her house with a bad cold, but managed to go to his house on Thursday when the Bishop administered the Holy Communion. I saw him later on that morning. He only said a word or two and seemed unequal to talking ; but, after leaving his room, I sent in word by Nurse—might I just come and repeat a hymn to him and go straight out ? I repeated " Like a river glorious in God's perfect peace." He just said " beautiful ", and I went out.

Mother returned from York early on July 4th. Monday morning early July 10th Mother and I went to the Cliff again, returning on the 12th, and Mr. and Mrs. Cox came to stay with us. She is just the same bright, dear, little thing—much stronger in health, I am glad to say. It is *such* an unselfish and lovely Christian life, and it has been so useful and lived so straight for God that it makes one feel terribly ashamed of one's own ! She worked for nine years amongst Factory girls, going three days a week from her home in London to the City to a place called the *Welcome*, seeing them there and in their own homes. She

used to leave home about half past ten or eleven in the morning and return about quarter to eleven at night. Two other sisters out of the large family were still at home though one married in course of time. The other three days in the week Louey Cox lived at home, partly the ordinary home life, visiting relations, etc., and a hospital, taking girls into the country during the summer, going to a Bible class; and partly carrying on the immense correspondence connected with the girls. She had a secretary to help her; and would have sometimes thirty letters a day to see to.

In the City she came in contact with thousands of these girls and had 500 distinctly under her! She made us laugh very much over their odd ways and sayings; and the way they mimicked her and called her "Miss Curly" to begin with. (She has very pretty curly hair.)

Yesterday Louey Cox came in the afternoon to the Iron Room and spoke most beautifully to the girls there. It was a little plan of hers and mine. We get hold of girls who come into Scarbro' for the season and work in shops—we try mostly for those in lodgings. They can enjoy themselves in the King's Cliff Hospital garden and the Iron Room, which is made bright with flowers and very nicely arranged, and then have singing and a little address, followed by tea. We thought of doing it at Wood End—then King's Cliff seemed better.

July 18th., Yesterday Cecil Sitwell, who is staying with Lady Feilden, came to tea, and gave us an interesting account of his work in West Africa (Gambia), where he is travelling commissioner to the Government. Freeing the slaves in many instances seems part of his work; and he told us of a poor girl out there who called him "Father" because he had freed her. She is married now.

On *Sunday*, *July 23rd*, Mr. Cox preached one of the most beautiful sermons perhaps one has ever heard in Holy

Trinity Church on " My Grace is sufficient for Thee " and a very, very good one in St. Mary's in the evening on Rom. 1, xvi. In the afternoon Louey Cox and I went to the Y.W.C.A. where she spoke to them and to our little gathering at King's Cliff afterwards.

Aug. 5th. Yesterday the household and I arrived at Hovingham Cottage which Mother has taken to be near Aunt Minnie, from Mr. and Mrs. Burrell for a month. She *was* out in the garden with Aunt Minnie, Aunt Georgie and Flo when I arrived.

The Coxes left us on Thursday morning. Aunt Georgie came yesterday to see Aunt Minnie and spent one night with us at the Cottage, leaving this afternoon. It is nice staying again in this house where we stayed when I was five years old and from which George and I attempted to go to Fairyland ! The rooms and garden have childish recollections connected with them. It is a rather sweet little spot.

August 12th. Yesterday our little Aunt Minnie passed peacefully away at about 5 in the morning. Nurse came with the sad news before breakfast. Before luncheon Stainsby from the Hall with telegram from Wood End, " All is over. Come to Sir William "—so another suffering life passed away that day. Mother had lent Wood End to Sir William and Lady Worsley; and they were so much pleased, feeling that it was the one house in Scarbro' where she could be comfortable. The doctor ordered her to Scarbro' as the only hope for prolonging her life—and she longed to go and had been so bright about it—actually saying, I am told, for fun, that they would have field-days in the Scarborough shops. The drawing-room was arranged as her bedroom. She had gone only the day before : and Mother and I from a quiet spot, watched the start—six men carrying her on a couch from the Hall to the Station where a special train took her to Scarbro'.

Dr. Porter went with them, also the men who again had to carry her to Wood End when she reached Scarbro'. Such a lovely life it has been—so full of kindness and interest and sympathy in others. Lately the poor head has been forced down upon the chest, so that, besides being perfectly helpless, she could not even look up. Yet she told Mother not long ago that there were such compensations in life; and that her favourite text was: "In your patience possess ye your souls."

Aug. 16th. Yesterday and to-day our two funerals have taken place. Poor Mother! but she is so brave and good. Aunt Georgie came to us for yesterday, leaving after luncheon to-day, staying in this house for the night. The coffin yesterday—our little Aunt Minnie's coffin—was in the room at the Hall called Samson's Hall, and the little scene was so pretty—the cross of flowers six feet high made by May Worsley standing at the head—and the white campanulas in pots standing round; and the many wreaths and crosses upon and around the coffin. Poor Mother, to feel that after that life-long love for Aunt Minnie, all that remained on earth was in that coffin. Thank God that death *is* conquered! I have never been at a funeral before, except at poor Sister Constance's who was burnt at our Hospital.

We formed a long train of mourners. Our dear Uncle Willy had returned, and took his place in the sad procession. Many friends were there—some more specially for this funeral and some for the next day's.

Some time after the funeral the bells again struck up—not in a sad strain, but a joyful peal it seemed—something like marriage bells, and this was intended to raise peoples' thoughts from sorrow to Heaven and joy. And as some of us passed along the village street that lovely summer evening, we met dear Aunt Harriet's coffin being borne home. We went to her funeral too, and I liked the hymn we had, "The Saints of God, Their Conflict Past."

The heat was intense.

Mother and I left the Cottage on Friday, Aug. 25. In spite of the sadness I think she feels drawn to this little village where we had the sympathy of the other set of mourners at the Hall; and to the peaceful little churchyard where her dear one is laid—not in a grave though, but in the vault. Then the services were a comfort.

Mother liked seeing something of Mrs. Phillips who was heart-broken about Aunt Harriet's death. We saw too Lady Mary Fitzwilliam (who lives at Wigganthorpe) and took a great fancy to her. May Worsley was with us often—such a dear she is! I had visits to a dear old Madame Berthelot who lives in the village, a protegée of Aunt Harriet's, and who grieved deeply for her loss.

Mother and I had lovely *late* drives, if the intense heat of the summer day had passed away. The villages were so pretty; and harvest there, as in other places, is about a month earlier than usual.

The services at the Church were a comfort; *High* Church, but I think the young clergyman, Mr. Pitman, seems an honest and independent man.

One bit of comfort to Mother was the news that our dear young friends Mr. and Mrs. Cox hoped to come to Scarborough for the early part of the winter, as the Bishop had asked Mr. Cox to take his Sunday duty during the Bishop's residence in York.

From Hovingham we went to Hemsworth. Uncle Charlie, Aunt Georgie, Edda, Lucy, George, and Mary at home. I had not seen Uncle Charlie again since his awful illness in the winter. It is so nice to see him though still a great invalid, able to enjoy life, and roam about the garden, and even to take part a little in the service in Church. Edda is better but still by way of taking care and lying down a good deal.

I so much enjoyed again reading some of an invigorating

book there—good for others besides the clergy for whom it is specially intended, *The Parish Priest of the Town*, by Dr. Gott of Leeds, now Bishop of Truro.

The colliers are on strike all about Hemsworth and over the country—a sad state of things.

As Mother was suffering from a tooth, we returned to Scarboro' Wednesday, Aug. 30th to see the dentist before going for the little change to Scotland: which one so hoped would do her good after the long, sad time she had had.

Monday, Sep. 4th. Mother, Leckly, and I went to Edinburgh and spent one night at Gunn's Hotel, Colne Street. Next day to St. Andrew's where Archie met us at the station and took us to the house which he and Grace have for the present. We stayed with them till yesterday Thursday, Sep. 14th, when we came on here, to Pitlochry.

St. Andrews was very interesting—the solemn old grey town with the beautiful ruins of the Cathedral—standing out near the sea with silvery clouds behind. The Castle, where Cardinal Beaton was murdered, and in it the awful *Bottle Dungeon* down which the old martyrs were put before their deaths. (Patrick Hamilton, Walter Mylne, George Wishart, were all put down there.) There are the remains of an old Culdee church—but I mustn't go on, as I have brought home both a Guide-book and *Martyrs and Confessors of St. Andrews.*

The city must look much brighter when the students are there walking about the streets in their red gowns. There is a wild sea-shore, strewn with beautiful shells, and the sea birds—perhaps thousands of them—cry about, with soft voices, rather like the voices of little children. . . . Dear old Rutherford used to live in St. Andrews once—Rutherford who wrote " Christ's Cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bear: it is such a burden as wings are to a bird; and sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven.". . . I wonder if on that wild

sea-shore he learned that one mustn't mind the "rough wind" as he called it, of earthly opposition "blowing in one's face".

It pleased me so much that in the Presbyterian church to which we went on Sunday evening we had the hymn founded on his words. It begins, "The sands of time are sinking," and the refrain of the hymn is formed by some of his last words, "Glory, Glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's Land."

Gracie talked to us again about her friend Mrs. Sholto Douglas, who is so earnest and good. Visitors were not asked, as Mother was in deep mourning—the only exceptions were an old Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, father and mother-in-law of Kate's friend Mrs. Balfour. Archie said good-bye to us a few days earlier, as he was going to the Perth Conference. The last day Kate came just for one night. Very nice seeing dear old Kate. A rather better account of Alice. They like their present abode—Seton Castle, Longniddry.

Outside St. Andrews, "Golfe" is going on, but we didn't see much of the game. We were a good deal interested in a book by Dr. Boyd, *Twenty-five years at St. Andrews*. His house was just opposite ours; and it was to his church we went on Sunday night.

Much of interest in the house to read; and I was deeply interested in part of the report on the Opium Commission in *The Times*. Dr. Hudson Taylor, and Mr. Adams both seem to have answered exceedingly well.

While at St. Andrews Mother had a letter from Aunt Georgie saying how a mob of colliers on strike—not their own, but hundreds from a distance—surrounded the house; I am just copying a bit from her letter which Mother has lent me. 'The rioters came—a mob of many hundred colliers surrounded us, hooting for food. The servants were rather terrified and ran out with all the brick

oven loaves and cold beef, and I am afraid water cans of beer, and they demanded money which we refused, but they maintained their good humour in spite of that, and broke no windows and about 4 o'clock they marched off again, thronging the roads, after an hour's visit to us. They were not our own people—who are keeping quiet—owing partly to an energetic Relief Committee, and partly to the generosity of the Trades-people, who are helping them largely—a *little* with the view perhaps of keeping their windows unsmashed and their wares unscattered to the populace. The shops were dreadfully frightened when the rioters *did* come, and closed all their shutters, and began to cut up bread and cheese as fast as they could, and I think *we* were in some alarm—having diligently read the papers and seen what fearful things they had done in other places —but not so Mrs. Leatham. She gathered her pretty daughters round her in the house porch when the one agitated Policeman in his fat heavy coat had panted up to the Hall to tell her they were coming, and when they surged round the house asked them what they wanted. "Food"—"And will you be satisfied if I give you all I can spare"—"Yes"—"Your word of honour if you are Englishmen"—"We *are* Englishmen"—"I can spare you *two loaves*," and she handed them out. The Butler whispering, "I'd far rather put a few shots into them Mum"—"Money"—"The money is neither yours nor mine, it's Mr. Leatham's, and I have none to give you"—and they cheered her till we heard them over here! It shows what a pretty woman can do with a little courage besides. . . . Last night the Military arrived—at least at 3 o'clock this morning—from Colchester, and took up their quarters at the Workhouse, so there will be a certain sense of security, and it is hoped on all sides that "the dispute" (as they call this reign of terror) may terminate suddenly, in the meantime there is neither *coal* nor *gas*—no

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fires and no Evening Service nor a scrap of light in the streets. The reduction of 5*s*. a week on every man's wages was too sudden a blow for them—as they never dream of reasoning about the benefits of the past—and as the work is laborious, and they require a good margin for drink and sporting dogs, letting alone Wife and children who must "addle" what they can for themselves now that schooling costs "nowt"'

From St. Andrews to Pitlochry, Thursday, Sep. 14th. First to Fisher's Hotel where is a very beautiful garden—such lovely begonias ! On the Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Cox joined us as Mother's guests, coming from Ireland. A great pleasure to us both. One day at Fisher's, Mother had one of her bad attacks of pain; but up till now (Oct. 7th) I am glad to say that she has not had another.

On Monday, Sep. 18th moved to the Athol Hydropathic at Pitlochry, a palatial kind of place with splendid large rooms, and long corridor and a beautiful view from the windows of the Drawing-Room and the Recreation-Room. We had never been in a Hydro before, and its ways amused us much. All sat side by side at long tables in the Dining Room at meals, and the housemaids of the establishment, prettily dressed in their striped cottons with muslin caps and aprons, waited on us. At breakfast porridge was served at the beginning only, and a lady who even offered to pay for it, if she might have it later, was refused. We took some interest in watching the people at mealtimes and after dinner when the long corridor was filled with people walking about, or standing in groups talking. Then amusements of one kind or another took place in the Recreation Room; but we were in the habit of going to our own little sitting-room to spend the evening.

Louey Cox singled out a Miss Buchanan who proved to be an earnest worker in Christ's Cause abroad, and befriended her for she felt very lonely amongst a crowd

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of strangers. Then she also made the acquaintance of a Miss Lucas, one of three charming looking sisters; and she also proved to be an earnest worker in the south of England. We liked them both.

Bishop Wilkinson (Mr. Wilkinson of Eaton Square), preached one week-day at the Pitlochry church; and Mr. Cox, Louey, and I went. On one Sunday one of the chief masters at Eton, Mr. Dalton, preached on book of Job; very good.

Monday, Sept. 25th to Weem Hotel, Aberfeldy—a regular little country Hotel, with a very lovely wood up a hill side at the back of the house. Here we had beautiful walks, in the lovely weird wood, which reminded me of some strange picture of Doré's; and also to a moor above it; to another moor from which we looked down on "The Birks of Aberfeldy", and in the grounds of Castle Menzies, close to the Weem Hotel. It belongs to Sir R. Menzies, and Louey Cox who knew the family got permission for us to go there. We also drove to Kenmore and had another delightful drive. One evening a Highland evening party took place at the Hotel—the schoolmaster having married, gave an entertainment to his pupils' parents. The piper went round the table—there were speeches and "Auld Lang Syne" was sung.

Mr. Cox and I scrambled about the wood at the back of the house to look for the Weem Rock, and St. David's well. "Weem" I think is the name for dwellings of the early inhabitants.

We drove from Aberfeldy to Kenmore, a sweet village on the edge of Loch Tay; and stayed there at the Breadalbane Hotel, where Robert Burns is said to have been, and to have written some lines. The little model village is close to Taymouth Castle (Lord Breadalbane's). Here, too, the autumn colouring was most beautiful. Two of our party wandered by mistake one evening into the grounds of the

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Manse, the result being that we were loaded with small kindnesses by the Minister and his wife. The situation of the Manse is lovely; I tried sketching from there. The white heather for Princess May's wedding dress came from that garden. Mr. Mackenzie, the minister dressed rather like a gardener when employed in his garden—nice man I thought. His wife was a cheery, apple-faced little woman, full of kindness. In the summer they let the Manse and live in a funny little Iron House in the garden. Louey Cox's friend Miss Denny came over to see us at Kenmore, bringing her friend Miss Haldane (who is the Bishop of Argyle's sister). Miss Denny has written a pretty book about factory girls in the East of London, very much drawn from life, and bringing in Louey Cox who is called " Miss Marchmont " and the work at the *Welcome* which is called the *Rest*. The name of the book is *Peter's Sister*.

Miss Denny is the daughter of the man of that name mentioned in life of Catherine Booth; and he has just married again Lady Hope who wrote *Our Coffee Room*.

We had a drive from Kenmore through a great part of Glen Lyon, a dream of wild loveliness. Louey thought of her poor factory girls and said, " Oh if they could only see something really beautiful for once ! " After a few days at Kenmore we went by steamer to near Killin, and on this expedition Mother caught a bad cold which laid her up. We walked from the landing place to Killin to our hotel—the same in which Mother and Father had stayed all those years ago. It is close to a grave-yard—not a good situation.

(*Concluded.*)

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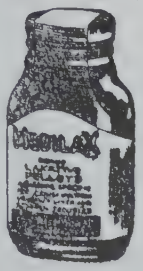

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ROBERT HERRING

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The LONDON MERCURY and BOOKMAN

Edited by ROBERT HERRING

EDITORIAL

JUNE 1945

I WOULD BE chary of seeming even to attempt to follow Dr. Glover's masterly review in *Horizon* of John Layard's *The Lady of the Hare* (Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*); but as we are publishing H.D.'s account of her working with Freud I feel that readers can hardly fail to benefit from the juxtaposition with a record of one who practises the Jung method. Even if it is I who make that juxtaposition.

Mr. Layard's book is the account of a case which he treated by "analytical psychology", "the branch of psychological practice founded by Jung." I must say at once that I think it was unnecessary of Jung to found it. That does not debar me from saying that the stages of this analysis are interestingly expounded and the conclusions admissible as far as they go and despite the terms in which they are couched. It is only that it seems to me, as to many others, inherent in Jung's method that it cannot go very far.

I must add that I think it a pity that the case of *The Lady of the Hare* was chosen for what is still a comparatively rare subject of publication outside psychological journals. First, because it has many elements which may make it untypical to a lay reader and secondly because the author has expounded it so much in terms of Christian doctrine that at times one is uncertain whether the patient is being

healed or the reader proselytized. In any case (though the pun is unintentional), it seems to me that to interpret analytical treatment mainly in terms of theology is like discussing oranges as if they were lemons; the point of the new science is to get to the root of the matter and reveal the impulses which give us, on the one hand, oranges, on the other lemons. However, with that we can deal as it occurs.

In 1940 Mr. Layard was asked by a country vicar to help an extremely backward girl of 16. As she refused to speak to anyone but her mother, this appeared to be impossible, and instead the mother received a course of twelve sessions, at intervals of a week, occasionally of a fortnight. (Normal Freudian practice is daily, for as long as necessary, and the self-discipline which the patient has to produce is, I consider, a desideratum of the "cure".)

The mother was the only daughter of "a superior labourer who had migrated from Northern Ireland to work as a cowman in England". She was not, we are told in rather gratuitous terms, "overburdened with the second-hand substitutes for life doled out by modern city conditions, but lived in a small cottage devoid of any modern convenience in as direct contact with nature as is possible in these islands to-day." Although she was in the habit of seeing "yellow lights", which presaged death, her marriage was happy. Her daughter had had, when three, convulsions, "the origin of which was obscure," she had left school before her time because she was considered too stupid to learn, and "owing to some obscure physical ailment" had lately been taken to see a doctor. Because he was rude to her when she would not speak, she had taken to her bed with a high temperature.

The Wrights, for that is their book-name, had living with them a sister of the mother, a woman of soured disposition whom none of the rest of her family could tolerate.

Margaret, the girl, had been often left in her sole charge when a child, but could not bear her, leaving any room she entered and refusing to speak to her. The aunt, on her side, never ceased criticizing the girl, for whom she had "loathing and contempt". But she could not be turned out, as she had nowhere else to go. In the autumn she was given to swooning fits, preceded by bouts of unusually bad temper.

To a Freudian this situation would, in outline, analyse itself. But it must be remembered that Mr. Layard was dealing not with the girl but with the mother. Gradually, in twelve interviews, it emerged that the mother's "sin" (in Freudian analysis we are relieved of "sin", the term "guilt" connoting induced psychic anxiety) was "in being too good in a mistakenly idealistic way". The focal point in her treatment was a dream in which she had to kill a hare in a white bowl containing a little water. The ground outside was covered in snow, but she left no foot-marks. The hare had had "a look of extreme satisfaction and trust" as she plunged the knife in its back.

Mr. Layard resolves this as "a preparation for the Communion rite". The woman's "sin" had been "being too good in a mistakenly idealistic way, so God sends his blood to correct the too great whiteness of the snow. That's why the hare didn't mind, because he is a willing sacrifice". Mrs. Wright accepted this, as less god-fearing people might not have. Indeed, rationalists might observe that her being too good was a form of anxiety brought on by too strict religious unbringing. She was, however, one to whom hymn-singing was a habitual expression of joy and on occasion would wake up from a dream singing a verse from a hymn—again, some would think this more a symptom than sign of cure. This cure was evidenced in loss of rheumatism, headaches, and acidity; she began to eat food which for years had disagreed with her, and she

" felt wells of friendship rising again towards her sister ". The sister also was able to enjoy food she had not eaten for years. As for the daughter, she was able to say the Lord's Prayer, which she had inhibited, she kissed her aunt good-night, and was granted exemption from National Service as a High Grade Mental Defective.

It will seem to some that the state of these people was much the same as before, merely their symptoms had been changed, and I do not see, nor ever have, how the Jung method can do more. What that method is, as here set forth, we now examine. Mr. Layard declares that " as the mother improves, her own improvement would convey itself automatically " (this is a bad, botching word !) " to the daughter through the channel of the Collective Unconscious ". This always seems to me one of the great stumbling blocks of Jung practice, for the girl's non-improvement might get in first and use that channel to nullify her mother's improvement. Jung says: " The personal unconscious appears to rest upon a deeper layer that does not derive from personal experience and achievement but is inborn. This deeper layer I call the Collective Unconscious. . . . . The Collective Unconscious, so far as we know, is self-identical in all Western men and thus constitutes a psychic foundation." So far as we know indeed ! And what then of Reincarnation ? What kind of unconscious is inborn in a Western man with a previous Eastern life, or a psychic preparation for a future one ? At best this Collective Unconscious can only be a middle layer, for men were persons before they were families, tribes, or nations. It is this refusal to deal with the personal *as* personal but to replace the symbols it uses as " cover " with another set springing from the same dread that limits, shall we say, the usefulness of the Jung variation. It is all very well to claim that " Freud treats the material analytically, resolving the present into the past, Jung

synthetically, building up out of the actual situation towards the future." As anyone knows who has studied modern analysis—I refer naturally to Freudian—Freud sets us free for the future by resolving the present *from* the past; whereas Jung is very fortunate but misguided to think that any situation can be regarded as only actual.

There is also the familiar split about "transference", that process by which the person one talks to intimately on one's fears and pleasures becomes, through being their repository, temporarily identified with them. This seems to me much easier and less erosive, since it is a technique understood by both patient and analyst, than absorption into, or identification with, the Holy Family which Mr. Layard, possibly through clumsy writing, appears to advocate. It causes him to observe when Mrs. Wright, in pregnancy, dreamt that her husband had been killed, that the theory of wish-fulfilment was rejected because "instinctively this simple and cynical interpretation revolted the sense of reverence 'he' had already *conceived* (italics mine) towards the dreamers' problems". What-ho, for transference in reverse! What use reverence without reality, and should a physician be revolted? Instead, "there was here an obvious reference to the wound in Christ's side from which flowed the redeeming blood"—though, to be fair, later on "it became clear that the fatal wound in the side represented an incident in the crucifixion of her own well-meant but mistaken ideals".

That latter is respectable analysis, but, alas, we have too little of it. For apart from the, as I consider, mistaken Jung method, that itself is used with such a religious approach that the ordinary layman is interpreting two sets of symbols at once, instead of using one to illumine the other. Mr. Layard is concerned with "giving the public some insight into a minute corner of that vast field of psychic experience concerned with the integration of

personality through the redemptive process imminent but so often unrecognized within us all, both inside and outside religious communities, which it is the task of psychology as well as of religion to further". He constantly uses this phrase "redemptive process" where many would feel "will to live" is more appropriate, and his book is peppered with such wayside texts as "We all have in us the constituent elements of salvation. The trouble is that many of us don't know it", "The way to heaven is and must be through hell," "We have now to rediscover in ourselves some of the truths the Church has still enshrined in its liturgy but has forgotten in its life" (but perhaps some of us, unlike the Church, have not lost them), and "We have come to think of God as giving us only those things which we regard as good and have forgotten the Old Testament and that He can be also a God of Wrath". But have we? Was it not the fear and frustration engendered by that "jealous God", suiting one stage in the Jews' history, which made necessary the more loving Father of the New, and the Son of Man Himself? "Christianity had got old and was now having to be re-born out of our dreams." To many, more unbiasedly in touch with crusading thought, it seems that it was once already born out of our dreams and in the expositors it has attracted and allowed to itself, has been found wanting, so that now something else must be born out of our dreams.

For fear in us we externalize into fear of the world, and the peace we have not in us we seek to externalize into a world hereafter. But peace once released from its memory of past fears—life is ours. It is here that Jung seems to me to fail, for he "concentrates as much as possible on the impersonal factors that lie beneath personal relationships". Consequently, for Mr. Layard, his follower, Oedipus is replaced by the Trinity, analysis is likened to the Mass,

and religion is confused with the Church. He has sought to draw a parallel between religion and "analytical psychology", which is indeed self-evident, but he himself has merely given the impression of confusedly absorbing analysis into the Church.

This may have suited Mrs. Wright, and doubtless the topic would have differed had she been an agnostic, or a Chinese woman. But I do feel that the ordinary member of the public for whom, as I have quoted, the book is meant, would have had more confidence in the results had the patient and her analyst been less noticeably at one on this matter of religion. Jung makes much of being impersonal, but Mr. Layard, without knowing it, gives the impression of having been far more personal than a Freudian would have permitted himself to be.

The excerpts I have quoted will have shown that the book is not a model of clear statement. There is a great deal of such mumbo-jumbo as that dreams "may be taken as being of God in the sense that they still, as of old, contain messages that, if we know how to read them, point the way to spiritual growth but equally as being of the Devil if we fail to see below their manifest content which so often darkens and distorts the spiritual meaning which lies underneath". But more serious is the matter of the Hare.

This case was selected for initial publication "on account of its direct use of Christian symbolism of a type known to all". Yet, when the Hare comes along as a symbol, Mr. Layard has to confess himself "at that time *completely ignorant* (italics mine) of the part the Hare has played as a symbol in the complex mythological systems of many nations". It was, apparently, only "Chance brought to my notice the widespread mythological beliefs regarding the hare in many parts of the world". This is surprising in the author of *The Stone Men of Malakula*, but it is positively alarming in an analyst, of whom we have a right

to expect that it shall be diligence, more than chance, that enables him to help us understand what we say.

There is a further point. Margaret, the girl, two years after her mother's formal analysis ended, is stated to have " completely altered " during the last month. She took to having " daylight visions which were in effect the continuation and extension in a still deeper sense of Mrs. Wright's own night-time dreams ". It is worth pondering on that. She had " visionary and auditory " contact with her mother's father ". This " visionary perception of her maternal grandfather soon became merged with the traditional figure of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and this in turn was merged into or replaced by a higher concept still, that of the Heavenly Father, under whose direct guidance she now believes herself to be ".

Her grandfather died when she was three. Yet at the beginning of the book it is stated that the origin of her convulsions at that age was " obscure ". Much else is in this book, but it does, I feel, make clear why the speed and comparative superficiality of Jungian analysis are so popular among those whose main fear is to be rid of fear and face what they could be without it.

It is with renewed pleasure that I now make way for H. D.'s continued exposition of more lucid work in a more flexible and thorough system.

WRITING ON THE WALL

(*Continued*)

By H. D.

With the Professor, I discussed a few real dreams, some intermediate dreams that contained real imagery or whose "hieroglyph" linked with authentic images, and some quaint, trivial, mocking dreams that danced, as it were, like masquerading sweeps and may-queens round the may-pole. But the most luminous, the most clearly defined of all the dream-content while I was with the Professor, was the dream of the Princess, as we called her.

XXV

She was a dark lady. She wore a clear-coloured robe, yellow or faint-orange. It was wrapped round her as in one piece, like a sari worn as only a high-caste Indian lady could wear it. But she is not Indian, she is Egyptian. She appears at the top of a long staircase; marble steps lead down to a river. She wears no ornament, no circlet or sceptre show her rank, but anyone would know *this is a princess*. Down, down the steps she comes. She will not turn back, she will not stop, she will not alter the slow rhythm of her pace. She has nothing in her arms, there is no one with her; there is no extraneous object with her or about her or about the carved steps to denote any symbolic detail or side-issue involved. There is no detail. The steps are geometrical, symmetrical, and she is as abstract as a lady could be, yet she is a real entity, a real person. I, the dreamer, wait at the foot of the steps. I have no idea who I am or how I got there. There is no before or after, it is a perfect moment in time or out-of-time. I am concerned about something, however. I wait below the lowest step. There, in the water beside me is a shallow basket or ark or box or boat. There is, of course, a baby

nested in it. The Princess must find the baby. I know that she will find this child. I know that the baby will be protected and sheltered by her and that is all that matters.

We have all seen this picture. I have poured over this picture as a child, before I could read, in our illustrated Doré bible. But the black and white Doré illustration has nothing in common with this, except the subject. The name of this picture is *Moses in the Bullrushes*, and the Professor, of course, knows that. The Professor and I discuss this picture. He asks if it is I, the dreamer, who am the baby in the reed-basket? I don't think I am. Do I remember if the picture as I knew it as a child, had any other figure? I can't remember . The Professor thinks there is the child Miriam, half-concealed in the rushes, do I remember? I half-remember. Am I, perhaps, the child Miriam? Or am I, after all, in my phantasy, the baby? Do I wish myself, in the deepest unconscious or subconscious layers of my being, to be the *founder of a new religion?*

XXVI

Any amateur dabbler with the theories of psycho-analysis can reconstruct, even from this so-far brief evidence, the motive or material or suppressed or repressed psychic urge that projected this dream-picture. There is the little girl with her doll in her father's study. She has come to her father's study to be alone or to be alone with him. Her brother's interests are more lively and exterior and her brother does not enter readily into her doll-family games. He should be the dolls' father or the dolls' doctor, who is called in occasionally. But this does not interest him. He has soldiers and marbles and likes to race about, outdoors and indoors. Here in our father's study, we must be quiet. A girl-child, a doll, an aloof and silent father form this triangle, this family-romance, this trinity which follows the recognized religious pattern: *Father*, aloof, distant, the

provider, the protector—but a little un-get-at-able, a little too far away and giant-like in proportion, a little chilly withal; *Mother*, a virgin, the Virgin, that is, an untouched child, adoring, with faith, building a dream and the dream is symbolized by the third member of the trinity, the *Child*, the doll in her arms.

XXVII

The doll is the dream or the symbol of the dream of this particular child, as these various Ra, Nut, Hathor, Isis, and Ka figures that are dimly apprehended on their shelves or on the Professor's table in the other room, are the dream or the symbol of the dream of other aspiring and adoring souls. The childhood of the individual is the childhood of the race, we have noted, the Professor has written somewhere. The child in me has gone. The child has vanished and yet it is not dead. This contact with the Professor intensifies or projects this dream of a Princess, the river, the steps, the child. The river is an Egyptian river, the Nile; the Princess is an Egyptian lady. Egypt is present, as I say, actually or by inference or suggestion, in the old-fashioned print or engraving of the Temple at Karnak, hanging on the wall above me, as well as in the dimly-outlined egg-shaped Ra or Nut or Ka-figures on the Professor's desk in the other room. A Queen or Princess is obvious mother-symbol, moreover there had been casual references from time to time, to the Professor's French translator, Madame Marie Bonaparte, "the Princess" or "our Princess", as the Professor calls her.

Perhaps here too, as on the occasion of the Professor's birthday in the house at Döbling, I wanted something different or I wanted to give the Professor something different. Princess George of Greece had been consistently helpful and used her influence in the general interests of the Psychoanalytic Association. She was "our Princess"

in that, as Marie Bonaparte, she had translated the Professor's difficult German into French and was ready to stand by him now that the Nazi peril was already threatening Vienna. She was " our Princess " in the world, devoted and influential. But is it possible that I sensed another world, another Princess ? Is it possible that I (leaping over every sort of intellectual impediment and obstacle) not wished only, but *knew* the Professor would be born again ?

XXVIII

For things had happened in my life, pictures, " real dreams," actual psychic or occult experiences that were superficially, at least, outside the province of established psycho-analysis. But I am working with the old Professor himself; I want his opinion on a series of events; it is true, I had not discussed these experiences openly, but I had sought help from one or two (to my mind) extremely wise and gifted people in the past, and they had not helped me. At least, they had not been able to lay, as it were, the ghost. If the Professor could not do this, I thought, nobody could. I could not get rid of the experience by writing about it. I had tried that. There was no use telling the story, into the air, as it were, repeatedly, like the Ancient Mariner who plucked at the garments of the wedding-guests with that skinny hand. My own skinny hand would lay, as it were, the cards on the table—here and now—here with the old Professor. He was more than the world thought him—that I well knew. If he could not " tell my fortune ", nobody else could. He would not call it telling fortunes—heaven forbid ! But we would lead up to the occult phenomena, we would show him how it happened. That at least, we could do—in part, at any rate. I could say, I did say that I had had a number of severe shocks, the news of the death of my father, following the death in action of my brother in France came to me when I was alone

outside London, in the early spring of that bad influenza winter of 1919. I myself was waiting for my second child —I had lost the first in 1915, from shock and repercussion of war-news broken to me in a rather brutal fashion.

The second child, for some reason, I knew, must be born. O, she would be born, all right, though it was an admitted scientific fact that a waiting mother, stricken with that pneumonia, double-pneumonia, would not live. She might live—yes—but then the child would not. They rarely both live, if ever ! But there were reasons for us both living, so we did live. At some cost, however ! The material and spiritual burden of pulling us out of danger fell upon a young woman whom I had only recently met—anyone who knows me, knows who this person is. Her pseudonym is Bryher and we all call her Bryher. If I got well, she would herself see that the baby was protected and cherished and she would take me to a new world, a new life, to the land, spiritually of my predilection, geographically of my dreams. We would go to Greece ; it could be arranged. It was arranged, though we two were the first unofficial visitors to Athens after that last war. This was spring 1920. This spring of 1920 held for me many unresolved terrors, perils, heartaches, dangers, physical as well as spiritual or intellectual. If I had been a little maladjusted or even mildly deranged, it would have been no small wonder. But of a series of strange experiences, the Professor picked out only one as being dangerous, or hinting of danger or a dangerous tendency or symptom. I do not yet quite see why he picked on the writing-on-the-wall as the danger-signal, and omitted, what to my mind, were tendencies or events that were equally important or equally " dangerous ". However, as the Professor picked on the writing-on-the-wall as the most dangerous, or the only actually dangerous, " symptom " we will review it here.

XXIX

The series of shadow or of light-pictures, I saw projected on the wall of a hotel bedroom in the Ionian island of Corfu, at the end of April, 1920, belong in the sense of quality and intensity, of clarity and authenticity, to the same psychic category as the dream of the Princess, the Pharaoh's daughter, coming down the stairs. For myself, I consider this sort of dream or projected picture or vision as a sort of half-way state between ordinary dream and the vision of those, who for lack of a more definite term, we must call psychics or clairvoyants. Memories too, like the two I have recorded of my father in the garden and my mother on Church Street, are in a sense super-memories; they are ordinary, " normal " memories but retained with so vivid a detail that they become almost events out-of-time, like the Princess dream and the writing-on-the-wall. They are steps in the so-far superficially catalogued or built-up mechanism of super-normal, abnormal (or sub-normal) states of mind. Steps? The Princess is coming down the steps from a house or palace or hall, far beyond our human habitation. The steps lead down to a river, the river of life presumably, that river named Nile in Egypt. She is " our Princess "—that is, she is specifically the Professor's Princess and mine, " our " personal guardian or inspiration. She is peculiarly " his " Princess for this is a life-wish apparently, that I have projected into or unto an image of the Professor's racial, ancestral background. We have talked of his age, his 77 symbolized occult power and mystery to me. I frankly told him this without fear of being snubbed or thought ridiculous or superstitious. It is important to me, that 77, and I have a 7 or will acquire one a few months after his May birthday. Mine is, at the time, a 47, so there is 30 years' difference in our ages. But ages? Around us are the old images or " dolls " of pre-dynastic Egypt and Moses was perhaps not yet born when that little

Ra or Nut or Ka-figure on the Professor's desk was first hammered by a forger-priest of Ptah on the banks of the Nile.

XXX

I am no doubt impressed, probably not a little envious of that gifted lady, " our Princess " as the Professor calls her. I no doubt unconsciously covet her worldly position, her intellectual endowments, her power of translating the difficult, scholarly, beautiful German of Sigmund Freud, into no doubt, equally distinguished and beautiful French. I can not compete with her. Consciously, I do not feel any desire to do so. But unconsciously, I probably wish to be another equal factor or have equal power of benefiting and protecting the Professor. I am also concerned, though I do not openly admit this, about the Professor's attitude to a future life. One day I was deeply distressed when the Professor spoke to me about his grand-children—what would become of them ? He asked me that, as if the future of his immediate family were the only future to be considered. There was, of course, the perfectly secured future of his own work, his books. But there was a more imminent, a more immediate future to consider. It worried me to feel that he had no idea—it seemed impossible—really no idea, that he would " wake up " when he shed the frail locust-husk of his years, and find himself alive.

XXXI

I did not say this to him. I did not really realize how deeply it concerned me. It was a *fact* but a fact that I had not personally or concretely resolved. I had accepted, as part of my racial, my religious inheritance, the abstract idea of immortality, of the personal soul's existence in some form or other, after it had shed the outworn or outgrown body. The *Chambered Nautilus* of the New England

poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, had been a great favourite of mine as a school-girl; I did not think of the poem then, but its metres echo in my head now, as I write this. *Till thou at last art free*, the last verse ends, *Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.* And *Build thee more statelier Chambers, O my soul* is another line, and with the Professor, I did feel that I had reached high-water mark of achievement; I mean, I felt that to meet him at 47, and to be accepted by him as analysand or student, seemed to crown all my other personal contacts and relationships, justify all the spiral-like meanderings of my mind and body. I had come home, in fact. And another poem comes inevitably to prompt me:

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

This is, of course, Edgar Allen Poe's much-quoted *Helen*, and my mother's name was Helen.

XXXII

The Professor translated the pictures on the wall, or the picture-writing on the wall of a hotel bedroom in Corfu, the Greek Ionian island, that I saw projected there in the spring of 1920, as a desire for union with my mother. I was physically in Greece, in Hellas (Helen). I had come home to the glory that was Greece. Perhaps my trip to Greece that spring might have been interpreted as a flight from reality. Perhaps my experiences there might be translated as another flight—from a flight. There were wings anyway. I may say that never before and never since, have I had an experience of this kind. I saw a dim shape forming on the wall between the foot of the bed and the wash-stand. It was late afternoon; the wall was a dull, mat ochre. I thought at first it was sunlight flickering

from the shadows cast from or across the orange-trees in full leaf and fruit and flower outside the bedroom window. But I realized instantly that our side of the house and garden was already in early shadow. The pictures on the wall were like colourless transfers or "calcumanias" as we pretentiously called them as children. The first was head and shoulders, three-quarter face, no marked features, a stencil or stamp of a soldier or airman, but the figure was dim light on shadow, not shadow on light. It was a silhouette cut of light, not shadow and so impersonal, it might have been anyone, of almost any country. And yet there was a distinctly familiar line about that head, with the visored cap; immediately it was *somebody*, unidentified indeed, yet suggesting a question—dead brother? lost friend?

Then there was the conventional outline of a goblet or cup, actually suggesting the mystic chalice, but it was the familiar goblet-shape we all know, with round base and glass-stem. This chalice is as large as the head of the soldier, or rather it simply takes up the same amount of space, as if they were both formal patterns stamped on picture-cards, or even (now that I think of it) on playing cards. I have said, with the Professor, that I would lay my cards on the table. These were those cards; so far, two of them. The third follows at once or I now perceive it. It is a simple design in perspective, at least suggesting perspective after the other two flat patterns. It is a circle or two circles, the base the larger of the two; it is joined by three lines, not flat as I say but in perspective, a simple object to draw, once the idea of tilting the planes to give the idea of space is understood. And this object is so simple yet so homely that I think again, "it's a shadow thrown". Actually, it could not have been, as this shadow was "light", but the exact replica of this pattern was set on the upper shelf of the old-fashioned wash-stand, along

with tooth-brush mug, soap-dish and those various odd-ments. It was exactly the shape of the stand for the small spirit-lamp we had with us. (*Spirit-lamp ?*) And I know that if these objects are projected outward from my own brain, that this is a neat trick, a short-cut, a pun, a sort of joke. For the three-legged lamp-stand in the miscellaneous clutter on the wash-stand is none other than our old friend, the tripod of classic Delphi. So the tripod, this venerated object of the cult of the sun-god, symbol of poetry and prophecy, is linked by association with this most ordinary little metal frame that fits into the small saucepan and is used as a support for it when we boil water for that extra sustaining cup of tea upstairs in our room. The tripod then is linked in thought, with something friendly and ordinary, the third or second member of my travellers' set, used as base for the flat spirit-lamp and support for the aluminium container. The tripod now becomes all the more, an object to be venerated. At any rate, there it is, the third of my cards on the table.

XXXIII

So far, so good—or so far, so dangerous, so abnormal a "symptom". The writing at least, is consistent. It is composed by the same person, it is drawn or written by the same hand. Whether that hand or person is myself, projecting the images as a sign, a warning or a guiding sign-post from my own sub-conscious mind or whether they are projected from outside—they are at least clear enough, abstract and yet at the same time related to images of our ordinary time and space. But here, I pause or the hand pauses—it is as if there were a slight question as to the conclusion or the direction of the symbols. I mean, it was as if a painter had stepped back from a canvas, the better to regard the composition of the picture or a musician had paused at the music-stand, perhaps for a moment, in

doubt as to whether he would continue his theme or wondering perhaps in a more practical manner, if he could himself turn the page on the stand before him, without interrupting the flow of the music. That is in myself too—a wonder as to the seemliness or the safety even, of continuing this experience or this experiment. For my head, although it cannot have taken very long in clock-time, for these pictures to form there, is already warning me that this is an unusual dimension, an unusual way to *think*, that my brain or mind may not be equal to the occasion. Perhaps in that sense the Professor was right (actually, he was always right, though we sometimes translated our thoughts into different languages or mediums). But there I am seated on the old-fashioned Victorian sofa in the Greek island hotel bedroom, and here I am reclining on the couch in the Professor's room, telling him this, and here again am I, 10 years later, seated at my desk in my own room in London. But there is no clock-time, though we are fastidiously concerned with time and with a formal handling of a subject which has no racial and no time-barriers. Here is this hieroglyph of the unconscious or sub-conscious of the Professor's discovery and life-study, the hieroglyph actually in operation before our very eyes. But it is no easy matter to sustain this mood, this "symptom" or this inspiration.

And there I sat and there is my friend Bryher who has brought me to Greece. I can turn now to her, though I do not budge an inch or break the sustained crystal-gazing stare at the wall before me. I say to Bryher, "there have been pictures there—I thought they were shadows at first, but they are light, not shadow. They are quite simple objects—but of course it's very strange. I can break away from them now, if I want—it's just a matter of concentrating—what do you think? Shall I stop? Shall I go on?" Bryher says without hesitation, "go on."

XXXIV

While I was speaking to Bryher, there is a sort of pictorial buzzing—I mean, about the base of the tripod, there are small creatures, but these are in black; they move about, in and around the base of the tripod—but they are very small; they are like ants swarming, or very small half-winged insects that have not yet learnt to fly. Fly? They are flies, it seems—but no, they are tiny people, all in black or outlined as in, or with shadow, in distinction to the figures of the three "cards" already described. They are not a symbol of themselves, they are simply a sort of dust, a cloud or a swarm of small midges that move back and forth, but on one level, as if walking rather than flying. Even as I consider this new aspect of the writing, I am bothered, annoyed—just as one is, when suddenly in a country-lane one is beset, in the evening light, by a sudden swarm of midges. They are not important, but it would be a calamity if one of them got stuck in one's eye. There was that sort of feeling; people, people—did they annoy me so? Would they perhaps eventually cloud my vision or worse still, would one of them get "stuck in my eye"? They were people, they were annoying—I did not hate people, I did not especially resent any one person. I had known such extraordinarily gifted and charming people. They had made much of me or they had slighted me and yet neither praise nor neglect mattered in the face of the gravest issues—life, death. (I had had my child, I was alive.) And yet so oddly, I knew that this experience, this writing-on-the-wall before me, could not be shared with them—could not be shared with anyone except the girl who stood so bravely there beside me. This girl had said without hesitation, "go on." It was she really who had the detachment and the integrity of the Pythoness of Delphi. But it was I, battered and dis-associated from my American family and my English friends, who was seeing the pictures,

who was reading the writing or who was granted the inner vision. Or perhaps in some sense, we were "seeing" it together, for without her, admittedly, I could not have gone on.

XXXV

Yet, although now assured of her support, my own head is splitting with the ache of concentration. I know that if I let go, lessen the intensity of my stare and shut my eyes or even blink my eyes, to rest them, the pictures will fade out. My curiosity is insatiable. This has never happened to me before, it may never happen again. I am not actually analyzing this as I watch the pictures, but it seems now possible that the mechanism of their projection (from within or from without) had something to do with, or in some way was related to my feelings for, the shrine at Delphi. Actually, we had intended stopping off at Itea; we had come from Athens, by boat, through the Corinthian canal and up the Gulf of Corinth. Delphi and the shrine of Helios (Hellas, Helen) had been really the main objective of my journey. Athens came a very close second in affection; however, having left Athens, we were informed when the boat stopped at Itea, that it was absolutely impossible for two ladies alone, at that time, to make the then dangerous trip on the winding road to Delphi itself, that in imagination I saw so clearly tucked away under Parnassus. Bryher and I were forced to content ourselves with a somewhat longer stay than was first planned, in the beautiful island of Corfu.

But the idea of Delphi had always touched me very deeply and Bryher and I, back in that winter-London of the previous spring—it was a winter-London that spring—had talked of the famous sacred way. She herself had visited these places with her father before the 1914 war, and I had once said to her, while convalescing from the

1919 illness, "if I could only feel that I could walk the sacred-way to Delphi, I know I would get well." But no, now that we were so near, we could not go to Delphi. We were going in another direction, Brindisi, Rome, Paris, London. Already our half-packed bags, typewriter, books, lay strewn about, we obviously *were* leaving. And we were not leaving Corfu, in order to return to Athens, as we had talked of doing when we first landed at Corfu, with the thought of a possible arrrangement, after all, with a party from one of the archæological schools at Athens, from Athens itself, overland to Delphi. Travel was difficult, the country itself in a state of political upheaval, chance hotel acquaintances expressed surprise that two women alone had been allowed to come at all at that time. We were always "two women alone" or "two ladies alone", but we were not alone.

XXXVI

There had been writing-on-walls before, in Biblical, in classic literature. At least, all through time, there had been a tradition of warnings or messages from another world or another state of being. Delphi, specifically, was the shrine of the Prophet and Musician, the inspiration of artists and the patron of physicians. Was not the "blameless physician", Asklepios himself, reputed to be Phœbus Apollo's own son? Religion, art, and medicine, through the latter ages, became separated; they grow further apart from day to day. These three working together, to form a new vehicle of expression or a new form of thinking or of living, might be symbolized by the tripod, the third of the images on the wall before me, the third of the "cards" I threw down, as it were on the table for the benefit of the old Professor. The tripod, we know, was the symbol of prophecy, prophetic utterance or occult or hidden knowledge; the Priestess or Pythoness of Delphi sat on the

tripod while she pronounced her verse couplets, the famous Delphic utterances which it was said, could be read two ways.

We can read my writing, the fact that there was writing, in two ways or in more than two ways. We can read or translate it as a suppressed desire for forbidden " signs and wonders ", breaking bounds, a suppressed desire to be a Prophetess, to be important anyway, megalomania they call it—a hidden desire to " found a new religion " which the Professor ferreted out in the later Moses' picture. Or this writing-on-the-wall is merely an extension of the artist's mind, a *picture* or an illustrated poem, taken out of the actual dream or day-dream content, and projected from within (though apparently from outside), really a high-powered *idea*, simply over-stressed, *over-thought*, you might say, an echo of an idea, a reflection of a reflection, a " freak " thought that had got out of hand, gone too far, maybe a " dangerous symptom ".

XXXVII

But symptom or inspiration, the writing continues to write itself or be written. It is admittedly picture-writing; though its symbols can be translated into terms of to-day, it is Greek in spirit, rather than Egyptian. The original or basic image, however, is common to the whole race and applicable to almost any time.

XXXVIII

So far the picture, the transfers or " calcumanias " have run level on the wall-space between the foot of the bed and the wash-stand. Now they take an upward course or seem about to do so. The " buzzing " seems to have ceased or the black flies have flown away or the shadow-people

faded out. The first three pictures or " cards on the table " were static, they were there complete; or dimly there, they became less dim as the outline and the meaning became recognizable. But this picture or symbol begins to draw itself before my eyes. *The moving finger writes.* Two dots of light are placed or appear on the space above the rail of the wash-stand, and a line forms, but so very slowly—as if the two rather heavy dots elongated from their own centres, as if they faded in intensity as two lines emerged, slowly moving toward one another. They will meet, it is evident, and from the pattern (two dots on a blackboard) we will get a single line. I do not know how long it took for these two frail lines to meet and then to remain one, intensified or in italics, underlined as it were. One line? It may have taken a split-fraction of a second to form, but now I am perfectly well aware that this concentration is a difficult matter. My facial muscles seem stiff with the effort, and I may become frozen like one of those enemies of Athené, the goddess of Wisdom, to whom Perseus showed the Gorgon head. Am I looking at the Gorgon-head, a suspect, an enemy to be dealt with? Or am I myself Perseus, the hero who is fighting for Truth and Wisdom? But Perseus could find his way about with winged sandals and the cloak of invisibility. Moreover, he himself could wield the ugly weapon of the Gordon's severed head, because Athené (or was it Hermes, Mercury?) had told him what to do. He was himself to manipulate his weapon, this ugly severed head of the enemy of Wisdom and Beauty, by looking at it in the polished metal of his shield. Even he, the half-god or hero, would be turned to stone, frozen if he regarded too closely and without the shield to protect him, in its new quality of looking-glass or reflector, the ugly Head or Source of evil. So I, though I did not make this parallel at the time, still wondered. But even as I wondered, I kept the steady concentrated gaze at the wall before me.

XXXIX

There is one line clearly drawn, but before I have actually recovered from this, or have had time to take breath, as it were, another two dots appear and I know that another line will form in the same way. So it does, each line is a little shorter than its predecessor, so at last, there it is, this series of foreshortened lines that make a ladder or give the impression of a ladder set up there on the wall above the wash-stand. It is a ladder of light but even now, I may not take time, as I say, to draw breath. I may be breathing naturally, but I have the feeling of holding my breath under water. As if I were searching under water for some priceless treasure and if I bobbed up to the surface, the clue to its whereabouts would be lost for ever. So I, though seated upright, am in a sense diving, head-down under water—in another element, and as I seem now so near to getting the answer or finding the treasure, I feel that my whole life, my whole being will be blighted for ever, if I miss this chance. I must not lose grip, I must not lose the end of the picture or so miss the meaning of the whole, so far painfully perceived. I must hold on here or the picture will blurr-over and the sequence be lost. In a sense, it seems I am drowning; already half-drowned to the ordinary dimensions of space and time, I know that I must drown, as it were, completely in order to come out on the other side of things (like Alice with her looking-glass or Perseus with his mirror). I must drown completely and come out on the other side, or rise to the surface after the third time down, not dead to this life, but with a new set of values, my treasure dredged from the depth. I must be born again or break utterly.

XL

These lines seem to take such a long time to form separately. Perhaps they are symbolic ages or aeons. Any-

how, I have been able to concentrate, to hold the picture so far. There are maybe seven rungs to this ladder, maybe five; I did not count them. They are symbolic anyway, the ladder itself is a symbol well authenticated; it is Jacob's ladder if you will; it is a symbol common to all religious myth or lore.

But fortunately the last figure to form, does so quickly, at least, there seems less strain and worry of waiting now. There she is, I call her she; I call her Niké, Victory. She is facing the wall or moving as against the wall up from the last rung of the ladder and she moves or floats swiftly enough. To my right, to her right on the space between the ladder and the mirror-frame above the wash-stand, there is a series of broken curves. Actually, they are above the ladder, not touching the angel who brushes past them. I realize that this decorative detail is in a sense suggested by the scroll-work of the mirror-frame, but as in the case of the tripod (also suggested by, or reminding me of a natural homely object on the stand there), it can not be a replica of it, a shadow of it, for again the scroll-work is drawn in *light* and would not anyway match a shadow direction even if shadow could be thrown. The S or half-S faces the angel; that is, the series of the S-pattern opens out in the direction of the angel; they are like question-marks without the dot beneath them. I did not know what this scroll-work indicated; I thought at the time that it was a mere wave-like decorative detail. But now I think this inverted S-pattern may have represented a series of question-marks, the questions that have been asked through the ages, that the ages will go on asking.

(*To be continued.*)

POETRY

LIE STILL, SLEEP BECALMED

LIE STILL, SLEEP becalmed, sufferer with the wound
In the throat, burning and turning. All night afloat
On the silent sea we have heard the sound
That came from the wound wrapped in the salt sheet.

Under the mile off moon we trembled listening
To the sea sound flowing like blood from the loud wound
And when the salt sheet broke in a storm of singing
The voices of all the drowned swam on the wind.

Open a pathway through the slow sad sail,
Throw wide to the wind the gates of the wandering boat
For my voyage to begin to the end of my wound,
We heard the sea sound sing, we saw the salt sheet tell.
Lie still, sleep becalmed, hide the mouth in the throat,
Or we shall obey, and ride with you through the drowned.

DYLAN THOMAS

DEPARTURE AND JOURNEY

(*For Joyce*)

ROUND DUSTY CARRIAGE doors relations crowded
with space for words, and nothing left to say
except to notice how the station shrouded
the dirty last-light of a Glasgow day,
or comment on the vanman throwing bread
into a wagon from another train,
repeat again things they'd already said,
or wonder if the night would bring more rain.

But on the shadowed platform, you and I
paced out our seconds till the whistle blew;

then turning to me, you began to cry
a little on my shoulder, and suddenly I knew
how deeply I loved you, that your gentle ways
wore all the healing gestures of a peace
the years have lost but never ceased to praise,
that in your eyes my loneliness found release.

The long train jerked and jangled, gathered glide,
nightwards she thundered, distance grew behind;
and memory rinsed up a drowsy tide
around the hopes and fears that crag my mind.
I saw you as a symbol of the human
against the weary violence of the past,
clear architype of all the world's fair women
wherein men learned to know themselves at last.

You are the past. You also are the present,
dear heroine of all my fond desires;
the bodies' supple movements you inherit
ripple my blood like winds on heather fires.
And you are future, in your arms I know
how little in the world is really sure—
only that human love and faith can show
a creed which, for a while, Time must abjure.

Around me, kindly isolated faces
dreamed in the solemn confines of their pride,
ventured enamelled jokes that cracked hard traces
of sullen wounds a sick heart sought to hide.
They would be charming to familiar friends,
good with small children, patient with a cat;
and there, I thought, each personal attitude ends—
but oh, it is not enough to leave it at that!

For love still cannot burst it's private rivers
to surge across the boundaries of pride,
where man to brother man at morn delivers

the deed that in the evening he denied.
My Darling, in our personal love we carry
a strength the future nurtures towards that faith
which can redeem, and finally must parry
the last bewildered, broken thrust of Death.

MAURICE LINDSAY

VARIATION ON A THEME BY SIDNEY KEYES

They said, It will be like snow falling.
And the walls broke down, the soft air crumbled
in our nostrils, flaked to nothingness
between our fingers that were already half asleep.
Then the hills mounted round our heads
like pillows, and the cloudy sky
was drawn up to our chins, there where we lay.

For it was true, and there was snow
falling, marking us out, the shadowy campaigners
who had gone too far and, having fallen sick,
scrawled last words in the diary, in the fields of air.
And so we lie half wrapped in snow, with lengthening bones,
where so much light has filled the lantern jaws
and leaves a dark stone in the eye.

Whether it is the wandering of an unseen sun
behind these falling clouds, or only darkness in the flooded
eye,
we guessed that it might come upon us so; and lie here
under still unwritten sheets, a hatchet pointing
through the drifts of time, this journey
that perhaps we never should have gone
through such snow falling, and so far from help.

EITHNE WILKINS

TO KEEP A RAINBOW WHITE

By CARADOC EVANS

A STRAPPER OF thirty came to Ceri, a hamlet on Avon Ceri, and the farmers in the neighbourhood employed him. He had plenty of work to do because he was handy. He did not tell persons where he had come from and naturally many asked him.

" Where you from ? "

" South Wales," he said.

" Merthyr is in South Wales and Tredegar and Maesteg and other cities with more heads than you have seen potatoes. Sit you down and be you open and recite pieces about you."

" Coal pits," was all he told them.

" You have a secret in the tomb of your mouth," they chided him. " Your tongue is its tombstone and there is no writing on it and we cannot read what is not."

Women spoke of the honey-dew in the thick yellow moustache which hung over his mouth. He took no notice of them. " Ho-ho is your mouth then sealed with wax ? " they mocked him. " Is your name then Spotless ? "

That was how he came to be called Spotless. His secret was a paternity charge, and he believed that if he said to himself he was spotless several times a day for many days his doing with a woman in South Wales would be wiped from his memory.

One day he saw Maggy post office as he had not seen her before, and he said at once to himself. " There is no bad now in my memory." That day and every day in a month, not Sundays, he stood outside window post office for half an hour. The window was as tall as his rust-coloured peaked cheek-bones and hung with stallion cards and he wriggled his shoulder blades and handsome thighs in trying to see more than he could between them.

Maggy was thirty. Her cheeks were pink, her lips not thick or thin, her bosom full. Years before she was in the service of a Carmarthen auctioneer and begot a chance child, a male child, which she gave to some woman together with all she had, nine pounds. "I will now go to Ceri," she said. "Nobody there knows about my mischance, and I will live in good esteem with me." Knowing what nobody else knows is a burden of thorns, and the thorns pricked her esteem and made it bleed, and she felt that by marriage to a pure man she would cast off her burden and restore her esteem. Fly men offered themselves to her, but she in her way was quite as fly as they were, and it was no merit to her that she did not fall twice. The fly men mocked her and called her Maggy Self Denial.

Her stool inside the window was on a box, otherwise Spotless would not see as much as the top of her flat hair. When chastity courts chastity which is the forward one? Maggy was not a brassy wench who flings temptation with an eye. While Spotless was at the window she inclined her face on stamps and postal orders, but at the sound of his departing feet she regretted that this piece of chastity was not bold or enterprising. He might come in for half a penny stamp, and she would search here and there and then say, "Half a penny stampin I have not." His visit would therefore cost him nothing.

She must entice him in and yet not endanger her esteem. She curtained the window. Was he courting her with wedding view he would proclaim his presence with a neck-scrape and she would be in order to go to her door and say, "What is the old noise?" What a polish he would put on her esteem! He would polish her road till it be as white as the rainbow before God threw the sins of men and women upon it.

He came, saw, departed.

Saturday was next day. Sunday the next, warming day.

Woe should he thaw his chastity at the red fire of a brazen. Fear quickened her think, and she drove a hole with a finger through the card of stallion Pride of Ceri and peeped through it. She drew her head down as he neared the window and put it up upon hearing his large feet running away as fast as they could. She wept and lamented as follows, " My tears are like fuchsias and my me is sadder than a lily on a baban's coffin." The door opened sharply and Spotless, in his suit not worn enough to work in and too much worn to worship in, crossed the doorstep, and his thick yellow moustache was clipped to the edge of his lip.

" Miss Maggy Self Denial," he said, " what of the hole in the Pride of Ceri ? "

" A botherer you are and busy am I."

He snatched the card and seized her betrothal finger and pushed it through the hole.

" Size ring," he said, " the right round."

" Angrier am I than an old wasp stung by a stinging nettle."

" I pass over that," he said. " Give me the stampin."

" Right you are."

" Stampin marriage."

" I do not care who you wed you to."

" She has the eyes of the mule with the tale of the wilderness in them."

" The stuff of your fancy is lighter than bran."

" The heart of a certain man rides on the brow of her bosom."

" Your words have no tails and I cannot catch them."

" My yellow bush was a speech hinderer at the gate of my mouth and I sheared it and you say you cannot catch my words."

" I will pick up your words from the counter." She made the motions of doing so. " When the wedding ? "

" I have a secret of me and this —"

" If spotted you are say you are not."

He laid his hands on the counter.

" My secret is empty hands."

She turned the hands over.

" What deep furrows ! "

" The furrows are sown with corn. Threshing day shall be our wedding day."

They married.

" My secrets shall be your secrets from this our marriage day," said Maggy.

Spotless said the same thing.

" Amen and so be it," they both said together.

In his life Maggy's father was a carpenter, and his workshop was fifty yards distant. Spotless said he would make a shop of it. He plastered the rough stone wall, mended the roof, ceiled and floored the place, made a counter and shelves, and stock was bought with the few pounds he and Maggy had put by. He took charge of the shop, and Maggy was in and out all day to see how he was getting on. She ran in pelting rain and though her feet got wet she did not change her stockings and she was almost always with a cold in her nose. " This will not do," said Spotless, and he built a passage of timber and zinc from post to shop. They made just enough money to live on, and though they lived meanly they were happy for their souls were above meanness. At the end of each of eighteen years this was the talk. Maggy : " Morrow is New Year." Spotless : " Good New Year, good you." Maggy : " Blotless New Year, my dear Spotless." A minute before middle night she opens a drawer and lays the Old Year in it, saying, " A whorl of lavender is the Old Year for keeping."

Hitler's war brought trade to the shop, and Spotless got a motor van and took stuffs up the hillside in it, and the post was removed to the shop and Maggy looked after the both,

and she made a habit of counting her blessings. That was a foolish thing to do. Count your blessings, crave a blessing. She craved a baban. Had she not counted her blessings she would not have known she wanted a baban.

She considered asking Spotless to bless her, but she was too concerned for her esteem to speak about the impiety of their bed in the night. She could not rest for her craving desire and what she did was to loosen her hair and hide her face behind it.

" You did sow corn," she said to him.

" I do not see other side your say."

" There is no corn."

" No indeed I do not see."

" Or threshing day."

He drew her hair from her face, hoom-hoom, hoom-hooming. He might say his seed had been tried and found fruitful, but that would prove her barren and make her unhappy. He might say he was born with an empty sap-bag, but that would make her rue her marriage and wish him dead for to marry another, and the thought of going into his grave without her company was horrid.

" Maggy Self Denial," he said, " one does not sow corn in October."

Woman's instinct and reason are false. Maggy imagined a baban. She babbled to it, cuddled it, kissed it, held it to her breast, and rocked its cradle, and it was the last thing she saw at night and the first in the morning. Spotless was anxious for her mind and he contrived a scheme to kill her wish-child. He brought home an evacuee, a hogyn of twelve, and she cared for him tenderly.

" The hogyn steals food from shop," he lied to her.

" He is hungry," she said.

One Sunday evening in chapel, when heads were bowed and drowsy under long prayer, he put the purse of the woman in the pew next his in the hogyn's pocket.

" Dammo ! My purse ! " cried the woman. It was found in the hogyn's pocket. " Where is the one pound that is not in it ? " she cried, and she made such a muster that Maggy gave her a pound.

Spotless contrived another scheme. He would not let the hogyn go to school and he was summoned to the justices, and he said to them, " Shall our little children be learnt stealing by a Lerpool thief ? "

The hogyn was packed off, and Maggy bewailed his going.

" Bad was your act." she said.

" Somebody's hurt is somebody's profit and you are the somebody," said Spotless, " and the scampin would smear your road."

She was not enlivened.

" Money we make and here is a puzzle for you," he said. " Where do I bank the money ? "

This did not excite her curiosity. It was plain her bosom was not cleared of wish-child.

" Our road is white," he said on a New Year's eve. " Dwell you on the Kingdom it will bring us to before we perish. What a Kingdom ! "

In the middle of the night she said,

" No whorl of lavender have I put away. Must I go down a Self Denial ? " As she rose on New Year's morning she said, " Sarah Bible was old and had a baban. How old was Sarah ? "

" Ninety."

" At ninety she laughed hope into barren wombs."

" Sarah's baban was to spite Hagar."

" Ho for a Hagar."

" I will about my work," said Spotless. But he had no appetite for his work. His soul was going round like a churn heavy with butter, the binding butter walloping its sides. He knew what the matter was. He had not confessed

his doing in South Wales. Confession brings forgetfulness and forgetfulness forgiveness. He confessed off and on under his breath each day of eight. The Welsh for week is wythnos, eight nights, and a week with two Sundays in it is twice holy. But Spotless was not able to forget. Moreover his soul's bwci walked backward before him in the nights, blacker than a black sheep when the moon was up, paler than a coward's face when the moon was in its hole. "Bwci, bwci, am I not a confessed sinner, man?" Spotless cried. "Salvation is by deeds, not confession," Bwci answered him. "I will begin at once," said Spotless.

From wild oats spring wild goats, otherwise tramps. Then his chance child was a tramp. Should he meet him he would give him the price of a pint. That might take him years. He ought to be kind to all tramps and pray his son be among them. He gave the price of a pint to all the creatures he met on his rounds and those who begged at the shop when he was there got the price of a pint and if the day was late a bed of sacks in the passage. In the wan face of a young tramp he saw his own likeness and to him he gave the price of two pints. "Bwci, I have won salvation," he said. "Far'well now," said bwci. The cost of salvation outweighs the pleasure of sin. Mild ale was a shilling a pint and Spotless cheated to repay himself, and he was summoned to the justices.

"Spotless," Maggy counselled, "answer you truly, but keep our rainbow white."

He thanked the justices for calling him to account and said he would do as much for them when need arose. He was let off.

"Bring my bank, my religious bank," he said on a day to Maggy. "Bring the Bible. Look in the beginning. There is always something new in the Bible."

"One pound in this beginning and one in the next and the next."

" Go on and on."

Maggy went on turning the leaves and between every two there was a pound. She came to an end.

" Where you are now ? " he asked her.

" Half Samuel the One," said Maggy.

She did not count the blessings, but she counted the leaves which folded them. How she wished to be with Job, and when she came to Job her heart cried out, " Ho to be with Daniel ! "

While she was wishing and longing a lean ginger blade hailed Spotless on a hillside.

" Unholy is this war," he said.

" Quite and quite," Spotless said.

" A say I have to say important."

" Your say will go through this ear and that ear and meet and become a very important one in the middle of my head."

The blade chanted,

" The land flows with eggs and bacon, and butter and honey, and my udder is big."

" A big udder is not a sign of class-high milk."

" My udder is big with cream and the cream is pounds."

" Dear is petrol."

" Harvest the flowing land and I will give you a dozen pennies for every six you gave."

" Tyres go into holes very soon."

" Fifteen for every six."

" Sly and cute are polisses and there is thunder in the bag of justice."

" Eighteen."

" Lightning also, forked."

" Twenty-one."

Spotless prospered for eleven weeks and then he was caught, but the blade was not, and while he hoom-hoomed for words to tell Maggy about his bad luck she cried out in joy.

" Our blessings are in all the banks from Genesis to Daniel ! "

" Belsasser's lions are famined and will eat our blessings with Daniel." So he told her he had been caught and the fine would be heavy. The lions were the justices.

On the evening before judgment day a tramp entered into the shop and he fell on the floor. He was the young man in whom Spotless had seen himself. Maggy gazed upon him till his hunger-bitten face smoothed out. Then she opened her eyes most wonderfully and lifted her voice.

" Truth has two legs and one is a lie," she said.

He hoom-hoomed for an interpretation of her speech and when it came to him he said, " A wise wife is the key of her husband's understanding."

At noon he was with the justices, saying to them, " I had a shame child. Is not that an astonishment ? He went for a soldier and my everlasting prayer was to see the whole of him once more or a pair of bits of him. The last night he came to me whole. Now just the whole of him is perished. Hoo-hoo." He was forgiven.

He wept all the way home.

" Bitter are tears and tea that have brewed too long. Weep them out," said Maggy. " Still spotless you are and our road is whiter than a mushroom."

" I do a vow," he said, " and the vow is not to break the law again."

" Pay for coffin, pay for grave and hearse motor and two glib preachers and the lions will eat in other banks than Daniel. You must make good what is lost and go on to Malachi the last bank."

They came to Malachi.

" I stop now," said Spotless. " The Old Testament is filled."

" There are always new things in the Bible," said Maggy, " and we shall never be weary of looking for them. Be

you caught again I will say, yes I will say to the justices, 'My chance son went for a soldier.'"

They banked with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and on to Revelation and then they began again with Genesis, and their esteem for each other is beautiful and their rainbow white.

INVITATION TO A LOVER

Guest of my body, be resident of my soul,
inhabit me as a mollusc its coiled shell,
wear me as I would be your skin
enclosing wholly within my tenuous frame
all that you are.

Let me absorb you as a plant its food
diffusing in from the unsubstantial air.
Let me be covering, as the sky the earth,
with my timid mantle your all-too-timid lines—
hide what you think your shame within my heart.

Let me be veil and curtain, let me surround
you as brown halo round the wandering moon
always encircling the sun of its desire.
Let me be wall to shelter and tree to shade,
make me your frontier and your castle's moat.

If you would weep, make me your salty tears;
if you would laugh, make me your red lips' curl;
if you would think, make me the thoughts you use;
if you would love, make me your love's desire.
Guest of my body, be resident of my soul.

Peter Dainton

HARLEQUIN IN PERSPECTIVE

A War-Summary in Verse

(*Argument*—Harlequin is challenged to reveal himself. He first explains his costume. He has chosen all beauty as his covering. He is consequently open to attack, having disdained all that is harsh and ungiving, but he is free and alert.

Next, he declares that the flesh that gives him form is to be found in all fairy-tales, myth, legend, and religions. The bone which upholds it he sees in the bravery of all who fight for faith to-day, and likens falling airmen, drowning sailors, and blown-up soldiers to Harlequins leaping through trap-doors of hell.

He maintains that whereas there used to be only one Harlequin livery—his own—now all uniforms are part of a larger livery. And that the gay defiance epitimized in his is now radiant in all.

This discloses to him that what is behind the bone—the Spirit—is the same in them as in him. All who face death through *love of life* are Harlequins. The blacked-out world is alight with his traffic signs.

He and they are all that is re-born—Spring, Christ, Life. And Life is itself Resurrection, not Death.

The poem is written deliberately in the form of a long nursery rhyme, because of the pantomime-associations of the character and the author has tried to reproduce as much as has been within his power of the speed in movement of that character.

Frequent punning seeks to make of words a verbal pattern indicative of Harlequin's suit; words that *sound* the same being regarded as having the same *shape* and thus playing the part of his diamond patches. Words, which without sounding the same, suggest a train of thought—viz. in verse (36), " saint," " comply " (compline), " even prayer " and, verse (37), " spit," " polished eyes," " pupils," try to match the juxtaposition of different colours.)

Haunted by Harlequin, I asked him why he garbed
so gaudily in days so grimly barbed.

The dragon-man in the spangled suit
sang the song of his scales.
" Is armour proof against pursuit ?
Light over all prevails.

Armour, I argue, inclines to chinks
for chancing sword to find.
But lattice of light in chameleon links
misleads—by making blind.

Armour is heavy ; a henchman's wear:
iron eats into the soul.
Taffeta-tabard allows the air,
while trellising keeps me whole.

I case in caparison conjurable—
satin from streams, and silk
scooped from seas by a plunger, able
to skim brocade, too, from milk.

Starlight for thread ; gold of slag-heap glow ;
tartan from upland fields ;
sequins of dust-in-sun, or snow
or the spurs from a highwayman's heels.

Leaves and a petal—the Ghost of a Rose ;
bow from Brummel's peruke ;
Autolycus' ribbons ; and Villiers' clothes
playing patchwork with Ralegh's cloak.

Arabian carpet's flying fringe;
red of gondola sail;
police-station lamp or a kingfisher's wings;
shroud, or a wedding veil;

Eden snake's skin and that of the Lamb;
yellow of Gudrun's tress;
green from the caul of the devil's dam;
red cord round Madonna's dress;

crêpe from the curtain the Queen has pulled;
plush from my father's chair;
plume from the daw by which I'm schooled—
so clad, what mayn't I dare?

Regard me, wrapped in my royal robe
drawn from all peoples' ward!
Is it a wonder I grace the world
like a reynard a-race the sward?"

The costume chronicled, I asked him if his creed created, or was challenged by, his deeds.

The spangled man in his trellis suit
(trees slash across velvet night)
is arrogant in his attribute
of fox putting foe to flight.

Diamonds dazzlé, rubies glint
on his under-brush coat of male.
Have at you, Harlequin!
"See, I feint
(though my heart will never fail)!

My wares inside are as diamond, hard.
What's worn outside's as bright.
All of me is as leo-pard
lithe, since each inch is light."

Athletic in sureness of soul and limb,
why should he moult in mail?
Or need a sword? Those who're after him
find his lathe can be frequent flail.

That, like himself, is a two-edged blade.
Alert, he is sharp (alack!):
knows, lest the spectrum be overplayed,
eye must envelop black.

Knows, further, that black, tho' not white, is but
white's being polarized.
And so, a marauding mask has cut,
that his visage may be de-vised,

from a night-made-invisible Nubian cat
and—since dark ends ev'n for Juan—
across his head slides a shining hat
arc'd from a half dawn-sun.

Dark though dazzling, he drives between
the murderer's sight and eye,
baffling his bullet with mocking sheen
Of the Spirit men would make die,

that they'd have dangling, that they'd annul,
since he, with seraphic grin,
removes his mask to reveal *their* skull,
lets out what they keep in:

for Harlequin's glance has the glint of death
(black is blood when it dries)
but his lip is alight with our first breath
(red the babe when it cries).

His voice is the echo we always hear,
his shape—the shadow thrown
from the past, when future gallops near
to joust in our brain for throne.

He is all we flee from and all we've lost;
all, always, we'll find sans fail,
be it glory or be it ghost,
Gethsemane, George, or Grail.

He's the joke that makes question-mark of noose.
He's defeat of decrees by the Word;
he's Aladdin's lamp, the golden Goose;
Dick's cat and Sindbad's bird.

He's Spring-healed Jack who has climbed his hill;
the Piper, who's paid his tune;
as Humpty Dumpty, he's fall'n from wall
and now he is Over the Moon.

He is what sent the Children to the Wood
under cover of Marian's leaves,
for them to emerge as Robin Hood
from the spell Sleeping Beauty weaves.

He's the sum of all tales and the runic strange
reason within each rhyme—
not for nothing, Prince Charmings change
t'Arlecchino in pantomime . . .

though that is over. We have no more
the making of make-belief made
magically simple by his trap-door's
papier-mâché blade.

Harlequin holding still, I asked him next if he felt in eclipse, relief or jealousy.

The dappled man in the spattered dress
drew blood from predicament.
" Many of me makes more, not less.
My cloak is now Time's tent.

Once it narrowly mantled me.
Now it is wide unfurled.
I, whose world was myself, now see
surprised, that I am the world.

My long gaiety, my lean grace
flower to the full in those
who, instead of a knife in their teeth to chase
Death, wear their Spirit's rose.

Though like a comet, I used to dash,
I stay, as all stars that shine.
For every youngster bears shoulder-flash
in his eyes, which makes him mine.

I'm the boy in a man of historic years,
the man called-for in boys of none.
I'm the wick of their anger, aflame at fears
(blue eyes that outstare the sun).

Because I am what stays young in the old
and the hint youth holds of age,
see how my baton instructs the bold
boys, who now brave that stage

we had the effront'ry to erect
as the best of centuries' skill;
leaving them 'Lysium to resurrect
from the word we wrote as Ill.

Tremble for those who now use my trap—
boobies, in their own way;
but nobly mischievous, they map
graveyards to acres gay

because their Being survives the snare,
because, not being saint,
they comply with necessity; even prayer
with performance that brooks no plaint.

Their earth has evoked intestined skies,
but while martyrs and mandrakes wince,
they can spit from their polished eyes;
who were pupils, now are Prince.

I rise with them, past the skies—to drown
with saviours whose Cross is flame.
I make a raft of the sailors' Crown,
that's a rating's ribbon-name.

Be with you ever boys, ablaze
in the one world you knew well,
Heav'n's hat of Horus and sword, whose ways—
being Harlequin's—hamstring Hell!"

Thereat, he vanished; rather, was transformed.
From him, the dragon, warriors had been cormed.

For Dragoon men in their battle-dress
prove riddles no Sphinx can tell;
oil-chequered, unchecked, they drive through duress
to be Harlequins home from hell,

and meerschaumed sailors with oystered hands
fire-scalloped by flame from shell,
swimming through sea-weed lacing strands
are Harlequins hailed from hell,

and dark and drizzling from air's North Pole,
that anonymous Arctic zone,
fliers fall, by their spritely soul
shedding flesh to show Spirit's bone.

All are Jacks-in-the-Green on the first of May,
and the Rite of Spring—observe
the ribbons that plaited the pole in play
as scars round their bodies curve,

and that stiff patch on the sinister side—
there, heart first felt the Spear.
Their Cross and their Crown (of thorns) is a tide
of Blood in a diamond-smear.

From that first Wound, all the others grew.
The Passion is now complete.
O, marvel at every man you view—
he is holied from head to feet!

Green for gangrene and black for blood;
red's rash and yellow pale—
every evil they have withstood
are emblems we dare not veil,

for these are the Man we Crucify,
May's totem pole we decked.
They are all that won't, though it has to, die—
in order to Resurrect.

Bow to these sons as they climb behind
Hope's long relinquished hills!
Bow!—for the Light, though it drove them blind,
our Future's cavern fills.

Harlequin haunts no longer. I salute his mask
that hid, to hold, the answer my tears ask.

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS

THE DUTCH NATION: AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

G. J. RENIER. Allen and Unwin. 15*s*.

"THE RATHER HEAVY physique of the Dutch inclines one to believe that they are good people, but their *bonhomie* is only relative . . . like all their actions it is subject to calculation." So wrote in 1811 the Napoleonic commissioner of police in Rotterdam, not without annoyance. The statement was just, if the expression of it was hostile, for whatever contradictions compose the Dutch national character, the forethought which governs their actions dominates all. The contradictory elements underlying the apparently bland surface of the Netherlands are a study in themselves. Essentially middle-class, the Netherlands has one of the oldest aristocracies of Europe; defiantly "Protestant" in outlook, it has one of the largest and most vocal Catholic minorities; Puritan, utilitarian, and commercial, its people have an immense artistic achievement; conservative, they live and have lived by their capacity for revolt.

Not everybody's taste, the Dutch. Self-confident, curt in manner, with no claim to charm,—the reverse, say, of the Poles—they seem to the casual observer to have something in common with the Swiss and the Swedes. They have: political commonsense and a successful political history. This too they have in common with the English, and something more—the immense drive of a sea-faring people, the energy to conquer and the skill to hold. Half "small nation" and half a great imperial people, their position, like their history, is unique.

The most interesting thing about the Dutch nation is how it came to be a Dutch nation; for until the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign there were simply the Low Countries, a part of the Dukedom of Burgundy which had devolved by inheritance on the Spanish crown. The revolt,

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which flared up simultaneously North and South alike in Holland and Flanders, succeeded only in the North; that partial success created the Dutch nation. The War of Liberation lasted eighty years—surely a record for obstinacy on both sides?—and saw the successive leadership of three Princes of Orange. This did not establish an hereditary dynasty, but it gave to this one noble family a special connection with the very existence of the Dutch nation. As Dr. Renier points out "Orange Boven" or "Up Orange", became an indiscriminate acclamation expressive of general enthusiasm, not necessarily connected with the House of Orange at all. And yet, in spite of long periods of resistance to the establishment of a controlling dynasty, the Dutch have always in times of crisis and oppression taken the House of Orange as the symbol of the nation. It was so in the initial revolt against Spain; it was so in the struggle against Louis XIV and Napoleon; it has been so in these last five years. The Dutch National Anthem, the "underground" song of William the Silent in 1572, went underground again.

The political evolution of Holland is the story of how equilibrium was established between the need of a small, precariously placed people for centralized leadership and the insistent individualism of a mercantile governing class. The pivotal decisions were taken, in Holland as in England, in the seventeenth century.

The chapters devoted to this subject are by far the best in Dr. Renier's tantalizingly uneven book. They should be read by anyone wanting to understand Holland, or for that matter, the intricacies and contradictions inherent in the structure of all politics. I do not myself feel that Dr. Renier is altogether fair to Maurice of Nassau, the "chess-player", cunning and cautious; he has always struck me as more than this, standing out gigantic from the contemporary international turmoil. And although to the

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well-informed the study of Jacob Cats and the long-drawn romance of *A Burgomaster's Daughter* may break new ground, would not a more illuminating picture of Dutch civilization be given by rather more emphasis on the great figures of Vondel and Grotius? Vondel, he informs us, "belonged to the common Netherlandish past rather than to the young Dutch nation": an interesting comment, worthy, one would have thought, of more expansion. The young Dutch nation, after all, was not divorced from its Netherlandish past. And it is surely misleading to introduce so great a thinker as Grotius merely to make fun of his absurd historical theories.

There is mere impishness, though a fashionable impishness, in asserting that the Dutch revolt was in itself reactionary: the uprising of a conservative people against the progressive ideas of Philip II. The New Order, meaning the intensive centralization of as large a portion of Europe as possible, is an old disorder of our continent. The Habsburg attempt was no more enlightened than previous imperial or papal, and subsequent French and German, efforts to do the same thing. The revolt of the Netherlands was neither progressive nor reactionary; given a vigorous and individualist people, it was merely inevitable.

What gives it a certain piquancy is that, in the initial years of their yoking with Spain, the Netherlanders, whose Duke after all had inherited Castile, imagined themselves to be the senior partners. The oppression from which they finally broke free had been imposed with success by their own ruler *first* on his Spanish dominions. When, however, in the second generation, the same policy was applied to them by a ruler born and brought up in Spain, they did not recognize it as poetic justice. Historic memory to this day has attached the idea of foreign tyranny in Spain to a ruler from the Low Countries, in the Low Countries to a ruler from Spain.

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The origins of the Netherlands' revolt are, however, less interesting than their results—the creation within two generations of a new, self-conscious, and immensely successful nation. This extraordinary history needs to be re-interpreted for the English-speaking world in the twentieth century, because the political genius to which it bears witness is exceptional, and should be carefully and widely studied.

Dr. Renier's book is disappointing for, illuminating as it is, it is not consistently so. There are brilliant chapters, but *The Dutch Nation* is not the standard history of the Netherlands which Dr. Renier will surely write in the future.

C. V. WEDGWOOD

WHITE OF MERGEN. MAURICE COLLIS. Faber. 8*s.* 6*d.*

THIS BOOK IS full of excellent material, and though it is hard to judge drama merely by reading it, it should make a good play, if rightly produced. There is a real sense of doom in the closing scenes and the fantastic life of the Siamese court and the stolidity of the English merchants are well contrasted and full of the colour of the period. It should be of particular interest at this moment when so many of us are thinking about the East, and it is a valuable attempt to re-create for us a little of our past history overseas.

MORID SPALDING

HOUSEHOLD IN ATHENS. GLENWAY WESTCOTT. Hamish Hamilton. 8*s.* 6*d.*

THIS BOOK MIGHT be called an American attempt at *Le Silence de la Mer*, for the theme is identical; it is a study of a German officer quartered upon a silently resisting family. The locality is supposed to be Athens, but it might be a conquered town anywhere, there is no par-

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ticular trace of the Greek atmosphere or attitude. It is well written, the psychology is often good, particularly when the parents punish their small son in sheer fright, after he has already been beaten by the German, and the study of Mrs. Helianos is particularly well observed. Somehow, however, the novel is unsatisfying. False would be too strong a term, but it is theoretical, more like a report. The German problem cannot be solved by regarding the Nazi as a monster that can be liquidated by conquest or suicide. The essential element in the history of the last twenty years was the stupidity and apathy of a world that permitted the Germans to preach their doctrine for seven years without doing anything about it. The ideas could spring up anywhere and it is the ideas that must be attacked. The rest of the book is so well done that it is a pity that we are unconvinced that Kalter would have shot himself or that the letter Helianos writes from prison offers any real programme for future progress.

BRYHER

WITH THE RED DEVILS AT ARNHEM. MAREK SWIECICKI. Maxwell Love and Co. *6s. 6d.* (illustrated). DURING THE LAST six years there have been few actions matching in severity that fought by the First British Airborne Division at Arnhem. This account of it, by a Polish war correspondent attached to the Polish Parachute Brigade which played a vital part, bears the marks of that severity. Swiecicki was under fire from landing by glider on the second day of the operation until the survivors' withdrawal across the Rhine, a week later. He endured hunger, sniping, artillery and air attacks with the unflinching desperation of the fighting men. Inevitably his narrative displays the defects of its qualities.

It is graphic, tense, and lit by sudden flashes. "A large mill on the river's southern bank was ablaze, and the great

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wings swung impotently and aimlessly. They had a strange, nightmare appearance, like an apocalyptic cross which now rose high in the air, with arrowing, staddled arms, then dropped to the dark blue line of the forest. But flashes are not enough: by contrast they obscure rather than illumine the whole. To convey the atmosphere and actuality of savage, confined, uncertain fighting such as that at Arnhem a continuous and intense effort of imagination is required plus a background of comprehensive knowledge. Only with their fusion, at some remove in time, can a real picture be created. It is the function of the artist to interpret the intensities of action more fully than can the actors themselves.

The correspondent's episodic story is unequal to the magnitude of event. Based on dispatches and a diary, it is built up on chance human contacts, personal reflection, the harrowing sights and sounds of a limited range. Although no reader could fail to respond to the gallantry of the Red Devils and their comrades in arms, his mind will be tantalized by inability to grasp the total situation. The Chief of Staff of the Polish Parachute Brigade says in his foreword: "The force fighting at Arnhem was the spearpoint aimed at the vital arteries of the German Army in Holland, and, recognizing its danger to all their plans for defence, the Germans fought desperately to eliminate the threat." Such a theme cannot be compassed in a hastily retouched notebook of impressions.

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